

OCT -7 1947

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nov. 15c

modern screen

NOV 15 1947
SERIALS DIVISION

PER.

GAZINE •
A DELL MAGAZINE •
GAZINE •



NA TURNER

Your Skin is Smoother, Softer, too, with just One Cake of Camay!

You're the object of attentions and affections when your skin is soft and lovely! So isn't it wonderful that just *one cake* of Camay can give your skin a softer, smoother look. Put aside careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet! Follow directions on the Camay wrapper and watch your beauty bloom!



MRS. WILLIAM ALBERT TRISCHETT
the former Dorothy Bertuch of Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
bridal portrait painted by *Domont*

MEET THE TRISCHETTS



Back at Dartmouth after a long tour overseas, Bill asked Dorothy, his high school sweetheart, to the Winter Carnival. Then and there they decided their romance was real! Dorothy set a date.



Now Bill gives Dorothy golf lessons near their Hanover home. He's helped her game. And her beauty tip can help your complexion:—"Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for a softer skin!"





"You make a lovely couple, Pet!"

GIRL: Me and the Falls, you mean?

CUPID: Who else? Funny thing, though, some girls come here with *husbands*. Honeymooning, I think they call it. But, of course, *they're* girls with sparkling smiles.

GIRL: Listen, my fine feathered fiend, if I could coax a little sparkle into my smile, I would, believe me! I brush my teeth regularly, but all I get is—

CUPID: Maybe some "pink" on your tooth brush?

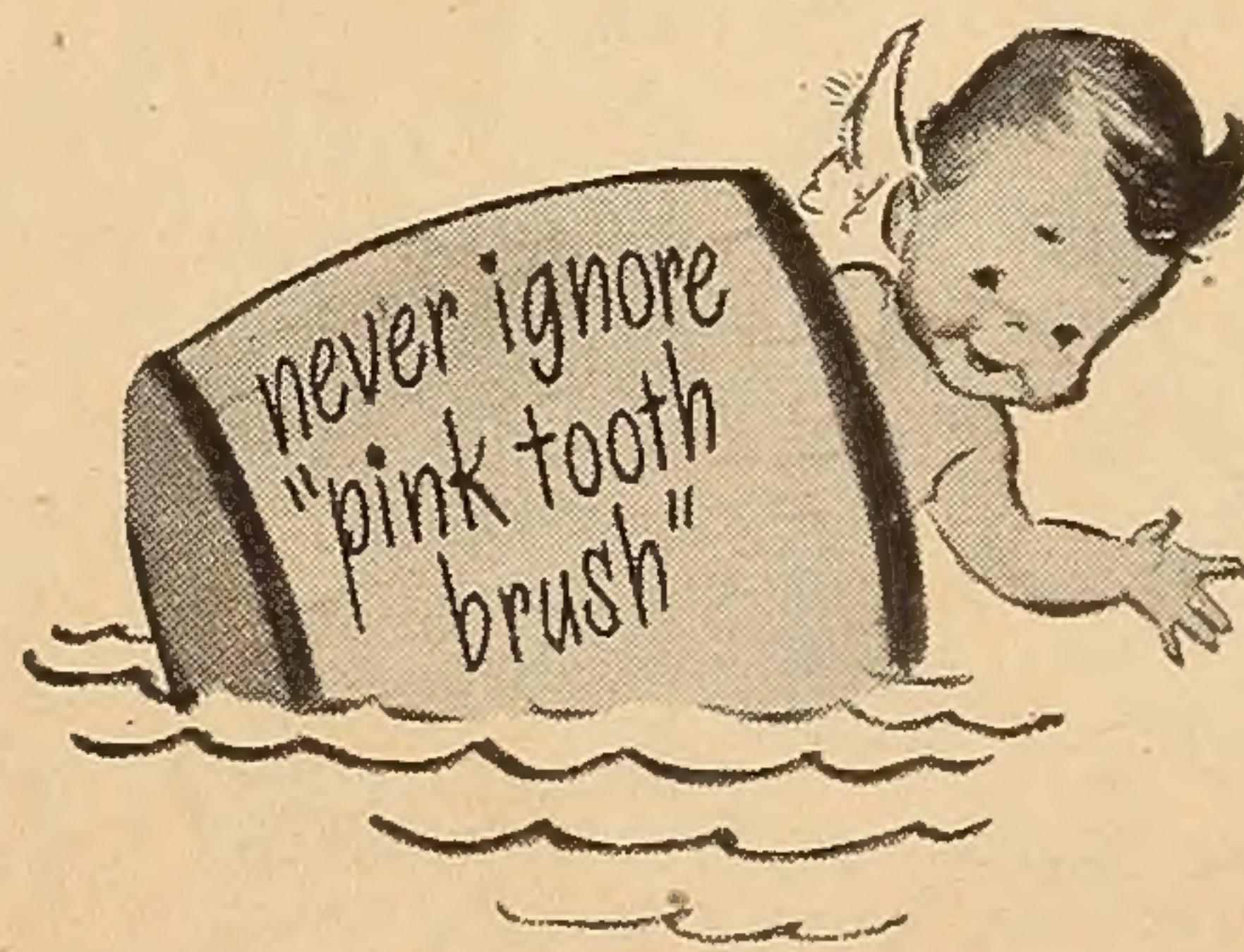


GIRL: Bright, aren't you ... and what's a little "pink" in my young life?

CUPID: Grow up, youngster. "Pink" is a sign to *see your dentist*. He'll tell you what's behind it. And if it turns out to be simply a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise, like as not he'll suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

GIRL: Fine, fine ... but by what higher mathematics does all this add up to one big, bright smile?

CUPID: Elementary, my dear witless. Sparkling smiles depend largely on firm, healthy gums. And Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. So if your dentist advises massage with Ipana ... go to it, gal, for your smile's sake. You'll stop mooning and start honeymooning!



For the Smile of Beauty—
Ipana
and Massage



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

This month we're roaring about one of the most dramatic and Technicolorfully beautiful movies that we've ever had the pleasure of roaring about.

Now we do sound a little adjective-y. You know what we mean. Whenever you hear the phrase "One of the most" you sort of know the etcetera.

Instead we're going to take a different stance. We're going to tell you what the picture is called and who's in it. Then see if you don't agree that this one is different.

Very good. The title is "The Unfinished Dance." The producer is Joseph Pasternak. The director is Henry Koster.

They are responsible for many memorable musicals. But while "The Unfinished Dance" is not strictly a musical, it is a dramatic story that deals with dancers.

The star is Margaret O'Brien—the biggest little star on the screen. (Adjectives again!)



The leading girls are Cyd Charisse, a poem on legs, and Karin Booth, ditto.

A new personality, Danny Thomas, seen on many a stage, is introduced in this—may we say unusual—picture.

Myles Connolly's screen play is based on the story by Paul Morand.

Now you know the facts. But what you don't know is this:

Little Margaret—in one sense of the word—plays a heavy.

At a rehearsal of the most wonderful eye-filling ballet (those adjectives again!) she pulls a certain backstage switch.



Her heart makes her do it—her love makes her do it. But did she commit a crime? Did she end the career of a person she would later grow to love?

What a great part does Conscience—the inner thing—play in this adjective-worthy film.

One could go on. But 'tis better p'raps to leave the column "unfinished" . . .

For you will surely see "The Unfinished Dance."

—Leo



NOVEMBER, 1947

modern screen

the friendly magazine

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TREMENDOUS

as its Earthquake!

SPECTACULAR

as its Tidal Wave!

MAGNIFICENT

as its Love Affair!



**GREEN
DOLPHIN
STREET**

Lana
TURNER
VAN DONNA RICHARD
HEFLIN · REED · HART

Frank MORGAN • Edmund GWENN • Dame May WHITTY
Reginald OWEN • Gladys COOPER

Screen Play by Samson Raphaelson • Based on the Novel by Elizabeth Goudge • Directed by Victor Saville • Produced by Carey Wilson

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER HIT!

From the pulsating pages of M-G-M's Prize Novel—enjoyed by 20 million readers—comes the thrilling story of a fiery girl who dares the dangers of the sea and a savage land... to fight for the love of a bold adventurer.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

■ If it's any consolation to you readers, all Hollywood is just as confused as you with the on-again-off-again marriage antics of June Haver and her spouse, Jimmy Zito.

First, you remember, they were married in a civil ceremony, and separated almost immediately, only to be remarried in a couple of weeks in a church service. On the heels of that came June's announcement that she would seek to have the marriage annulled.

So what happened next? June "disappeared" from her home, and not even her studio bosses knew where she was or could find any trace of her. Naturally, they were burned up plenty at their golden haired baby, and more than a little worried.

My own sleuths were the first to locate June, and guess where she was? Staying at the same West Los Angeles motor court where Jimmy was residing! What's more, they had been dining ever so cosy-like every night!

I don't know what June has been trying to prove, and frankly, I don't much care, because that's not my idea of the way to treat any marriage.

* * *

Cornel Wilde could give the Boy Scout oath and swear by his ancestors, but he could never make me believe that HIS career came between him and the wife he loves almost to the point of distraction, Pat Knight.

At the time of their surprising separation, Cornel said, gentleman-fashion, "Going from picture to picture with little time to rest or to devote to my family is responsible for our troubles." Oh, yeah!



Hollywood's great turned out en masse to catch Charles Laughton's opening in a new play, *Galileo*, at the Coronet Theater. Charles and wife Oona Chaplin found the press photographers in an amiable mood—and vice versa.



Charles Boyer hoped to be in Paris for the première of *Arch of Triumph*, but he'll work, instead. Maybe Pat and he will be free to go back for a while next year, when they celebrate their 14th wedding anniversary.



Frances and Van Heflin had a very special interest in the play. Van's sister, whose name is also Frances, played opposite Laughton. Those who've seen Van in *Green Dolphin Street*, say it's his best role yet.



Gayest twosome in the audience were Ingrid Bergman and her handsome neurologist-husband, Peter Lindstrom. Ingrid's wearing her *Joan of Lorraine* hair-do, and will take that Broadway hit on tour for a year.



Mr. and Mrs. Richard Conte got a great kick out of *Galileo*, because they're both admirers of Laughton. Dick, himself, is well on the way up—as 20th Century-Fox finally discovered, after lending him out.



Gene's nose is as good as new—now that the operation deal is over. It never needed an uplift, but was injured in an accident. He and the charming Mrs. Kelly (Betsy Blair) came to the opening informal-like.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

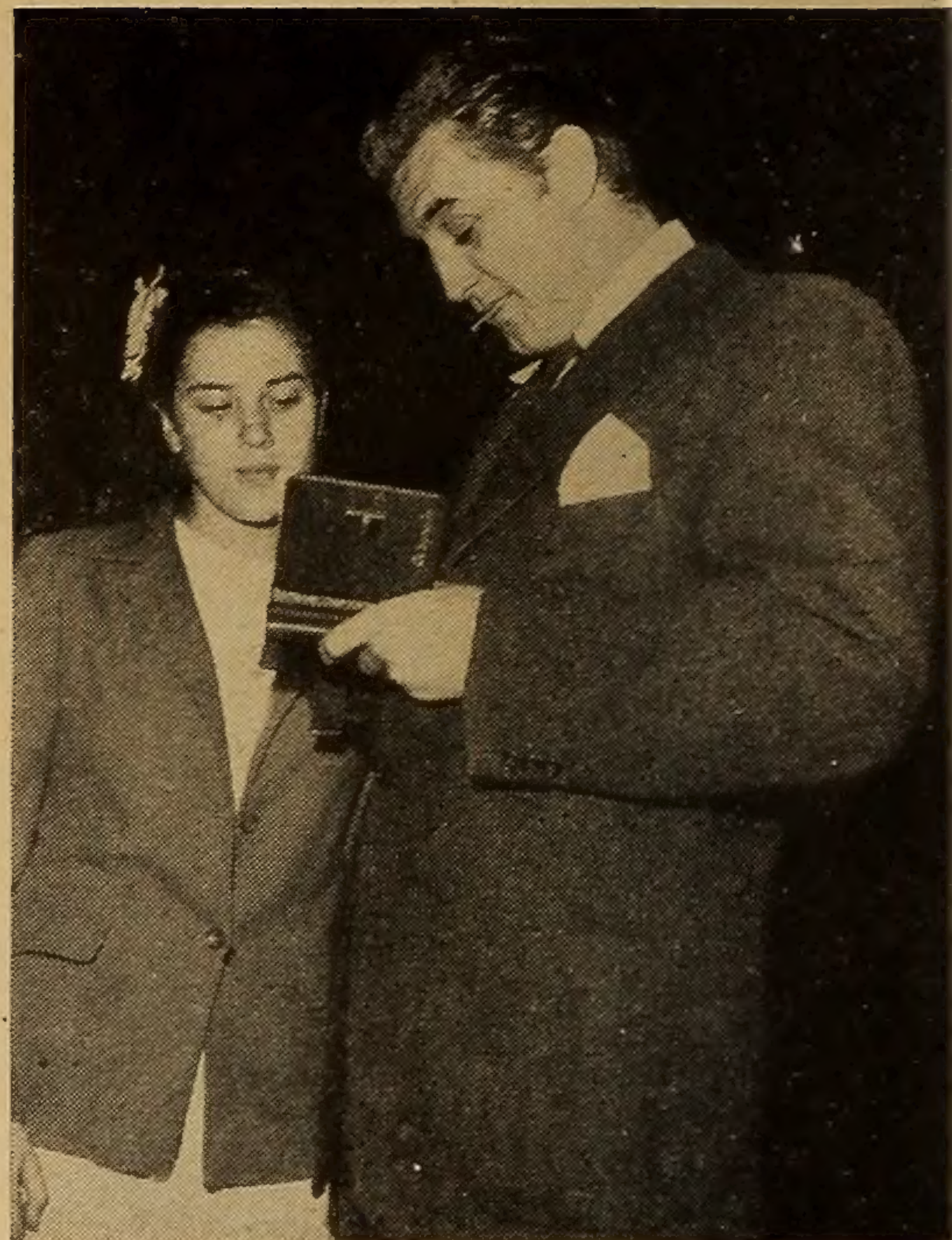
Good news



Rumors of a separation between Glo de Haven and John Payne were further thwarted when they appeared hand in hand at the premiere.



Swathed in smiles and white was Jane Powell, who's flooded with proposals, at 17. But she's playing the field. Here, it's Tom Batten.



Bob Mitchum, the star of *Red Pony*, wants to see what this *Red Stallion* picture is like. Before going in, he obliges with his name.

As I see it, the real trouble is this: Cornel is almost obsessed with ambition for his wife's career and he is intensely jealous of her. On the other hand, Pat is obsessed with ambition for her OWN career. She has been spoiled and indulged by her husband's devotion, and perhaps she has been subconsciously resentful of his jealousy.

Everyone thought their problems might be solved when she got her first real break in a movie for Sol Wurtzel, *Roses Are Red*. But instead of solving the problem, the job served merely to bring things to a head.

During the making of the picture, Cornel was constantly at the studio and on the set, offering advice and suggestions about lighting Pat to the cameramen, and dressing her to the wardrobe department. He was determined to see that she clicked big in her screen debut. Of course, it was inspired by love and pride. But you just can't do that in Hollywood.

The whole thing blew up right after the picture was finished, when Pat and Cornel

went on a weekend to Catalina Island.

That Helmut Dantine happened to be there at the same time turned out to be unfortunate, for his name was mixed up in the highly dramatic events that followed.

The whisper was that Cornel swam out an alarming distance from the shore and refused to be picked up by a rescue boat. Pat's explanation is that she sent the boat after her husband when she became worried about him and thought he might be exhausted. Cornel says he was just taking a swim, felt no exhaustion, and refused the rescue offer because he didn't need it.

When asked what, if anything, he knew about these carryings-on, Helmut said he was completely confused by the whole thing, and was highly indignant at the intimation that he had been the cause of the break-up. Nevertheless, a short time later, when the Wildes' trouble was at its peak, Helmut was glimpsed dining very tête-à-tête with Pat at a small and intimate Hungarian restaurant, called the Little Gypsy.

Since the "incident" in Catalina, the Wildes dined together several times, attended the theater twice, and then reconciled when they went to Del Monte for a second honeymoon. Whether the reconciliation will "take," I don't know. Perhaps it will, since Pat's own career is picking up and now looks more promising. Her career problems, I am sure, played a big part in their marital difficulties.

* * *

I love Cara Williams' honesty when she admitted she was just crazy about Keenan Wynn. "But I don't know whether he's crazy about me or not."

Kinda cute when you and I always think of pretty little movie girls as being sought after and spoiled by the men they know.

* * *

After being separated from him for months, Greer Garson finally filed her suit for divorce from Richard Ney.

Greer's friends have felt for a long time that a reconciliation was impossible, but Greer chose to wait until she was absolutely

(Continued on page 8)



Number Three... Number Four...

Number Two...



Number Five...



Number One...



Number Six...



Darryl F. Zanuck
presents

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

Forever Amber

Starring LINDA DARNELL · CORNEL WILDE · RICHARD GREENE
GEORGE SANDERS ..as King Charles II

with GLENN LANGAN · RICHARD HAYDN · JESSICA TANDY · ANNE REVERE · JOHN RUSSELL

Directed by OTTO PREMINGER · Produced by WILLIAM PERLBERG · KATHLEEN WINSOR

From the Novel by

Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Ring Lardner, Jr. · Adaptation by Jerome Cady

A
20th
CENTURY-FOX
Achievement



But He Cuts No Ice With Her!



WELL! SEEMS YOUR SISTER DOESN'T GO FOR MY ACT—OR FOR ME! HOW COME, CHUM? WHAT'S HER REASON?

SIS THINKS BAD BREATH IS A DARN GOOD REASON, PAL! SO, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN HER, BETTER HEAD FOR YOUR DENTIST'S, DICK!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently and safely!"

LATER—



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BROKE THE ICE AND NOW SHE THINKS I'M PRETTY NICE!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

Always use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM after you eat and before every date!



The tribute dinner for Walter Winchell, at Mocambo drew many celebs, including Nora and Errol Flynn, Frank Sinatra (Louella's "date") and Leonard Lyons.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news



Marie McDonald's black hair attracted lots of attention at the Winchell dinner. Harry Karl, Marie's fiance, likes it fine. Do you?

sure the marriage could not be saved before she took the final step. Too, it was her second divorce, and the idea was doubly unpleasant to her for that reason.

While she was staying very much to herself, there was no particular reason for Greer to change her legal status. But once she started going out dining and dancing with male friends, I knew she soon would clarify her position. She always has been a great stickler for propriety, and she did not feel it looked right to be bearded around town by other men while she was still Mrs. Ney. Her latest dates were with Greg Bautzer and George Sanders, but romantically, it doesn't mean a thing, I'm sure.

I feel very sorry for Richard, who was so in love with Greer, but maybe it will be best for him. He's now keeping socialite Jane Hollingsworth's phone busy but plenty. Ironically, she is torching for her "ex."

* * *

I often wonder why some people will persist in denying a thing they know is true.

For instance, I mentioned on the air and in my column that Jane Greer was going to marry Edward Lasker who is the son of Albert Lasker, one of the ten richest men in

America. Jane, you know, was formerly married to Rudy Vallee and made plenty of headlines when she finally divorced him. Well, I knew she was going to marry Lasker because she told me so herself, but the next day after I announced it, he called me and denied the story emphatically. He went out with many girls, he said. Exactly three weeks later he and Jane eloped to Las Vegas. Deliberate doings like that aren't respected in or out of Hollywood.

* * *

Very sad to me is the case of Alan Marshal who seems to have been afraid to tackle a new picture since his nervous breakdown of some time ago. Remember, he was one of the top stars with a brilliant future ahead, when his illness struck. The thing that is so tragic to me is that Mrs. Marshal, who stuck loyally with him all through his long illness, now is divorcing him. Mrs. Marshal, incidentally, is another who definitely told me she had no intention of leaving her husband just two days before she filed her suit for divorce. I try to keep my faith in people of this sort, but it's very hard at times.

(Continued on page 10)

SHE WAS SOLD TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER!

GARY PAULETTE
COOPER · GODDARD
Cecil B. DeMille's
UNCONQUERED

Color by TECHNICOLOR

with HOWARD BORIS CECIL WARD
DA SILVA · KARLOFF · KELLAWAY · BOND

Produced and Directed by Cecil B. DeMille

A Heart As Fiery As Her
Crimson Tresses... The Most
Desirable Prize In All This
Fabulous Continent...
Bought By The Most
Dangerous Man Of Those
Dangerous Times!



Screenplay by Charles Bennett, Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr. • Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson • A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

A Feminine Weapon



In emergency, DeLong Bob Pins have been used as letter-openers . . . door keys . . . paper clips—but that's not why women buy so many of them. Smart women who pride themselves on being value-conscious and well-groomed, know there's nothing like the DeLong Bob Pin, with its Stronger Grip, for keeping your hair-do neat from morning 'til night . . . They've learned that it's foolish to buy poorly made bob pins that slip out, when they can get the extra-strong, extra-snappy DeLong product everywhere. Just remember —

Stronger Grip Won't Slip Out



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SNAPS PINS SANITARY BELTS



Frank Sinatra arrived at the Frank Borzage Golf Tournament by helicopter. The charity match netted the Runyon Cancer Fund \$7,500.



Jack Carson, playing in the Actors' Division, scored 89, a sprained wrist and several callouses. Wayne Morris was no fool—he spectated.

LOUELLA PARSONS'

Good news

Well, you're going to be plenty jealous of me this month when I tell you I went to a party with Frank Sinatra! Yes, Frankie picked me up at the house and then escorted me to the Walter Winchell tribute dinner at the swank Mocambo.

Before we took off for the big night, Frankie and Nancy came in and had a chat with my husband, who has been ill. Doctor brought out all his old prize fight pictures and Nancy and I cooled our heels while the men talked the prize fight business. Frank's one star who is not hepped to the point of boredom on his singing-acting career. That boy can talk about sports, painting (his newest hobby) and juvenile delinquency problems with the best of them.

But, finally, we were on our way and as we walked in the door of the Mocambo, Nancy and I were handed leis of orchids that had been flown in from Honolulu for the ladies just that day. All my life I have wanted to wear that many orchids. These were little tiny pink ones and so cute.

Frankie was on the entertainment committee, so Nancy and I made our way to the flower-bedecked table to wait for him. Sitting near us were Postmaster General Robert Hannegan, his wife, and their attractive daughter, Pat. Pat was completely wide-eyed over all the stars and Walter Winchell took her around and introduced her to each one.

Errol Flynn, who came with the fabulous Mike Romanoff, sat with the Reginald Gardiners and it seemed to me that Errol was in one of his snippy moods. Why, I wouldn't be knowing.

Joan Caulfield, who I say is not only one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood but in the wide world, was escorted by Harry Koernitz. Bob Hope was there with the striking

Dolores," and when they did a hot rumba together, everybody accused them of showing off their South American training. That Hope was in great form and kidded everybody.

Frankie, of course, sang—so did Tony Martin—and both of them really "sent" the crowd. Tony was with Cyd Charisse, who seems to be his favorite date these days and nights. But you know Tony. His affections are subject to change without notice.

Marie McDonald looked so different with her dark hair, I didn't recognize her at first. The change is attractive—but Marie is a "blonde personality" if I ever saw one. What do you bet she doesn't go back to being blonde?

The entertainment was a "surprise" and perfectly wonderful. Lauritz Melchior sang "Because," Jose Iturbi played the piano as only he can play, and Jimmy Durante clowned all over the place—and what a lovable, sweet clown he is.

Myrna Loy is so slender these days you would hardly know her. Herbert Marshall and his bride looked very happy. She wore a very beautiful trousseau gown, black trimmed in pink, and her hair fluffy around her head. "Boots" usually wears it in a tight knot—but I liked the new coiffure much better. Take Hollywood alphabetically and you'll have the list of celebs who showed up to pay tribute to Walter's wonderful work in raising money for the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

P.S. Jack Dempsey brought a very pretty girl named Felice Ingersoll, whom he has been escorting regularly. And I ran into Bob Hutton and his beautiful Cleatus, late in the evening. The Huttons tell me they have just bought a new house in Beverly Hills

(Continued on page 70)

THERE WAS A THREAT HE HAD TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT...

There was a threat he had to hide — and a girl he had to seek!...He was the hunted turned hunter — defying the dangers of numberless nights to keep his promise to return!

HUMPHREY

BOGART
and LAUREN
BACALL

*From the spectacular
SATURDAY EVENING POST
serial comes this great
entertainment from*

WARNER
BROS.

DARK
PASSAGE



WITH BRUCE BENNETT · AGNES MOOREHEAD · TOM D'ANDREA · DELMER DAVES · JERRY WALD

Screen Play by Delmer Daves • From the Novel by David Goodis • Music by Franz Waxman



In a way, it was
fun—quiet dates at corner
tables, flowers for Pat's
hair, and the Wildes recapturing
something that was
never really lost.

By Dick Hyland

Vacation from marriage

■ One warm evening this summer, a lovely blonde woman escorted by a dark young man with an athletic step, entered LaRue's, the fashionable restaurant on the Sunset Strip. They stopped at the cloakroom and he removed the wrap from her tanned shoulders. It was evident that he had performed the same service many times before.

The brunette girl in the cloakroom took the coat, flashed the couple a professional smile, and turned to the girl who worked with her. "What do you know? The Cornel Wildes!" Her partner nodded.

The couple was led into the dining room and seated at a side table for two. The room's soft lighting flattered her blondness and his strong masculine face. They were a pair that any artist might have put together. They were gay.

"What will you have, dear?" he asked.

"I don't know. What looks good to you?"

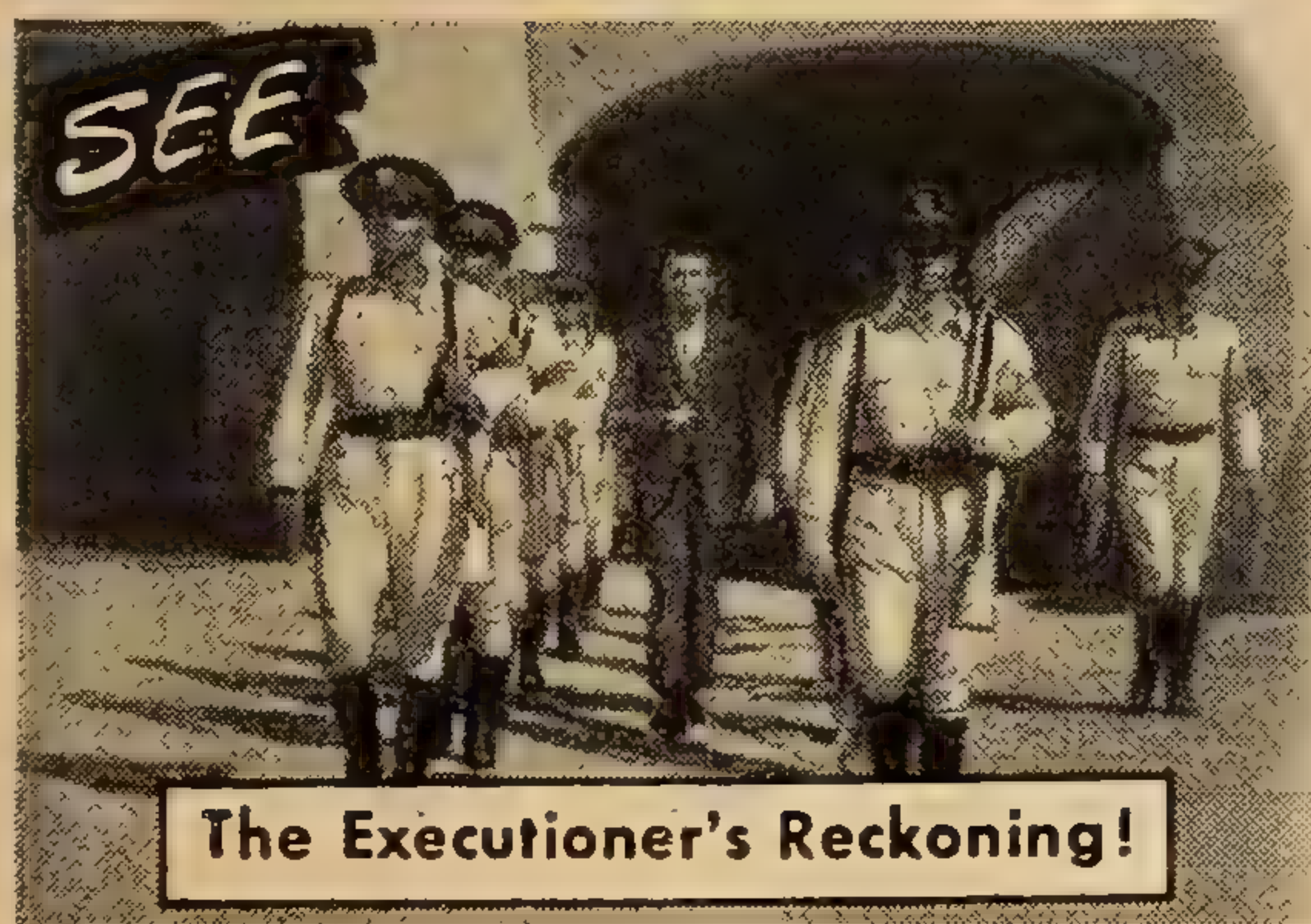
He raised his eyes from the menu. "You do, Patricia," he said, suddenly serious. "You look very good to me."

Their tenth wedding anniversary (Sept. 21) was a few days away as they deliberated over their choice of food. For ten years, Cornel Wilde had been saying that same thing to Patricia Knight, his wife.

(Continued on page 87)

BETRAYED... By Men of Evil for a Handful of Silver!

BEFRIENDED... By a Woman, Who Alone Dared Shield Him from Doom!



JOHN FORD and MERIAN COOPER
present
ARGOSY PICTURES'

THE FUGITIVE

co-starring

HENRY FONDA

DOLORES DEL RIO

PEDRO ARMENDARIZ

with J. CARROL NAISH • LEO CARRILLO • WARD BOND

ROBERT ARMSTRONG • JOHN QUALEN

Screenplay by DUDLEY NICHOLS

Directed by **JOHN FORD** Released through RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

You'll Remember These
JOHN FORD Directed Hits

- ★ THE INFORMER
- ★ THE HURRICANE
STAGECOACH
- ★ GRAPES OF WRATH
- ★ THE LONG VOYAGE HOME
- ★ HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
- ★ THEY WERE EXPENDABLE
- ★ ACADEMY AWARD WINNER

if he didn't care...



He likes to talk
about Margot—how she
turned a stable into
a home, and a rough guy
into a perfect
host—and would Dane
act this remem-
bering way, if he didn't care?

BY LOUIS POLLOCK



Dane and Margot used to relax by writing songs. A few months after this picture was taken they sold one called, "This Is Real." Now, they're deciding if it really is. After he finishes *Whiplash*, they'll go for a cruise because Dane says, "Water is soothing."

■ "That guy?" asked Freddie Steele, former world's middle-weight champion, who does the big fight scene in *Whiplash* with Dane. "I hit him so hard once he should'a come apart at the ankles. Instead he bounces right back and bends me my bridge-work!"

"Who, Dane?" retorted Dan Beasley, Warner Brothers cameraman. "He's always kidding you into something, and then, all of a sudden, you find out he isn't kidding at all!"

"Oh, him!" muttered Hank Norvil, the studio garage attendant, as a puzzled look came over his face. "I ast him why he don't get himself a big car like all the big shots and he said he'd rather be a little guy in a little car than a little guy in a big car!"

"Who, Dane?" queried Mushy Callahan, studio trainer, in an Avenue B accent that brings tears to the eyes of lonesome New Yorkers. "He's refreshing, honest. Like a week in the Catskills. And one of these linguists, too. I like it when he orders spaghetti in Italian—and the waiter brings ravioli."

"Dane Clark?" asked the casting director. "Sure, I remember when he used to come around the office looking for movie work. I'd tell him there was nothing doing and not to come back for a week. And the next morning he'd be right there again, saying he had forgotten a book or a package or something. It took me a long time to figure out that all the "forgetting" was just a racket to get right back into my office again. But, by then, it was too late—we had already signed him up!"

"Who, me?" asked Dane, himself, as he leaned over a Romanoff chef's salad, which he was mowing nicely flat. "Sounds like a lot of loose talk."

"You deny it?"

A look of pain crossed his face.

"Please (Continued on page 131)

that Always-Fresh look...



"My skin's really beauty-clean,
smooth... after fresh-cleansing
with Woodbury Cold Cream!

says *Jane Greer*

co-starring in R.K.O. Radio's
"OUT OF THE PAST"



DEEP-CLEANSING
RICH-SOFTENING
WOODBURY
COLD CREAM

Rich, deep-cleansing oils
float away make-up,
clogging skin soil
Four special softening
ingredients smooth dry skin

Jane's beauty-glow cleansing... with Woodbury Cold Cream



Fresh-up! "And when skin needs a fresh-up, always... my Woodbury Cold Cream!" says Jane. Yes! This satin-smooth cream brings *satin-glow* skin. Take Woodbury, girls, for *your* smoothing-cleansing...keep that Woodbury "Always-Fresh" look!

On-the-glow! Jane's skin looks new bloom, after busy studio day. "A dinner date means *first*—my date with Woodbury!...to *cleanse* and *soften* that tired dry-skin feeling! In a second, skin looks silky. A fresh film for my powder base... and make-up glows!"

That "Always-Fresh" look

Clear-clean, silken-soft skin—for you! Woodbury Cold Cream is different. Rich oils cleanse deep...free your skin of clinging make-up, grime. Woodbury's four special softening ingredients smooth dry skin—each cleansing! See the velvet-fresh look Woodbury gives. No finer cream than Woodbury is made — at any price!

FOR SPECIAL SKIN PROBLEMS

Dry Skin: Woodbury Cream-cleanse. Soften with Woodbury Special Dry Skin Cream...rich in lanolin's benefits.

Oily Skin: Cleanse with Woodbury Liquefying Cleansing Cream. Leaves skin clearer.



Beautiful Good Night! "Have to think of morning beauty," says Jane. "So I Woodbury-cream-cleanse... for baby-clean skin. Then smooth on a fresh veil... for rich skin-softening *all night through*." Try it, girls...get beautifying Woodbury Cold Cream.

Ty Power, a carnival barker, who wants to be a big time "mentalist," spiels to the crowd about Coleen Gray, the Girl Who Defies Electricity.



Movie reviews

by virginia wilson



Joan Blondell, for whom Ty has been making a play in order to get the secret code she once used in a mind-reading act, learns that he's in love with Coleen, and taunts him before the others.



Ty learns the code, marries Coleen, and together they go to Chicago, where the act is successful and the two flourish—until their fraud is exposed!

NIGHTMARE ALLEY

Tyrone Power plays a strange, almost frightening character in *Nightmare Alley*. A man who can sway everyone but himself. A man who is ruthless and cold and clever, until at last he meets someone as ruthless as he is and far more clever.

The people of *Nightmare Alley* aren't much like people you are apt to meet. They are "carnie" people, that is, they work in traveling carnivals, and they have their own customs and ideas.

Take Stan Carlisle (Tyrone Power). He's new in the business, but already he's as adept a barker as you'll find in any side show. His show is Zeena's mind-reading act. Zeena (Joan Blondell) and her husband, Pete

(Ian Keith), used to be in the big time. Now they're just part of the "carnie" crowd. But because she goes for Stan's easy magnetism and laughing eyes, she begins to teach him the things that she and Pete once used to do together.

It isn't long afterward that Pete dies from drinking the wood alcohol he thought was whiskey. Stan knows how it happened but he certainly isn't going to tell. He's going to get out of carnivals and into the profession of "mentalist."

When Stan leaves the carnival, however, it isn't Zeena he takes with him, but Molly (Coleen Gray). She's a pretty girl, and young, which Zeena isn't. She's been in love

with Stan for a long while. The wedding is practically a shot-gun affair, but what does it matter? They're going to be so happy together!

A year later, Stan is "The Great Stanton," appearing with Molly as his partner at the Sherman House in Chicago. He's doing fine, and he has ideas for a couple of things that should make them really rich. Crooked? Well, maybe, but Stan doesn't care, and if Molly does, she knows that she can always get out.

Then he meets a woman psychiatrist named Lilith (Helen Walker) and finds out he doesn't know all the answers after all.—
20th-Fox

Are you in the know?



What's this paper doll trying to do?

- ☐ Get into print
- ☐ Scoop the news
- ☐ A slight-of-hand trick

Ma Nature gave this little girl a great big hand. Outsize paws seem smaller if you make them less conspicuous. With one hand, practice crumpling a sheet of newspaper into a ball. That's a trick to limber hands, lend them grace (a confidence builder!). At "those" times, too, you can gain self-assurance—with Kotex, and that exclusive *safety center*. Because it gives *extra* protection, it's a can't-miss for confidence.



Which type calls for this neckline?

- ☐ Pudge
- ☐ Pee-wee
- ☐ TNT

Scarves are neckline news again. Top 'em off with a fancy stickpin—maybe made from your own sorority pin. But mind you—chin-chucking scarves are not for the short or chubby. It's the TNT gal (tall 'n' terrific) who can best wear the style shown here. And by the way, it's smart to know *Kotex* comes in sizes! 3 of 'em! So—from Regular, Junior and Super you can choose the napkin suited to *you*.



What the lonesome lass lacks is—

- ☐ Goldilocks
- ☐ Good standing
- ☐ Gorgeous gams

It takes more than honey-hued tresses and trim pegs to make an impression. Avoid that Leaning Tower look. Since it comes from toting textbooks on one favored side—shift the ballast! Good standing improves your poise. Of course, poise is yours for the asking on difficult days—when you've asked for *Kotex*. Naturally! Because *Kotex* is the napkin with flat pressed ends that prevent telltale outlines.



Will you score with your stadium squire, if you're

- ☐ Cheer-happy
- ☐ Sweet and silent
- ☐ A quiz kid

Gals should *know* football!—squires complain. Block that "kick"—by boning up, beforehand. Then get with the game!

Have fun! Better to cheer your head off than be sweetly mute or a question-box. And don't let calendar interference faze you. Just depend on *Kotex*: it's made to *stay soft while you wear it*. And teamed with a *Kotex* Sanitary Belt (all-elastic—snug-fitting—adjustable!) *Kotex* keeps you in blissful comfort, from kickoff to final whistle!



More women choose **KOTEX***
than all other sanitary napkins



3 guesses
what girls
forget most!

- ☐ Remove makeup at bedtime
- ☐ Repair chipped nail polish
- ☐ Buy a new sanitary belt

Could be you *do* keep your nails neat . . . and your face scrubbed, at curfew. Yet, like most girls, chances are you forget to buy a new sanitary belt . . . keep putting it off until "next time." But to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new *Kotex* Sanitary Belt!

You see—the *Kotex* Belt is made to lie flat, without twisting or curling. Yes, a *Kotex* Belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable . . . all-elastic . . . non-binding!



**Kotex
Sanitary
Belt**

Ask for it by name

Important Event

TWO PIECE SUIT!

New Longer Length



only
\$7.98

Here it is—your loveliest, most important suit, to

invite the loveliest, most important events in your life! New, longer jacket, flaring out at the hips in a full, flirtatious, double peplum. The top tier of the peplum and the jaunty collar smartly match the skirt. New, longer skirt with zipper closing. Superbly tailored of sleek, rich rayon faille. In enchanting colors:

Kelly Green and Black; Royal Blue and Black; Scarlet Red and Black; Kelly Green and Brown. Sizes 9-11-13-15-17.

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Preview Fashions
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Retail Shop, 19th Floor

PREVIEW FASHIONS, Dept. D111
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Send this lovely dress on approval. I'll pay postman \$7.98 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. If not delighted, I may return dress for refund within ten days. If prepaid, we pay postage. In New York City add 2% Sales Tax.

Size	First Color Choice	Second Color Choice	IE

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____



The Birds and the Bees: Jeanette MacDonald can take only so much from a boorish ex-husband, a career and three lively daughters (Ann Todd, Jane Powell and Mary E. Donahue). But J. Iturbi helps.

THE BIRDS AND THE BEES

You'll be perfectly safe in taking your kid sister, whose education hasn't progressed beyond the birds and the bees, to this one. Sex never once rears its ugly head, although two marriages and three children constitute a vital part of the plot. The romantic interest is supplied by Jeanette MacDonald and Jose Iturbi.

The children are pleasant youngsters, and the oldest, played by Jane Powell, sings like the well known nightingale. What happens goes something like this:

Louise Morgan (Jeanette MacDonald) career woman, faints from overwork, and her doctor solicitously recommends a long cruise. "By yourself," he adds emphatically, having had some experience with the three daughters. They are, he admits, very sweet, but not exactly restful.

So he breaks the news to Tess (Jane Powell), Ilka (Ann Todd), and Alix (Mary Eleanor Donahue) that their mother has had a nervous breakdown and must go away for a while. They are angelic about it.

But no sooner does Mummy get off on the cruise than the little dears start cooking up a scheme to "bring Daddy back." It seems that Mummy has divorced Daddy when they were all very small, and they think of him as a combined Sir Galahad and General Eisenhower. Actually, he was a louse of the first water and Mummy couldn't have been gladder to get rid of him, but she's never told them that.

Meanwhile, Mummy is on the high seas, being wooed with red roses and champagne by none other than Jose Iturbi. In Cuba, she agrees to marry him, and after a quick ceremony, they fly back to surprise the kiddies. The kiddies, of course, are all ready to surprise Mummy with Daddy! It gets pretty involved, as you can imagine.

The music is lovely.—M-G-M

THE FLAME

Why is it that on the screen one brother is always very, very good, while the other is very, very bad? You'd think that at least

that would make it easier for the beautiful heroine to pick the good one. Unfortunately, she always falls in love with the bad one, first.

That's not at all a bright idea in the case of brothers George (John Carroll) and Barry (Robert Paige) MacAllister. Carlotta (Vera Ralston) should know that a man like George, who could deliberately plan her marriage to his dying brother in the hope of cashing in on her inheritance as a widow, is hardly a desirable character. But love is blind, and apparently a little deaf, too, so she goes ahead with the scheme.

She takes a position as nurse to Barry, who has no idea that she has so much as met his brother. Barry has a bad heart, and the doctor (Henry Travers) gives him only a couple of months to live. Carlotta, lovely to look at, and following George's Machiavellian plans, has no trouble making Barry propose to her.

The trouble starts afterward. Because Carlotta finds that her new husband is tender and understanding and faithful—in fact, all the things that George is not. Before long, she is in love with him and realizes that what she felt for George was a crazy infatuation with no real foundation. She even tries to tell Barry the whole truth, but he stops her gently. "Your past is your own, Carlotta. The future is ours—however little of it there may be."

Actually, Barry is stronger, healthier since his marriage. It begins to seem quite possible that he won't die, after all. It is George who is miserable now. He has not only lost Carlotta but is being blackmailed by a nasty specimen named Ernie (Broderick Crawford).

It seems Ernie and George share a girl friend, Helene (Constance Dowling), and now Ernie plans on their sharing the MacAllister fortune.

The solution to this dilemma comes from a sudden and not very consistent change in character. I doubt if you'll be convinced. I wasn't.—Rep.

(Continued on page 20)

Which Twin has the Toni?

(And which had her permanent at a beauty shop? No one could tell the Ring twins' permanents apart — can you? See the answer below!)



See how easy it is to give yourself
a lovely TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

Soft, smooth, natural-looking curls and waves. Yes a Toni is truly lovely. But, before you try TONI, you will want to know —

Will TONI work on my hair?

Yes, Toni waves any kind of hair that will take a permanent, including gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair.

Is it easy to do?

Easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. That's why every hour of the day another thousand women use Toni.

Will TONI save me time?

Definitely. The actual waving time is only

2 to 3 hours. And during that time you are free to do whatever you want.

How long will my TONI wave last?

Your Toni wave is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 beauty shop permanent — or your money back.

Why is TONI a creme?

Because Toni Creme Waving Lotion waves the hair gently — leaves it soft as silk with no frizziness, no dried-out brittleness even on the first day.

How much will I save with TONI?

The Toni Home-Permanent Kit with reusable plastic curlers costs only \$2 . . .

with handy fiber curlers only \$1.25. The Toni Refill Kit complete except for curlers is just \$1. (All prices plus tax. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

Which is the TONI Twin?

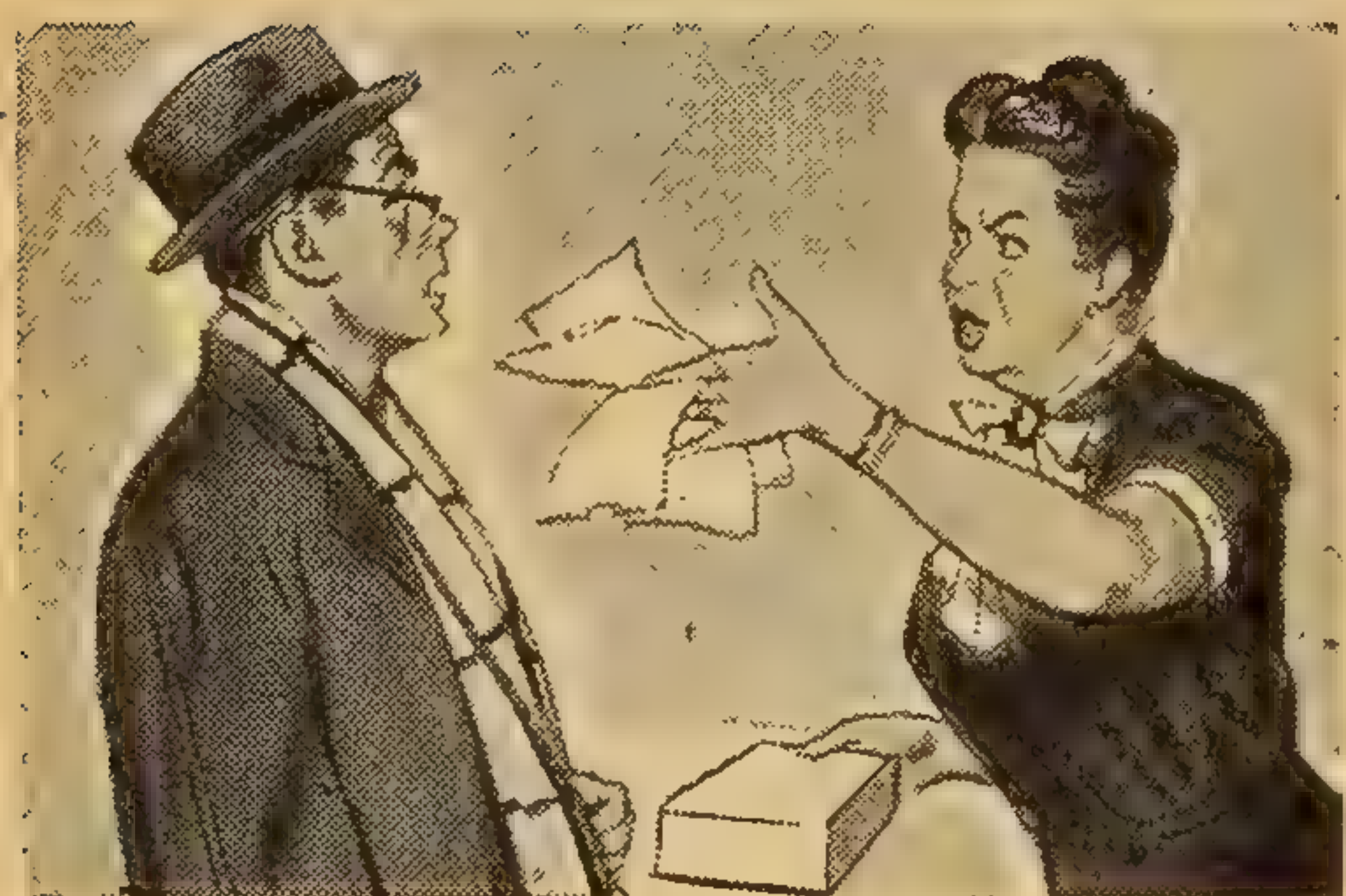
Kathleene, at the right, has the TONI. Ask for Toni today. On sale at all leading drug, notions or cosmetic counters.



Toni
HOME PERMANENT
THE CREME COLD WAVE



Are you trying
to tell me
All tissues aren't
KLEENEX?



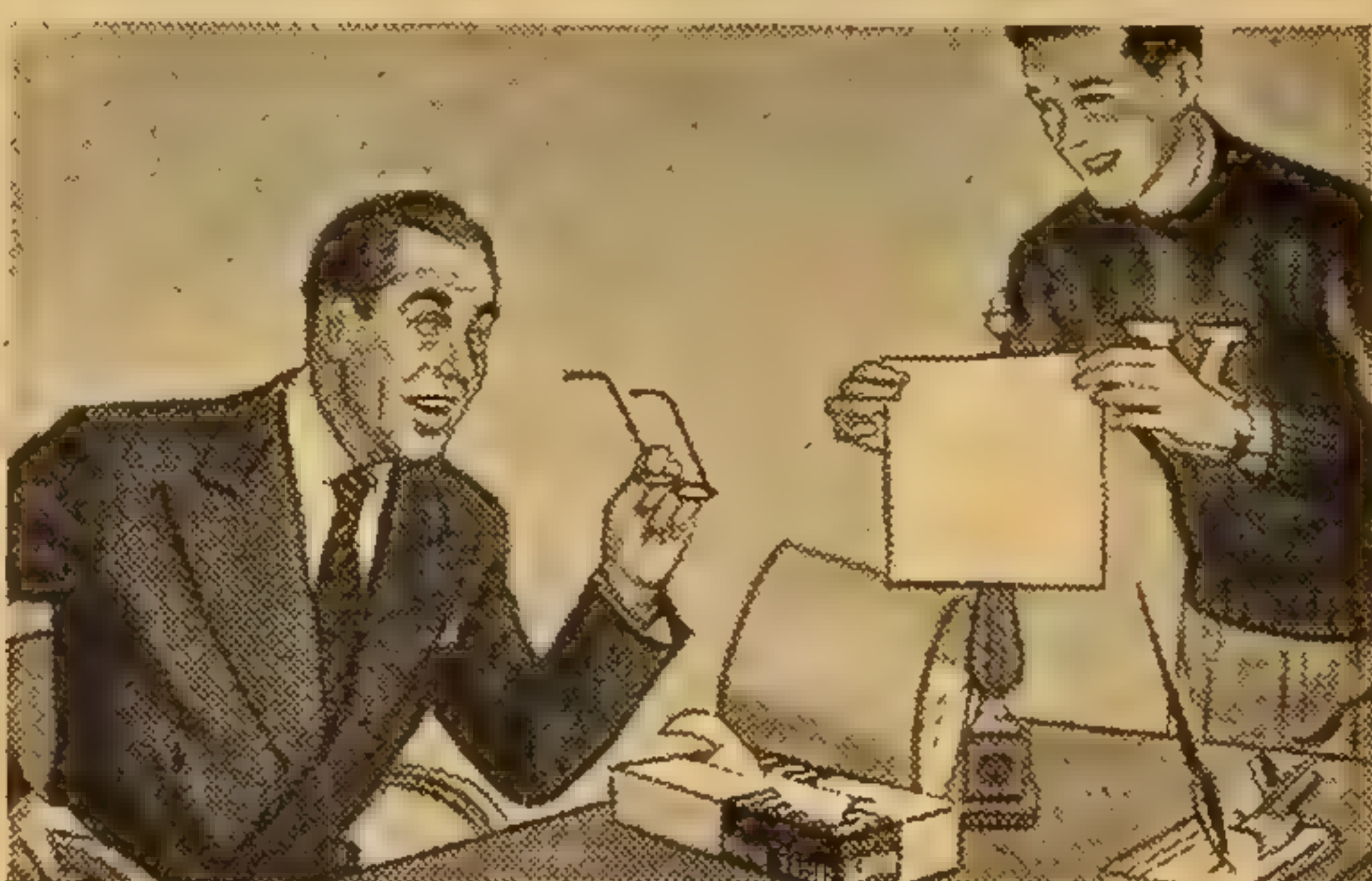
Homer, how can a mind like yours get so confused? — chided my wife. I've always told you Kleenex and ordinary tissues aren't the same! Why, even the Kleenex box is different. It serves up tissues — saves time and trouble. I want *Kleenex* — there's no other like it!



PreCISELY! echoed Dean Doolittle. My dear colleague, Kleenex is *one species* of tissue — not a term for tissues as a group! Indeed, I find Kleenex most soothing for that (ahem!) sniffing condition which accompanies a cold. In short, there is *only one* Kleenex!

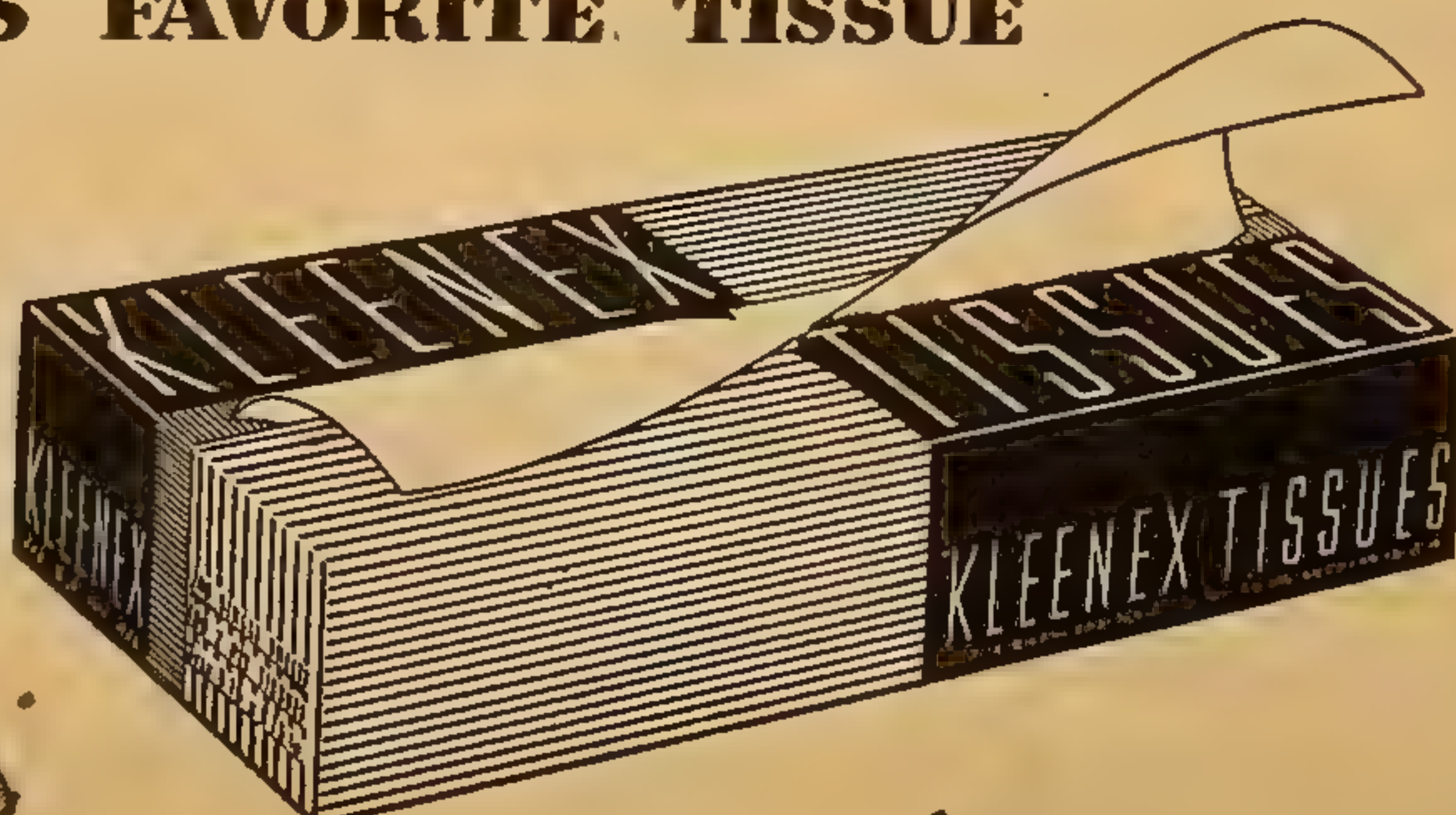


Brain Boy, you're slipping! my sister admonished me. I'm a teacher, too, but in *my* book — Kleenex means just one brand of tissues. Nice, *soft* tissues — to remove my face cream *gently*! But do you remember to ask for *Kleenex*? No. You mumble "tissues." As if my *skin* wouldn't know the difference!



Why be a guesser, Professor? said my nephew. Just hold this Kleenex tissue to a light. See any lumps, or weak spots? *Ixnay!* You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through — always the same — so you're sure Kleenex *must* be a softie, but tough enough for any Joe Blow! Your eyes tell you there's *only one* Kleenex!

Lucky I learned...*There is only one KLEENEX*
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



•REG. U. S. AND CAN. PAT. OFF.



Secret Beyond The Door: M. Redgrave won't give J. Bennett the key to the seventh room.

THE SECRET BEYOND THE DOOR

You meet a man; you fall in love with him, you marry him. You know his name, his business, what he likes to eat and drink. But although he's your husband, he's a stranger.

That, at least, is the way it happens to Celia Barrett (Joan Bennett). When her brother, Rick, dies, she goes to Mexico with some friends. Anything to start a new life for herself, since she has no family left.

She sees Mark Lamphere (Michael Redgrave) first during a Mexican alley fight. Somehow, when their eyes meet, she knows he has recognized the crazy, primitive feeling that grips her during the fight. They meet later in a cafe and she seems to be under a curious spell. She has thought she was in love before, but it never felt like this. Nothing in all the world ever felt like this . . .

So Celia and Mark are married. Instead of living in New York as Celia had expected, they go to a small town on the Hudson where the Lamphere family has always lived. Mark stops off on business in New York, so Celia sees Lamphere House first alone. Oh, accompanied, of course, by Carrie (Anne Revere), Mark's sister, but that is hardly the same thing. Carrie is almost ghost-like in some ways.

When Mark arrives, he, too, seems changed. Moody, black with anger or despair half the time over some trifle, he isn't anything like the charming man she married. The scent of lilacs or the sound of a key turning in a lock is enough to throw him into a rage.

Then, there is his collection of six secret rooms—each one an exact copy of a room where a murder took place. And the seventh room, she finds, one day, is the eeriest of all.—Univ.-Int.

BLACK GOLD

You've seen plenty of American Indians on the screen. Usually, they've been all done up in warpaint by the Westmore brothers, and have been scalping people like crazy. Now, for a change, we have an Indian who may bear some faint resemblance to the real thing. He is Charley Eagle (Anthony Quinn). The time is the 1920's, which may explain why there are no tomahawks around.

Charley is off on one of his periodic hunting trips, when he finds a small Chinese



Black Gold: Kate De Mille tells Anthony Quinn of the problems their adopted son must face.

boy, Davey (Ducky Louie), cowering behind a bush near the Mexican border. It seems that Davey's father has just been shot, after being smuggled into this country, and Davey is expecting the same fate.

Charley takes the boy home with him to his mission-trained wife, Sarah (Katherine De Mille). Young Davey isn't quite sure how he'll be received, but Charley has no doubts. "Indian wife do as husband say," is his theory, and it seems to work.

Anyway, Sarah welcomes Davey cordially to her trim white cottage and neat garden. When he has difficulty at school with boys who yell, "Chink, chink, chinaman!" in the traditional manner, Charley and Sarah adopt him. That gives him confidence enough to fight when necessary, to ride a horse, to do anything his new parents want him to.

Charley Eagle has one passionate interest—horses. His mare, Black Hope, is the joy of his life. When an oil well comes in on his property, the first thing Charley does is breed Black Hope to an expensive stallion. The resulting colt, Black Gold, is entered in the Kentucky Derby.

But Charley has been hurt in an accident and will never live to see the Derby. He hires a trainer for the colt, and asks him also to teach young Davey to become a jockey. It is a matter of racing history that a colt named Black Gold won the Kentucky Derby in 1924. The rest may not be history, but it makes an interesting picture, in Cinecolor.—Mono.

MAGIC TOWN

If you believe in magic, you may believe in Magic Town. You will certainly believe in Jimmy Stewart as Rip Smith, ex-army captain and famous basketball player.

Rip, it seems, hasn't been doing so well since he got out of the army. He's been running a poll-taking service, but public opinion polls are tricky things, and Rip's results have been inaccurate.

Then something happens. Rip hears of a little town called Grandview where, for some crazy reason, the opinions of the townspeople coincide to the last decimal with the national polls. It's a gold mine for a guy like Rip, if he can keep anyone from finding out about it. Instead of knocking his brains



"I like my job! So—
I put **Mum**
to work!"

J.A.:

You've picked a perfect silent partner, Honey. Mum not only protects your work-a-day charm, but keeps you sweet and dainty after hours, too.

It's foolish for any girl to take chances with underarm odor. A bath washes away *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of *future* offense.

Be a safety-first girl with



Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum

safe for charm

Mum checks perspiration odor, keeps underarms dainty all day or evening.

Mum

safe for skin

No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

Mum

safe for clothes

No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics. Economical Mum doesn't dry out in the jar. Quick, easy to use, even after you're dressed.

*"When Acid
Indigestion
sets me
all a-twitter,
Tums set me right"*



Says **BILLIE BURKE**

Beloved
Hollywood Actress

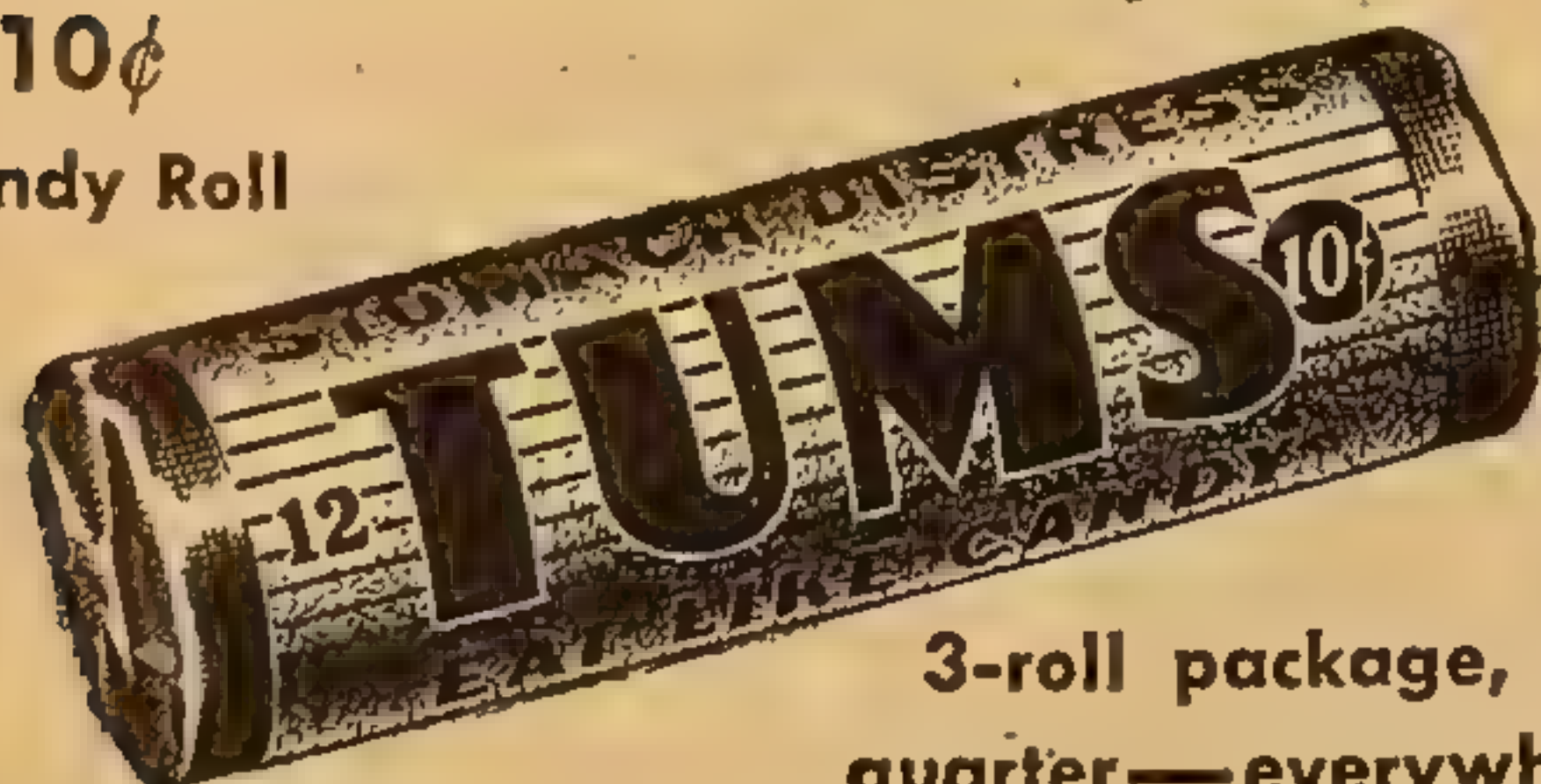
"Fluttery stomach and a smooth performance just don't go together. So when I suffer acid indigestion, I reach for Tums. Their relief is sweet—and fast!"

When acid indigestion hits you, get almost instant relief with Tums. And when it won't let you sleep, don't count sheep—count on Tums for a refreshing night's rest. There's nothing *surer*, nothing *faster*! Tums not only neutralize excess acid almost instantly—Tums coat the stomach with protective medication, so relief is more prolonged. Tums sweeten sour stomach. Relieve that bloated feeling, gas and heartburn jiffy-quick. Tums contain no soda—no raw, harsh alkali—so Tums won't overalkalize and irritate your delicate stomach. Tums are handy, too—no mixing, no water needed. *Never* overalkalize, always neutralize excess acidity with Tums. Get Tums today—*genuine* Tums for the tummy!

*Night and day, at home or
away, always carry Tums!*

10¢

Handy Roll



3-roll package, a
quarter—everywhere

TUMS ARE ANTACID—not a laxative. For a laxative, use mild, dependable, all-vegetable **NR** (Nature's Remedy). Caution: Take only as directed. Get a 25c box today.



Magic Town: Maybe he can impress the whole town, but Jim Stewart can't fool Jane Wyman.

out asking questions all over the country, he only has to find out what Grandview thinks.

So he and his assistants, Ike (Ned Sparks) and Mr. Twiddle (Donald Meek), come to Grandview, pretending to be insurance agents. Only to find that a girl named Mary Peterman (Jane Wyman) is trying to make the town over. Yes, sir! Wants them to build a new school and a hospital and heaven knows what all, in the name of progress.

Rip sees immediately that this would be apt to change several decimal points in his new undertaking. He makes a charming, sentimental speech to the city council, all about their ideal American town, and what a bad thing change is for a community. To Mary's disgust, they go for it and her plan is thrown out.

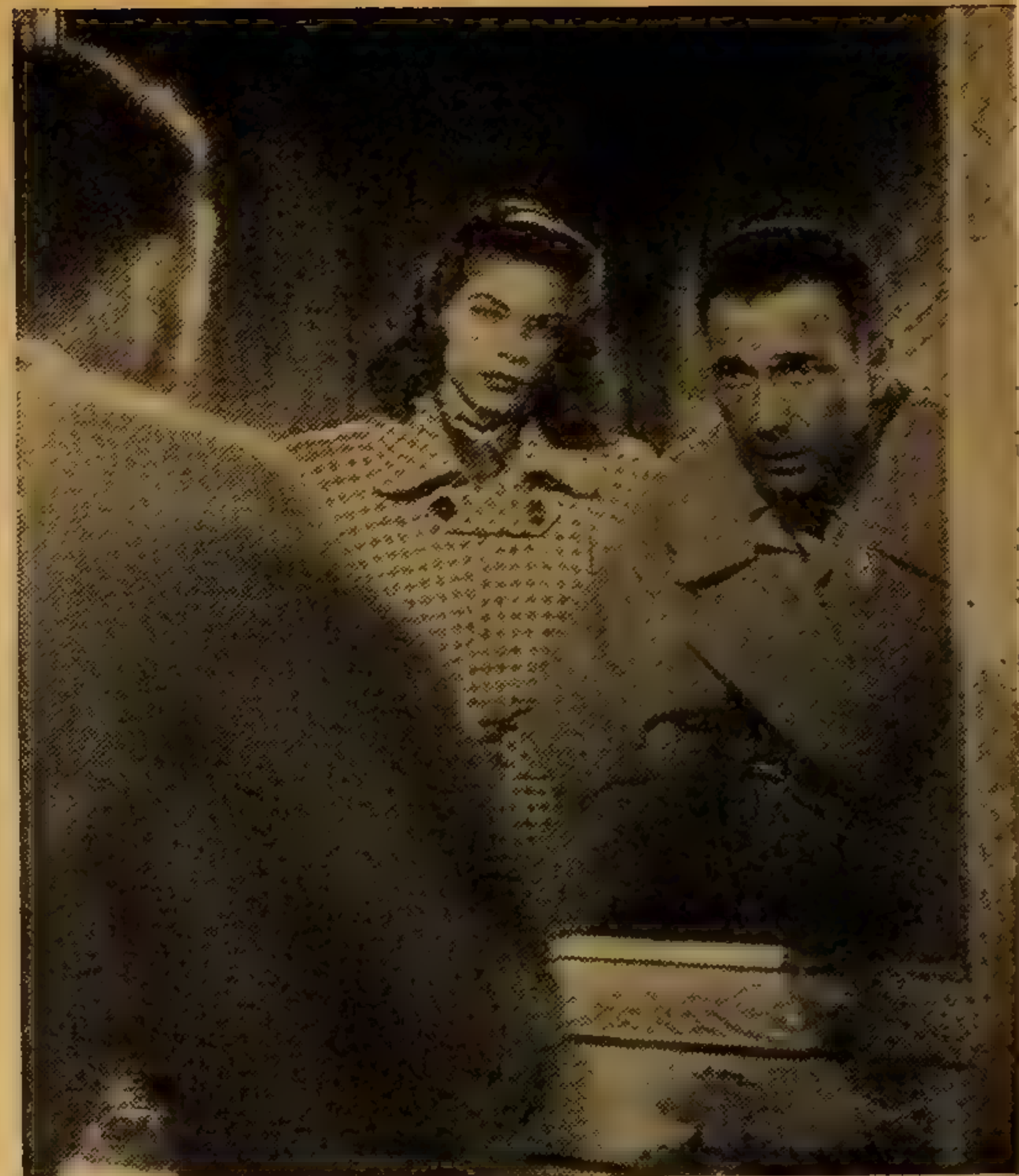
Rip does everything he can, including coaching the High School basketball team, to become a respected citizen. Then Mary finds out his real identity, and the story of Grandview as the poll spot of the country hits the papers. What happens after that will surprise you.—RKO

DARK PASSAGE

Bogart and Bacall are together again, in as exciting a tale of murder as you'll find on any screen. It begins when Vincent Parry (Humphrey Bogart) escapes from San Quentin prison, where he is serving a life sentence for the murder of his wife. His chance of getting away is about one in a hundred and he knows it. What he doesn't know is that a blonde girl with a wide, beautiful mouth and a mind of her own, is going to supply that chance.

Irene Jansen (Lauren Bacall) doesn't know Parry, but she attended his trial and she's sure he's innocent of murder. It's half Fate and half telepathy that makes her come driving along just in time to get Parry into San Francisco through the police barriers.

She takes him to her apartment, brings him new clothes. She tells him he can stay there safely, but Parry insists on going to his best friend, George (Rory Mallinson). He isn't sure whether he can really trust this long-



Dark Passage: The only one who thinks Bogart's innocent of murder is the mysterious Bacall.

eyed blonde, in spite of her protestations. After all, she admits, herself, that she knows Madge Rapp (Agnes Moorehead) who was the chief witness against Parry at his trial.

So, at midnight, the man whom half of San Francisco is searching for, hails a taxi. And thereby becomes another man entirely. Because the taxi driver recognizes him, but instead of turning him over to the police, takes him to a plastic surgeon. When Parry emerges, swathed in bandages, his face is completely changed. Only the eyes, and the deadly purpose behind them, are the same. That purpose is to find the person who really murdered his wife.

Parry starts once more for George's. But now he is too late. Murder has flamed again through the night, and this time the police are convinced he's guilty. Everyone is, except one girl—Irene.—War.

UNFINISHED DANCE

If you are a devotee of the ballet, or of Margaret O'Brien, you will probably be charmed with *Unfinished Dance*. It is staged in the expensive M-G-M tradition, with Cyd Charisse doing most of the professional ballet work.

Little Meg Merlin (Margaret O'Brien) is so crazy about the ballet that sometimes she even forgets to go to ballet school. That sounds like a contradiction in terms, but it really isn't. The reason she forgets is because she's busy watching Mlle. Bouchet (Cyd Charisse), première ballerina of the company. Mlle. Bouchet is aware of, and rather amused by, the child's adoration. She doesn't take it seriously but then, she doesn't take anything seriously.

Even her career isn't as vital to her as it is to most ballerinas. There is Fred (Charles Bradstreet), who wants her to marry him—and Fred has a great deal of money. It would mean security and pleasure and no more work and worrying.

Just the same, Mlle. Bouchet is furious when word gets around that La Darina (Karen Booth), one of the greatest ballerinas in the world, is to be brought to the company for
(Continued on page 95)

FOR ONLY 10¢

YOU MAY HAVE THIS GREAT NEW MOVIE-HIT NOVEL!

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SHIPPING COSTS! NOTHING TO JOIN! NO
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To Show You How Easily You Can Get More
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LET US SEND YOU "GREAT EXPECTATIONS"—
THE HEART-WARMING NOVEL NOW A SMASH-
HIT MOTION PICTURE FROM COAST-TO-COAST!

HERE is one of the most exciting characters
ever to come from the gifted pen of
CHARLES DICKENS—the penniless orphan
Pip, whose mysterious benefactor made him the
richest young gentleman in London!

Pip's fantastic adventures began—unexpectedly
enough—on a dank and foggy marsh, where the
grim figure of Magwitch, the convict, suddenly
loomed out of the mist and grabbed the terrorized
boy! It was a meeting which scared Pip out of
his wits—but it also was the beginning of a drama
which only the genius of Dickens could have
conceived.

Millions have been thrilled by this intensely
human story—millions more are *right now* enjoying
the motion picture version which critics are rav-
ing about!

The N. Y. Times calls it "Perfect"! The N. Y.
Herald Tribune says: "Irresistible entertainment!"
"Superb, brilliant, delightful, enchanting!" raves
the N. Y. News. Read below how YOU may have
a copy of *Great Expectations* free, with no strings
attached!



Scenes from film, *Great Expectations*, starring John Mills, Valerie Hobson, A. J. Arthur. Rank presentation; a Universal-International release.



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WE want to GIVE YOU a freshly-printed copy of "Great Expectations"—without any obligation on your part to buy or join anything. We merely want you to know how you can get more out of your movie-going by reading the nationally-popular books upon which many motion picture hits are based.

You get this splendid movie-hit novel of romantic adventure in return for nothing more than your name and address . . . so that we can mail to you some literature about an amazing TWO-

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As a movie-goer, how many times have you felt that the limitations of the screen have made it IMPOSSIBLE for the picture producer to tell the whole story—as the author wrote it? Maybe you have felt that the movie version lacked something—was somehow incomplete and expurgated. How many times you have heard your friends say of a movie: "It was good—but the book was better!"

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That's why you are being offered "Great Expectations" FREE! With this fine novel—which recently was released as a major screen hit with a sensational premiere at New York's Radio City Music Hall—we will mail descriptive literature about the Book Club, which you may join IF YOU WANT TO. HOWEVER, it is distinctly understood that you will be under absolutely NO OBLIGATION to join, unless you so desire. The free copy of "Great Expectations" is YOURS TO KEEP, whatever your decision may be.

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To get your free book, just send us your name and address on the coupon at right—and enclose only 10c to help cover part of the actual costs of packing, handling and shipping "Great Expectations" to you. BOOK CLUB ASSOCIATES, Dept. MM-11, Garden City, N. Y.

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out of unhappiness...



A lonely woman,
lost—that was Hedy. Tired
of her beauty. But Mark
showed her a whole new world,
where people laughed,
and danced, and fell in love . . .

by florabel muir

special modern screen reporter

■ You've never seen anything like the change a few short months have made in Hedy Lamarr. Only time will tell for sure whether it's a new romance which has brought about this happy result, because neither Hedy nor Mark Stevens is saying anything definite. They can't, naturally. For, though Hedy has won her freedom from John Loder, the separation of Mark and Annette Stevens is still so new that Hollywood tongues haven't yet ceased wagging about its cause and origin.

All I know is that it looks and sounds like the romance both Hedy and Mark have been waiting for. Not only are they two very nice and pleasant people, but they've had their flings at trial and error in marriage. It isn't always easy to maintain poise under the glare that focuses on Hollywood romances. These two are facing that difficult situation with dignity and frankness. Hedy tells you honestly that she feels she's just begun to live again. Mark is more guarded, as is only natural under the circumstances.

However, the fact that he spent every possible moment with Hedy, while he was busy with a trying role in 20th Century-Fox's *The Snake Pit* is actually all the answer one needs. Whenever he was free, he rushed up to Lake Tahoe (Continued on page 77)

*10,000 Times
More Beautiful
Than Lipstick!*

THIS WONDERFUL NEW WAY TO COLOR LIPS

Not Greasy—Not Dry

Nothing on Your Lips at All But

Lovely, Smooth Color

SOMETHING very different and heavenly has been created! A completely new, much more attractive kind of beauty for your lips—beauty so exquisite, so perfect, there has never been anything like it and you'll never again be content with anything less eye-catching, less flattering. I have worked seven long years to perfect my LIPCOLOR principle of lip make-up. Now it is ready for you to enjoy.

So Very Different from 'Lipstick'

It looks like lipstick and you apply it like lipstick, but oh! how beautifully different it is! Imagine! With my LIPCOLORS your lips will no longer wear a thick, pasty coating. They will wear *nothing but* concentrated color that stays and stays and STAYS, never piling up, never caking—never, never, *NEVER deserting your lips in patches*. Just sheer, flattering beauty, and every minute of every hour—right thru cocktails—right thru dinner—your lips will look and feel very well dressed, and much softer, much smoother than ever before!

How to Discover Your Most Flattering Lipcolor

I have fashioned my 'LIPCOLORS' in seven really breath-taking shades. Read about them here, then ask to see the Lady Esther Lipcolor card at your favorite department or drug store. This card shows exactly how each Lady Esther Lipcolor will look on your own lips.



\$1

TAX EXTRA



Rawlings

Lipcolors

by Lady Esther

lovelier, by far, than lipstick

There are Seven

Heavenly LIPCOLORS . . . STARDUST—For night only—startlingly beautiful on anyone under electric light... REDDER THAN—So clear, so very red! Oh, so provocative...

STAR RUBY—An exquisite gem ruby hue sprinkled with the blue from sapphires . . . CRIMSON BRONZE—A quietly racey brown red that sings clearly but softly . . .

BRIDAL PINK—The freshest, rosiest pink ever... MOONDUST—A soft fuchsia that gathers golden glamour under nighttime lights... COY SIREN—An audacious scarlet—with a disarming aire.

Its cleaner, brighter **Taste** means
cleaner, brighter teeth!
New Pepsodent,
the only tooth paste
containing **Irium**, removes
the film that makes your teeth
look dull — uncovers the
natural brilliance of your smile!



Use Pepsodent twice a day —
see your dentist twice a year

A Product of Lever Brothers Company



This is the story of
a girl who got hers on a platter—
the jewels, the flowers,
the iced champagne . . . This is the story
of a pocket Venus, with
too many shoes, and not enough
time, and hair as bright as
the sun. Here is Lana,
queen of an era!

GOLDEN

GIRL

In the magic world of America,
where royalty often comes from Idaho, there
appears once every era or so, a phenomenon known
as the super-star.

This phenomenon is always daz-
zlingly beautiful. It is always female.
And it is usually blonde.

A long time ago, before cheesecake took its
place on the billboard and in our nation-
al life, it was a velvet-eyed darling
with long, golden curls and ruffled petticoats.

That was Mary Pickford.

In the jazz age, it was a gay flapper with
a wind-blown bob, knee-length skirts,
and a voice like a tenor saxophone
moaning the blues.

That was Clara Bow.

Later, it was a white-hot blonde with a
Kansas City-British accent,
a body as lush as a tropic night, and an
aura of sex that could have been felt through
a brick wall.

That was Jean Harlow.

Now, it is a voluptuous ado-
lescent girl grown into a bold-eyed mature
woman. A versatile Venus with hair that is
blonde like wheat today, blonde like molasses taffy
tomorrow

That is Lana Turner.

In a generation crowded with screen

(Continued on page 29)



by
kaaren
pieck



Mervyn Leroy discovered Lana sipping a soda at Schwabs, while she was a Hollywood High senior. He gave her the role of the student in *They Won't Forget*, the film which made her the "Sweater Girl."



In 1938, Love found Andy Hardy, and Lana found that, like many other stars (including Esther Williams, Donna Reed, Kathryn Grayson), this early Mickey Rooney film was a stepping stone to her key spot at Metro.



Lana's first chance at a dramatic role came with *Ziegfeld Girl*, opposite Jimmy Stewart. At the sneak preview, fans protested Lana's death so violently, a happier ending had to be substituted later.



"TNT" was how the studio hawked Turner 'n Taylor in *Johnny Eager*. The picture followed *Ziegfeld Girl* on Lana's 1941 schedule, and proved again that Lana had the makings of a fine actress. Van Heflin was in it, too!



The Gable-Turner combination was more box-office magic. *Somewhere I'll Find You* (with Bob Sterling, right) was a result of the success of *Honkeytonk* and *Boomtown*. They'll be reunited in *Homecoming*.



For *The Postman Always Rings Twice* (1946), Lana dyed her hair platinum, wore either all-white or all-black costumes. Her torrid beach scenes with John Garfield were too hot for the censors and had to be cut.

GOLDEN

GIRL

CLOTHES: Lana's clothes play an important part in her career. Here, she consults with producer Carey Wilson, designers Walter Plunkett and Irene, on the 32 gowns she'll wear in *Green Dolphin Street*.



GLAMOR: Lana's one of the few stars who knows exactly what's wanted of her in a portrait sitting. This well-known shot in the maribou negligee is a Turner cheese-cake classic.



MOTHERHOOD: Daughter Cheryl has been the one abiding love in Lana's life. Once, on a New York vacation, Lana became so lonesome for her, she flew home to bring her back.

beauties, Lana Turner is the real queen of Hollywood. She is not the highest paid actress, nor even, by her own admission, the most competent. She has never won an Academy Award. She is not, by critical standards, the most beautiful. Yet, since she was first discovered sitting on a Hollywood malt shop stool, Lana Turner has completely personified glamor.

It is not merely her good looks, nor her torrid screen personality, nor her frank personal sex appeal that have brought Lana to her present position of glory. Rather, it is a combination of all these things—her entire effect as a woman, both on the (Continued on page 31)

ROMANCES

Lana's marriage to second husband Steve Crane ended in 1944. Only happy result of that stormy union was daughter Cheryl, now 4, whom Lana actually spoils.



Lana's first. They say no girl has ever made bandleader Artie Shaw happy—and Lana was no exception. They continued dating, even after their divorce.



After Crane, Lana fell hard for Turhan Bey. Though she wore his ring, she hated to be photographed with him because usually he just sat and stared at her!



GOLDEN GIRL



From the first, Lana (hair much darker than today) was a party girl. One of her early dates was Henry Willson, Selznick exec.



Lana started going out with Bob Hutton shortly after his separation from Natalie Thompson, his first wife. Winchell called him "Lana's biggest thrill yet," but the romance soon died.



Tony Martin, who followed Greg Bautzer on Lana's heart-parade, was ultimately supplanted by Vic Mature. Curiously, both Vic and Tony later fell in love with Rita Hayworth.



Lana's always been an independent gal with her various escorts. George Raft, one of Hollywood's most popular swains, had one date with Lana—and never got another.



Something new has been added—a man who dominates Lana and makes her love it. That's why insiders are betting that this time Lana really means it when she says she loves Ty Power.

screen and off. It is the way she enters a room; the way she styles her hair, and the way she looks on a dance floor in a man's arms.

Lana has never disappointed her fans, nor Hollywood itself by failing to look the way a movie star is expected to look.

She's electric.

One afternoon in Seattle, when she was helping the sale of war bonds by kissing the purchasers, a young man bought a \$1,500 bond, kissed Lana soundly, wahoed wildly and ran across the street to enlist in the U. S. Army. Many men, seeing Lana for the first time in a night club, in a preview crowd, have experienced (Continued on page 113)



tee for two

Golfing with a guy,
you find out things; you take
the measure of a man.
And according to our Ed,
Gable's a gent, a
scholar, and a heck of a fellow
with a hole in one!

■ "Sure, it's been lonely for me," agreed Clark Gable. "Losing Carole left a gap in my life 1,000 miles wide; it was as though the best part of me died. It's been pretty tough since then."

He sipped at his Tom Collins.

"They say it never rains but it pours. On the plane with Carole was a very close friend of ours, Otto Winkler, who was assigned as my publicity man at M-G-M. I liked him tremendously, relied upon his advice and perception. He died with her. Then I had another friend, Harry Fleischmann. We used to go on fishing trips together. A few months later, he died, so there were three deaths within a space of a few months that wiped out the core of my existence. It hasn't been easy to reconstruct it, but I've done the best I knew how." (Continued on page 123)



Clark's getting tired of dressing-robe scenes and wants to do something rugged. He may get his chance in *Homecoming*. Meanwhile, he keeps in trim by playing below par golf with Bing Crosby and Ed Sullivan.

by ed sullivan





Ace guitarist Eddie Condon, the author of this story, backs Bing (of *The Emperor Waltz*) in a hot platter version of "After You've Gone."

■ It was a good blue and gold day in October, ideal for golf, and I called the Waldorf to put the bee on Crosby.

"Listen, fella," I said. "Today's the day, in case you've forgotten."

"Forgotten!" he bleated. "I'm sitting here memorizing the whole business in Latin, that's all; and reading up on the lives of the Saints into the bargain."

"Okay," I said. "See you later." Our second daughter, name of Liza, was being christened that afternoon, and Bing was to be her godfather. The christening hour approached, and Liza was done up fit to kill—and no Crosby.

"Nothing would do," Phil (that's my wife) was muttering. "You would have him for the godfather. All the charm in the world, that man, but no idea of time."

"He'll be here," I said. (Continued on page 121)



He almost didn't make it—because the doorman mistook him for an exterminator in that outfit—but Bing acted as godfather to Eddie's Liza, now 2. Mrs. Condon is on the left.

Love that man!

SINGING—

THAT'S JUST A SIDE LINE

WITH BING, WHO

MAKES A CAREER OF

HELPING GUYS

WITH THE GOODS TO A

HUNK OF THAT

CROSBY STARDUST.

by Eddie Condon

Photo by Gjon Mili



The Condons' older daughter Maggie, who's 4, tried to give Bing some advice on phrasing a tune. He autographed this photo: "To my dear friend, Maggie. Keep my littlest boy in mind for later."



At Eddie Condon's Club, in Greenwich Village, restaurant man John Boggiano, Johnny Mercer, the host, and Bing recall the not-so-lush days of jazz. With Tom Sugrue, Eddie's written a book: "I Played Rhythm."



**they
won't
forget**

■ Larry Parks looked out over the tiers of faces, and said what he had to say.

"I especially wanted to be here tonight. This is something very close to my heart. My mother died of cancer. I want to do whatever I can to help."

It was Jo Stafford Day at Long Beach. Jo was putting on her broadcast for the Junior Chambers of Commerce, in convention assembled, and something

No one who was there
that day will forget Larry's
words: "I'm here
because my mother died of
cancer." Least of all, perhaps,
Betty, who shares with him
the memory of a gallant lady . . .

BY IDA ZEITLIN

At the age of one, Larry showed a marked talent for the use of "props"—like this straw hat. A new star of that day was Al Jolson.



Frank Parks hoped for a medical career for his only son. When he died in the mid-thirties, Larry was beating his fists against Broadway's closed doors.



Though ill, Mrs. Leona Parks encouraged Larry during the darkest days of *The Jolson Story*. She loved watching him work, and lived to see the finished picture. After her death last January, Larry plunged right into *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman*.

new had been added. A show to raise money for the Runyon Memorial Cancer Fund. They'd asked Betty Garrett, Larry's wife, to sing. They'd asked Larry to make an appearance, say hello or something.

This was June. His mother had died in January. The wound was fresh, and he's not a guy to wear his heart on his sleeve. Saying hello or something would

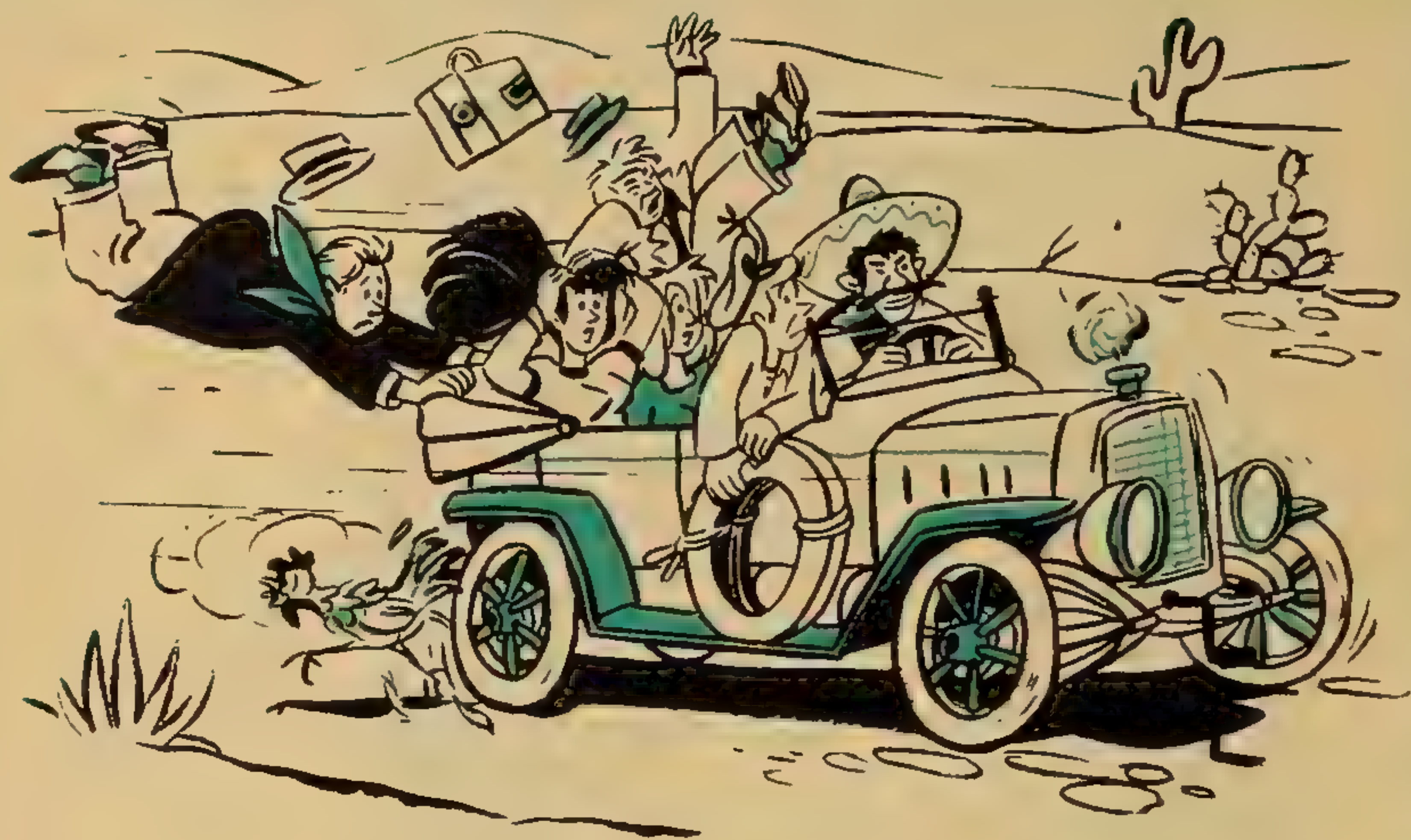
have been easy, but what good would it do? To lots of these people, cancer was something the other fellow got, it had never touched them—and Larry Parks was the guy who'd made *The Jolson Story*. If he could tell them his real reason for coming, it might drive the point home. Even one extra contribution would mean that he'd helped.

So he went out and told them. "I'm

here because my mother died of cancer." And it helped.

His mother lived long enough to see *The Jolson Story* in a projection room at Columbia. They had to carry her upstairs, but illness didn't keep her from sitting enthralled to the end, nor from writing to Betty next day: "Oh, honey, are you going to be proud of your fella!"

That was a (Continued on page 72)



Anne clutched at John. "Darling," she said, "the engine fell out."



"Cutest little cockroach you ever saw."



The boatman had to hit it forty times with a baseball bat to kill it.

Holiday in Mexico



"It's really fun here," she said. "I've convinced myself."

■ "Guaymas," John said with relish, stabbing at the map. "Ah, the fishing in Guaymas."

His wife gazed at him thoughtfully. "You don't know the first thing about Guaymas."

"I know there's good fishing," he cried. "Striped marlin—" He stopped. "That's swordfish, dear."

Dear sniffed. "Don't you patronize me!"

They were bickering amiably, because the prospect of a vacation together was almost too good, and they didn't quite trust it, and they were playing with it a little, tossing it up in the air, and worrying it.

John was through with *Love From a Stranger*; Anne had finished *Blaze of Noon*, and for once, there was time on their hands.

"Okay," she said. "Guaymas. What do I wear in Mexico?"

"Not much," he said helpfully, lost in his map.

Five of them took off for Mexico together. There were Charles Wendling (Anne's agent) and his wife, Pat, and Keough Gleason, a set designer, (Continued on page 127)

SOME FINE VACATION!

THE HODIAKS RODE IN A

TAXI WITHOUT A MOTOR,

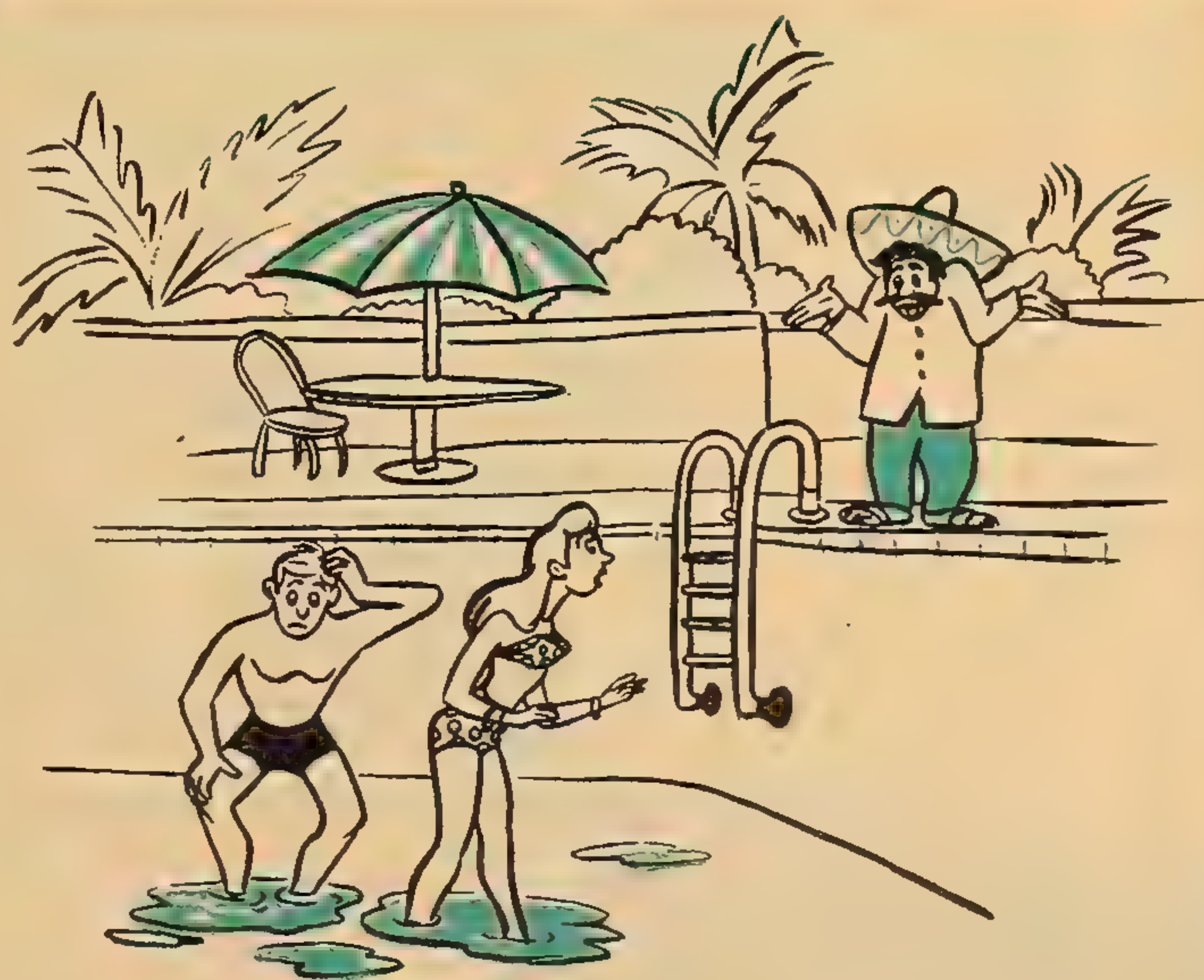
SWAM IN A POOL

WITHOUT ANY WATER—AND

NEARLY DROWNED

IN A CAN OF FLIT!

By Christopher Kane



"So help me, they're draining the pool!"

BREAKDOWN





While the Minnellis' personal plans remain indefinite, Judy's now well enough to make a movie. She collapsed during final days of *The Pirate*.

They whisper about Judy's collapse, but the story is simple. It is the story of a girl who climbed too far, too fast, and of a child without a childhood, and of a woman who is being born again.

by Hedda Hopper

■ The air is full of half-truths about Judy Garland.

They all started early in the summer when Judy very quietly slipped away from Hollywood, from her husband, Vincente Minnelli, and her baby daughter, Liza. Questions arose which stirred up a poisonous cloud of answers, most of them low, wide and on the far outside of the true story. They were questions you still hear today:

Where did she go?

What's the matter with her?

How could she stay away from her baby so long?

What about her husband?

What about her pictures?

Well, the answers are simple enough, but they don't tell the whole story. In order to understand, you have to use the heart, as well as the ears.

Judy Garland left Hollywood because she was not only worn out physically; she was on the thin edge, emotionally. She knew that without proper (Continued on page 101)

Bob Ryan kept
 thinking of the kind
 of world he wanted
 for Jessica and Tim.
 And then, because
 he knew the answer, this
 gentle guy risked his
 own fame—to play a heel . . .

BY LYNN BOWERS

gentle heel

■ Ryan made his way uncertainly down the main street of the studio lot. He'd had several too many. Shots, that is. For typhoid, for diphtheria, malaria, small pox. They were mixing merrily in his blood stream, but he was far from merry.

He was beat! Alongside of him a marble would look sharp.

He shook his head to clear it. He was due at the doctor's for a physical check-up. He had to see Publicity. And every so often, a little man popped out at him from behind a rock. He mustn't be startled—it was only Wardrobe fitting him for another outfit.

He had to buy clothes. He had to pack.

It was very exciting, except when one of those sickening pale grey waves of nausea hit him.

He left the lot to get his check-up. On the way he stopped for a hamburger, and eyed it tentatively, with a mixture of optimism and distaste.

"It is not," he remarked to the hamburger, "a good idea to start a trip to



1. Bob got pretty excited when he learned he was being sent to Europe for *Berlin Express*, where he'll star opposite Merle Oberon. Two men rushed the job of completing his wardrobe.



4. The next stop before Europe was a drive-in, where Bob ate a hamburger with one eye on the clock. Then he was off to the studio to finish the last scene of *Return of the Badmen*.



2. Maybe Bob wouldn't have been in such a hurry to get to the doctor's office if he'd known what was waiting for him there. Shots! One after another until he began to feel like a Swiss cheese special.



3. Dr. Gourson waited for his heart to beat normally again before he began to listen. Bob looks a little apprehensive, but it seems he has a heart, after all, and plenty of space for it to expand in that Ryan chest.



5. At home, packing was made less of a problem by Bob's wife Jessica, but their 14-month-old son, Timothy, just wouldn't cooperate. He was all set to go along with his Dad—in a trunk.



6. Finally, Bob had to say goodbye to the bare-foot boy and Mrs. Ryan. He'll be gone only three months, but maybe when he gets back, Jessica will have started another mystery story and Timothy will be wearing shoes.

Europe on an empty stomach."

The next day he was to fly to New York, and from there to board the Queen Elizabeth, sailing for Southampton, and thereafter to proceed on the double for Berlin and RKO's *Berlin Express*.

Meanwhile, he wasn't exactly idle. He'd been mixing it with Randy Scott

in some rugged fight scenes for *Return of the Badmen*, and he was going to have to strangle Anne Jeffreys before sundown.

"If," he thought, with due regard to the niceties, "I can just get a nap before I finish her off."

The European trip was to be something of a milestone for Robert and

Jessica Ryan. Bob had rather diffidently broken the news that they'd be separated for three months.

"But it means a good part," he told her. "I'm going to be a very nice character in the picture."

Jess brightened. It hadn't been setting very well with her to see her gentle, rather shy, (Continued on page 111)

Gail Russell didn't mind it a bit when she learned her pal Diana Lynn would star opposite Guy Madison in La Jolla's *Dear Ruth*.



"the play's the thing"

Peck, Madison,
Lynn—big stars shine in
today's little theaters.
For kleig lights were never
so warm as the
sound of live laughter,
or muffled tears.

■ People have some funny ideas about Little Theater.

If it's straw-hat, summer circuit stuff, they've got it figured that you go sit on a piece of splintered board, and snicker when the flats fall on the actors, who are all poor incompetent creatures left over from a rummage sale at the Ladies' Aid.

If it's stock company stuff, they've got it figured that the leading man is eighty years old, pure ham, and corn-fed. Corn whiskey.

But kids, those days are gone. Stock troupes and summer theaters are responsible for some of the finest experimental work being done on the stage today. They use new authors, new ideas that Broadway isn't willing to spend money testing. And in California, they're big business.

At Laguna Beach, an hour and a half out of Hollywood, there's a group called the Gryphon Players, headed by John Meredyth Lucas. He's a very fussy fellow, and he spends half his time saying "no" to people who offer him dollars in exchange for parts.

The Playhouse at Laguna wasn't the Music Hall, but there were any number of anxious young drama students glad to pay for the privilege of scrubbing the floors, and painting the walls, so it's looking good these days. (Continued on page 109)



"Hey, look," Diana smiles at her co-star. "We're legitimate thea-tah actors!" Guy prepared for his role by watching every available stock company.

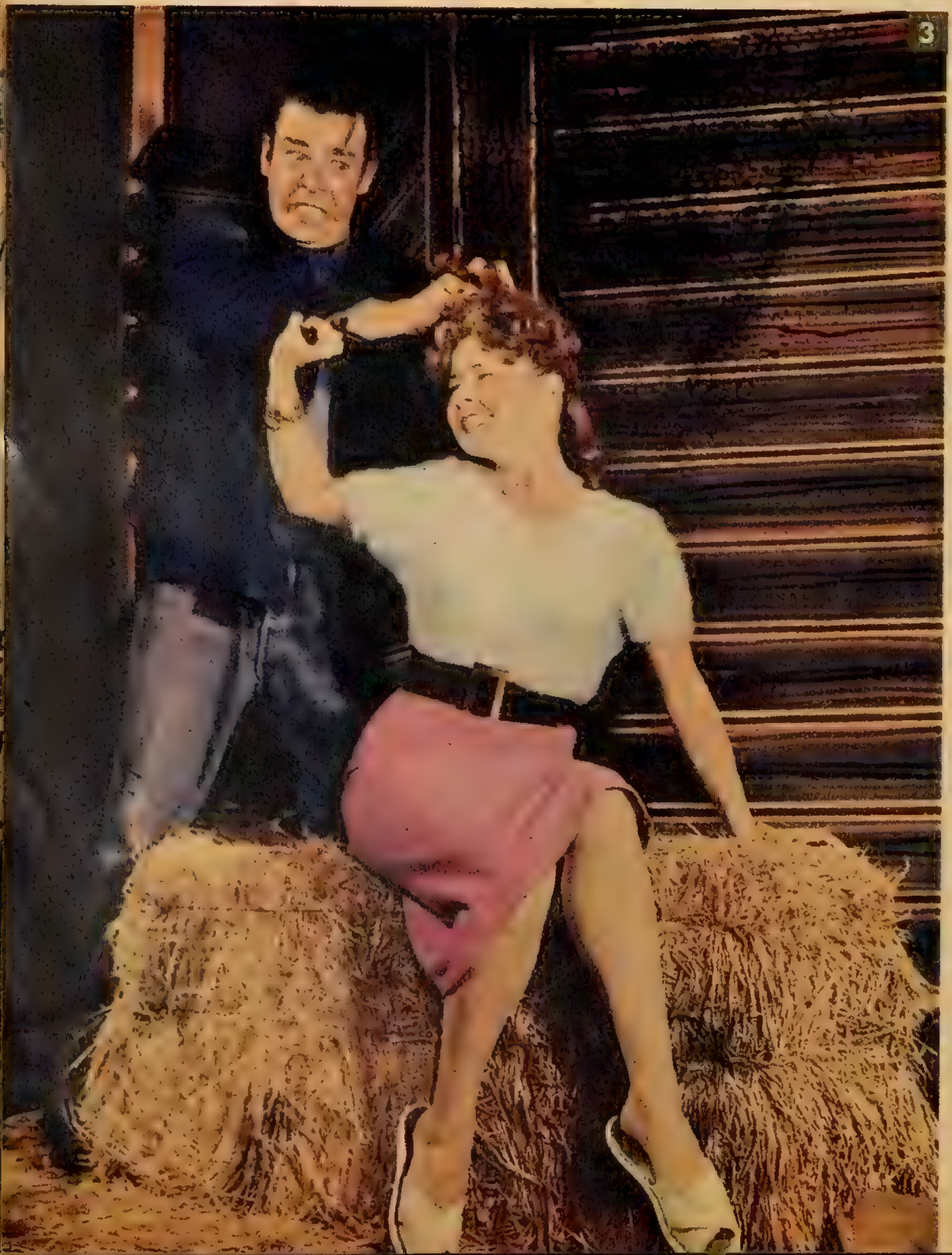


At lunch, Guy talks over a scene with director Mel Ferrer. The Playhouse at La Jolla is really the high school auditorium, taken over by The Actors' Co.



In order to enjoy the benefits of the sun, rehearsals are held on the beach. Below, Diana and Guy wind up the scene on the stage of the auditorium.







"the play's the thing"

1. At the Coronet Theater, Hurd Hatfield and Carol Stone revived *Skin of Our Teeth*, which starred Fred March and Tallulah Bankhead on Broadway.
2. The Gryphon Players opened their gala Laguna Playhouse season with Ruth Hussey and Don DeFore in *Dream Girl*. Betty Hutton's in the movie version.
3. Another Laguna production was *Of Mice and Men*. It had Barbara Reed and Lon Chaney, Jr., in his famous Lenny role. Dane Clark starred as George.
4. Charles Korvin and Janis Paige do the "bundling" scene from *Pursuit of Happiness*. During rehearsal week, Janis worked as usher for the Gryphons.
5. Janis, a good joe, spent part of each day with the apprentices. College drama grads, they do the dirty work, seldom get more than a walk-on role.
6. Keenan Wynn and Hurd Hatfield applied their own makeup for *Skin of Our Teeth*. Two enthusiasts in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Van Johnson!
7. Most of the students live together at a boarding house near the beach. They bring their lunch, as room and board are not included in the tuition.
8. Mel Ferrer and Greg Peck, two La Jolla Players execs, go over seating plans with Dick Whorf, who directed the company's opener, *Night Must Fall*.
9. For the third act of *Skin*, Jane Wyatt was lowered into the cellar, from which she emerged through a trap door. She always took a lantern with her.
10. Dotty McGuire, of *Gentleman's Agreement*, asked director Alf Hitchcock for advice on possible plays. His daughter, Pat, appeared in *Dear Ruth*.
11. Every morning, before the rest of the *Pursuit of Happiness* cast assembled, Charles and Janis would run through their lines on the beach.

South America— take it away!

"THEY LOVE ME

DOWN THERE," CRACKS

BOB HOPE. "THEY LET

ME PLAY GOLF WITH THE

MONKEYS, MY WIFE GETS

ALL THE ENCORES, AND MY GAGS

PULL YAKS—

FOR THE INTERPRETER!"

by Bill Graffis



Jerry Colonna watches Bob whittle away the time on the *Paleface* set. Hope plays the role of a dentist, but he wasn't very helpful the first day of work, when he had to have a tooth yanked.



Linda and Tony are on the look-out for their Mom at the Rio de Janeiro Airport. Bob and Fred Myron, his interpreter, bring up the rear. They flew to Buenos Aires, where they celebrated July 4th.

Tony, Dolores, Linda and Bob look cozy here, tho for a while it appeared as though Hope's future career would be confined to the Brazilian jungle. But, when transportation failed on the return trip, the Navy came to their rescue.



Back in New York, Bob tried to convince the customs' agent that he whipped up this little alligator number himself, from something he caught in the tropical swamps, but he had to pay duty, anyway—and not in toothpaste.



■ Hope smiled at his wife, Dolores, and son Tony, patted his daughter, Linda, reassuringly on the arm, and sank back in his plane seat, relaxed.

This trip to South America, a five-week, 20,000-mile tour of Puerto Rico, Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Panama, and the Canal Zone—it was different from the million miles he'd traveled to entertain troops. It was a rest, for one thing. And Tony and Linda were bug-eyed and excited about the whole venture.

The plane droned on, and Bob slept until they reached a spot just off the coast of South America. Then, an air-pocket jarred him awake. He came to in time to see the captain of the ship chasing Tony down the aisle, trying to retrieve his cap. Tony had borrowed it from the pilot's compartment to play with.

Hope is still looking for the gentleman on the plane who warned him against stopping at Belem. He said the town's best hotel was so lousy that its cockroaches lived somewhere else.

But what he couldn't tell the Hopes was that the entire town of Belem had staged a big celebration in their honor. The mayor, the district governor, the various members of the legations were lined up in the public square waiting for the Hopes. Even jungle Indians had sailed their boats, loaded with snake skins, orchids, diamonds and miscellaneous gifts, down the Amazon to Belem.

"I wanted to punt myself over the nearest palm," claims Bob. "When the kids discovered my big mistake, I heard Linda tell Tony, 'Daddy really blew that deal.'"

About an hour before their plane landed in Rio, a little man staggered up the aisle to where Bob was sitting and asked, "Would you go on the Rio radio for me?"

"I sized this guy up," says Bob, "for a huckster, and told him he was off his bonnet. I was resting."

When the plane landed at Rio, a tremendous crowd was at the airport. A military guard of honor was lined up along the field, and the members of Brazil's finest band were blowing their lungs out.

Hope stepped out, and blew a tremendous kiss at the (Continued on page 105)



■ Last fall, she was in a mood like this: she didn't want to meet anybody.

She'd been working, and dating, and getting too tired, and after all, what for? The rings on the merry-go-round are only brass.

Mona and Pat Nerney called her up. "There's a cute boy from Texas—name's Neal—"

"Thank you," she said. "I don't want to meet anybody."

She gave so many people that routine, they were thinking of getting together and putting it to music.

Then she went to a John Frederics show with Stella Roach, the Paramount fashion lady.

When they came out, Stella said, "My feet hurt. How about a cup of tea at Romanoff's?"

They were sitting in one of the little curved booths, when a friend approached. "Diana, there's a boy over here who wants to meet you."

The boy came forward, and the friend made the introduction. "Miss Lynn, Mr. Neal."

Miss Lynn batted her big blue eyes. "Not *the* Mr. Neal, of Texas, about whom I've heard so much?"

He saw right through her. That was the first shock. She wasn't going to make a fool of him. "Would you like to have dinner with me?" he said shortly.

"No," she said, even more shortly.

He went away, and Stella said dreamily, "He's awful cute."

"*You* have dinner with him," said Diana meanly.

The next time she saw Neal, (Continued on page 118)

she never had it so good

Texan Bob Neal hides her third finger—so it's still guesswork about their engagement. But after she finishes *Variety Girl* and *Prelude To Night*, Diana might talk.



Diana's a terror at the wheel—sometimes forgets she's behind it! She whizzes around the Paramount lot on a motor scooter. But Bob's knee-high Singer frightens her.



Bonita Granville and her producer-husband Jack Wrather are old friends of Diana's. The foursome spend Sundays in Bonita's home and the gals talk about school-days.

DIANA LYNN THOUGHT
LOVE WAS A MERRY-GO-ROUND—
'TIL BOB NEAL JUMPED
ON BESIDE HER. AND THEN
THE BRASS RINGS
TURNED TO GOLD . . .

By Irene Greengard



Sure, 'tis a sad
thing when an Irishman
can't express a few
sentiments about
a friend like Tracy—
without fear
of a shillelagh in the
small of his back!

by Pat O'Brien



“HIMSELF”



Spence and Lana Turner got practically a free tour of the U.S.A. when they made *Cass Timberlane*. Locations included Minnesota, Idaho, Fla. and (above) downtown L.A.

■ When that grand publication MODERN SCREEN commissioned me to write up a very intellectual piece about me old pal Spencer Tracy, I wrapped a fist around a shillelagh and hurried out to Glocca Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to see himself.

Himself was enacting a scene when I arrived, a bit of drama from a book called “Cass McTimberlane” by me fellow-writer, Sinclair O’Lewis. Ah, but himself was intense! There is a slip of a lass in this cinema, a colleen much admired by the lads, who goes under the lovely name of Lana McTurner, and himself, who plays the part of a judge, is much in love with the trim little lady.

It minded me of the old days of West End and Ninety-Eighth Street, New York, these twenty years ago. It was a kind of quiet authority with women the lad had, even then; and when the rest of us were knocking out our addled brains trying to amuse some lovely thing, Tracy would say nothing a-tall and walk off with her.

“And why do yez allow great oafs and bums like this on me set?” he inquires when the scene is done and over.

“And ’twas easy to find ye, at that, Mister Tracy,” I says. “’Twas by following a trail of candy bar wrappers a foot thick that (Continued on page 96)

He stood under a small spot, a big guy
in a checked suit, while the girls in rhinestones glittered past.
But his mother was in the front
row, and it made Dan feel like Hamlet!

of g-strings and apron strings



June Lockhart waits at the wheel, as Liz Dailey kisses Dan goodbye at Lake Arrowhead. He's become a water-ski fan, but he's better at the singing and dancing he does in *Give My Regards To Broadway*.



■ "I never send my laundry out until the booker sees the act."

So goes the direct and immortal quotation from Dan Dailey, as he bows his six feet four inches in the direction of the burlesque theater which gave him his early training.

One bow for the glittering g-strings, symbol of a dead art. "When the young ladies had left the stage, I'd come on in my straw hat and checked suit," Dan recalls. "That was the signal for the audience to yell, 'Throw the bum out, and bring back the girls!'"



Dining out with his agent and a pretty lady, Dan quipped, "If my wife knew . . ." but Liz still talks to him and laughs at his jokes.

And perhaps a bow for the apron-strings, symbol of his mother. Dan Dailey, the elder, didn't want Dan Dailey, the younger, to be an actor. He'd seen too much struggle, during his years in the hotel business. "No," he said flatly.

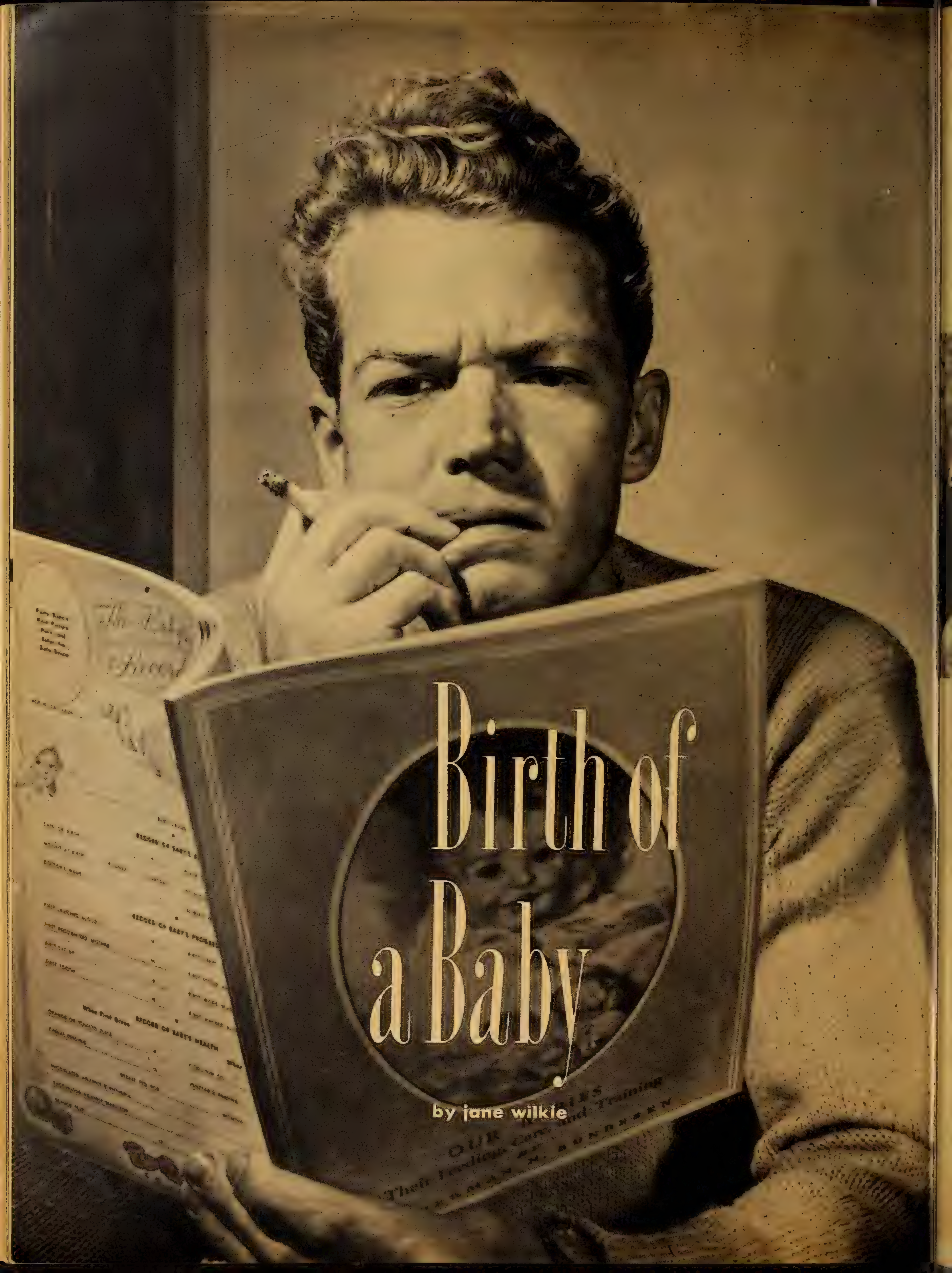
So young Dan got out. Things would have been impossible, except for the angel who was his mother, and who often came up with a buck.

Ah, that lady. Five feet eight, and blue-eyed, and a face with the map of Ireland on it. She could outlast him then, and she can outlast him now. A show,

shopping, dinner, and she's still looking eager, after Dan's fallen apart.

He remembers the day he was hustling his corn at the Eltinge Burlesque, and he thought he saw a familiar face in the audience. "When the curtain came down, I beat it out, and watched the crowd leave. Pretty soon I saw Mom. She'd been coming around to see me work! My mom, at a burlesque show. One little woman in the middle of all those bald heads and paunches, and she never even flinched.

"That's pretty funny. That's (Continued on page 103)



The Birth of a Baby

by jane wilkie

OUR BABIES
Their Feeding, Care and Training
J. M. BONDEN

The Baby's Record

Baby's Name _____
Date of Birth _____
Weight at Birth _____
Length at Birth _____
Circumference of Head _____
Circumference of Chest _____
Circumference of Arm _____
Circumference of Leg _____
Color of Hair _____
Color of Eyes _____
Color of Skin _____
Place of Birth _____
Name of Mother _____
Name of Father _____
Name of Doctor _____
Name of Nurse _____
Name of Midwife _____
Name of Assistant _____
Name of Anesthetist _____
Name of Surgeon _____
Name of Obstetrician _____
Name of Gynecologist _____
Name of Pediatrician _____
Name of Dermatologist _____
Name of Ophthalmologist _____
Name of Otologist _____
Name of Rhinologist _____
Name of Laryngologist _____
Name of Urologist _____
Name of Neurologist _____
Name of Psychiatrist _____
Name of Pathologist _____
Name of Radiologist _____
Name of Microscopist _____
Name of Chemist _____
Name of Biologist _____
Name of Geologist _____
Name of Astronomer _____
Name of Meteorologist _____
Name of Botanist _____
Name of Zoologist _____
Name of Entomologist _____
Name of Malacologist _____
Name of Conchologist _____
Name of Molluskologist _____
Name of Crustaceanologist _____
Name of Arachnologist _____
Name of Insectologist _____
Name of Fishologist _____
Name of Amphibianologist _____
Name of Reptilianologist _____
Name of Mammalogist _____
Name of Ornithologist _____
Name of Ichthyologist _____
Name of Malacologist _____
Name of Conchologist _____
Name of Molluskologist _____
Name of Crustaceanologist _____
Name of Arachnologist _____
Name of Insectologist _____
Name of Fishologist _____
Name of Amphibianologist _____
Name of Reptilianologist _____
Name of Mammalogist _____
Name of Ornithologist _____
Name of Ichthyologist _____

They're just kids themselves—Barbi and Bill, but already they've had a hand in a miracle. The plain, ordinary, wonderful miracle of Barbara Willa Johanna Williams—otherwise known as Jody.



Barb and Bill cut the baby's name down to size—call her "Jody." She was born July 25, so is still too young to see Ma and Pa in *A Likely Story*.



Bill is pretty calm as he decides that Jody looks just like her old man. The night before, though, he gave a swell performance as expectant father. Five more were planned, but he doesn't think he'll be able to take it like Barb.

■ He was in the waiting-room, with two men even more nervous than he, when a nurse said he could go to Barbara's room.

Barbara smiled up at him. "Would you like to read to me? There are some magazines—"

"Sure," he said. "Sure, I'll read to you. But what am I doing here? How about the baby?"

"It'll be a while," she said.

He read until the nurse asked him to leave again, and then he went out and smoked until four-thirty (they'd arrived at the hospital at midnight) and finally a doctor came out and said he'd just given Barbara a spinal injection. "Will you come see her now?"

They found Barbara looking calm and happy.

"Are you all (Continued on page 125)





" 'Let me bruise yuh good,' said my pal Jimmy. 'The Sullivan law don't bother me. My schnozz ain't no concealed weapon. It's a legal instrooment.' "

■ "Sullivan is a name-dropper," wrote my ulcerous colleague, Westbrook Pegler, when my defense of Frank Sinatra aroused the bile of that distinguished mental-case of American journalism. Just how a columnist in my field could write without "dropping names" is the \$64 question of the season, because if I tell you of my recent five-week trip to Hollywood, without ranging from Gable to Kaye, MODERN SCREEN would not print it and additionally, Mr. Delacorte, either Senior or Junior, would not issue the check which I have counted on to repair my Hollywood golf damages.

"Get around and see people while you're in Hollywood," suggested the MODERN SCREEN people.

I saw them, not on studio lots, but on golf courses, at parties and in restaurants. Even (Continued on page 69)



" 'Remember this, Ed?' asked Ty, and brought out the crown-I'd awarded him in 1938, when a national newspaper poll voted him King of the Movies. Queen, that year, was Jeanette MacDonald."

ed sullivan's hollywood diary



My 16-year-old daughter Betty, who wants to be a writer, interviewed Peter Lawford in his dressing room. I was supposed to look puzzled at her technique, but I looked more like Boris Karloff after a bad night."

"'Get a load of the poor man's Dennis Day,' Jeanette MacDonald cracked to Gene Raymond, as we harmonized *Sweet Adeline* at their home. Jeanette's my dream-thrush and Gene plays piano elegantly."



"Out here," Barbara Stanwyck told me, "we'll have the garage. The house we're going to build will look as if it's been lived in for years. No fancy stuff, not even a lawn—it costs too darn much to keep well-groomed."

"'You look like a big sissy,' Joan Crawford said. I've always dreamed of being alone with Joan, but so help me, I never pictured myself handcuffed by skeins of wool. It just ain't fair."

hollywood diary

"If Van Johnson looks more at home in the saddle of a bike, remember that he was graduated from bikes more recently than Sullivan—who didn't even suffer a fracture!"



"So Sullivan isn't an actor? This bit of pantomime should get me some sort of Academy Award, or there'll be professional jealousy afoot. This shot of Danny Kaye and me doesn't need explaining at all."



"'You know who Mr. Sullivan is,' the photog coaxed Butch Jenkins. 'Sure,' said Butch, 'he's the Broadway columnist.' He winked, 'I know those beat-up vaudeville gags, too!'"



"Mary Benny stares at the kitchen ceiling to express her well-bred contempt for two icebox thieves. 'Imagine Mary getting sore,' chuckled Jack Benny, 'just because we're helping ourselves to something to eat.'"

"This is what drives you mad," moaned Dana Andrews, 'posing for still pictures.' Having finished *Daisy Kenyon*, he and Joan Crawford posed for some stills later.



"The only girl I kissed in Hollywood was Linda Hope. Her brother, Tony, watched with Mom and Dad. Upstairs were tiny Kelly and Norah. 'Kelly's teeth are coming in, mine are falling out,' said Bob."



"This was snapped at the California Country Club, where Adolphe Menjou, Red Skelton and I played in the Borzage Tournament for the Runyon Cancer Fund."





Edna and her Dad are co-workers at M-G-M. She's an assistant in the camera room of the animated cartoon department. He's finishing *If Winter Comes*.

DADDY

by Edna Pidgeon Atkins

■ Like many fathers, Walter Pidgeon has occasion to talk straight words to his daughter, in this case me, saying, among other things, "I'm your daddy, young lady, and don't you forget it!"

It would take an awful lot of forgetting. There's his baritone booming around corners at you unexpectedly, or his backgammon heckling when he's winning, or, maybe, the fearful swishing going on throughout the house as

he experiments with a new racket to see if the old forehand is still there. Add a hundred other ways he has of letting the world know he's home and enjoying life from the bottom of his soles to the other end of him, which is 75 inches higher. Add seeing him come in of an afternoon, the perfectly dressed gentleman, and then sighting him messing about in the garden a half hour later in the droopiest pair of shorts this side of

China. Add catching him shaving without his hat on—some old felt of a thing—because he wants to keep his just-combed hair from curling. Or, since we are talking about forgetting (and just to get personal) add all the awful things that almost happen because he is the world's greatest forgetter. And on and on, so that whatever it is that causes a person to get bored, it has absolutely no chance of developing



under the same roof with him.

That's the Walter Pidgeon I look for on the screen but don't see there very often. Maybe it is a very good idea to put that part of him down in print. For instance, there was one real-life performance that I'll never forget. He presented it for my benefit and, brother, I benefited.

That was the evening, years ago, that he walked me (Continued on page 128)

*He plays tennis in the living room
and shaves with his hat on, but Edna
doesn't complain. Because to her,
Walter Pidgeon's a pal, a storybook hero—
and her ever-lovin' Dad.*

The decorative fountain is typical of Zurich, Switzerland, where Linda vacationed for three months. But the hot weather—106°—was not.



The bandana never came off because Linda's hair took a terrific beating during *Forever Amber*, from the twice-weekly peroxide washes.

I Innocent abroad



Linda and M.S. reporter Margot Grubb ate on the terrace of the Grand Hotel Dolder. Linda stayed in her suite most of the time, but she went mad over the architecture and wanted to take a whole house back to the States with her.

PEOPLE KIBITZ WHILE YOU PAINT;

SO SHE DIDN'T PAINT; PEOPLE TALK IN

FRENCH, SO SHE COULDN'T TALK.

AND TRAVEL IS BROADENING, BUT LINDA

WAS ON A DIET!

By Margot Grubb

■ "I'm going to Paris," I said buoyantly. "Where women are beautiful and everything smells good—"

"Stop smelling," Al said. "For just a minute. It happens that Linda Darnell is in Europe, and it happens we're interested in Linda Darnell, and if you should find her in Paris, we'd maybe even pay you—"

So I went to Paris in a new hat, and I started looking for Miss Darnell. She'd been, and gone. I chased her through Brussels, and tracked her down to Zurich, the biggest city in Switzerland.

She was at the Grand Hotel Dolder (very swank) and she was having lunch, but that didn't deter me. Fortunately, she was lonely. "You look almost as good to me as Macy's Basement," she said.

That's it, I guess. Why doesn't anyone ever say I look like Bergdorf's window?

Anyhow, I asked Linda about this vacation, and she told me.

She'd worked in *Forever Amber* for 128 days, in a thirty-five pound costume, with a British accent. A horrid set of circumstances.

"Pev was born in England," she said. (That's her husband.) "And he hates phony accents. If I said *ahsk* when I got home at night, it upset him so he couldn't eat his dinner."

When *Amber* was finally finished, Linda had a problem. Should she vacation in New Mexico, which would involve building a house there? Or should she take a trip to Europe?

"Europe," Pev said. "You're too tired to build a house."

She left LaGuardia Field at 2:30, on a June afternoon, and four hours later, she was watching the sun set over Gander, Newfoundland.

In the morning, she hit Shannon, Ireland, and four hours after *that*, she was in Paris.

She wandered around Paris, falling in love. The awnings, the sun-umbrellas on the shops, the sidewalk cafes. All the usual trite, charming things that people remember about Paris.

The Arc de Triomphe, the Louvre, Notre Dame, a little darker than she'd expected, a (Continued on page 120)

She's Romantic!
He's Rugged!
Together they're
DYNAMITE!

Against the violent backdrop of blasting tunnels... raging floods in the world's biggest setting, moves the titanic struggle of a man fighting for money to buy the woman of luxury who entered his brawling world.



JOHN WAYNE • LARAINÉ DAY
in

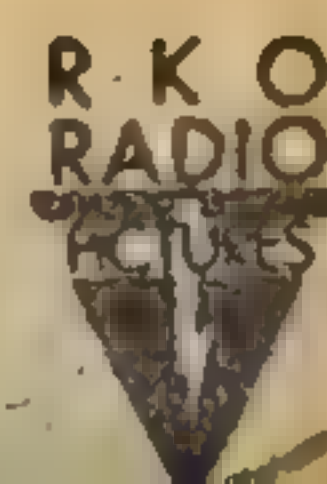
TYCOON

IN COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

with

SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE • JUDITH ANDERSON
JAMES GLEASON • ANTHONY QUINN

Produced by STEPHEN AMES • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE
Screen play by Borden Chase and John Twist



the unclean

A small green place
in the lonely Pacific—this
is Molokai, the
island of the lepers; this is
a village of forgotten
men. "But if a few visits will
help," Bergen said,
"no gates can keep me out. . ."

By LAUREN TRACY

■ Originally, it was to be a vacation.

"Honolulu," Edgar said. "We'll leave Charlie home."

And Frances smiled unbelievably, after which he had no choice but to leave Charlie home.

Thirteen days later, he wired his office frantically, and Charlie was shipped to Honolulu, via Clipper. It seemed there was a group of Japanese-American soldiers known as the Purple Heart Regiment. They'd fought in Italy and Africa, and they were trying to raise funds for a soldiers' clubhouse, and they'd asked Edgar to appear.

He appeared, the way he always does, once Charlie'd arrived, and then he heard of the leper colony on the island of Molokai.

"Vacation?" his wife said, grinning.

"But as long as I've got Charlie—" he said.

He contacted the proper authorities in the health department, to get permission for the trip. Bergen has more than average interest in the sick. As a kid, he'd had to quit school because there wasn't any money, and the yearning to be a doctor never really left him, so he's helped in small ways.

At least, they seem small to him. He sends nurses through school; he furnishes (Continued on page 68)



Busy Edgar Bergen takes time off to attend an Atwater Kent party with his wife Frances. Now, he's at work on Walt Disney's *Fun and Fancy Free*. Edgar and Charlie will appear as they are, but the rest of the cast will be animated cartoons.



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PEACH CREAM PIE Golden new-crop "clings" are in!

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1/3 cup sugar | 2 eggs |
| 1/3 cup flour | 1 teaspoon vanilla or almond extract |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 9-inch baked pastry shell |
| 1 tall can Carnation Milk, undiluted, scalded | 1 1/2 cups sliced Canned Cling Peaches |

Mix sugar, flour and salt; slowly add Carnation Milk. Cook in double boiler until thick, stirring constantly. Add small amount of hot mixture to slightly beaten eggs; stir into remaining mixture; cook 4 minutes. Add extract. Cool. Place layer of drained cling peach slices in bottom of pastry shell; pour filling over peaches. Arrange remaining peach slices on top. Chill. Garnish as desired. Serves 6 to 8.

WRITE for the "Velvet Blend Book" of exciting new recipes—to Carnation Company, Dept. R-11, Milwaukee 2, Wis.

FOR BABY, ask your doctor about a formula prepared with safe, nourishing, digestible Carnation Milk, now fortified with pure crystalline vitamin D₃—"the milk every doctor knows."

"From Contented Cows"



THE UNCLEAN

(Continued from page 66)

medical training films, he plays benefits. And he fights violently against public disinterest, and misconceptions.

For the record, leprosy is not painful; the affected areas are numb, and the patients have a normal life span. The first signs are lumps on arms and elbows, and the loss of eyebrows. There was a form of treatment—a cure made from the bark of trees—which was used for years and years, and has recently been proven no good at all. Results are hoped for now from sulfa and penicillin.

Victims of leprosy—or Hansen's Disease, the name Bergen prefers (a doctor named Hansen did research on it)—have always been branded, called The Unclean.

"A terrible thing," Bergen says. "It's very slightly contagious, and yet these people are completely isolated. If a few visits will help—"

Charlie and Edgar flew to Molokai. The leper colony is on a little peninsula that sticks out from the rest of the island, and it's also on a mountain. There's a sheer drop of 1,000 feet, which can only be climbed by burro. At the top, there's a high wall and a gate. There's no escape.

When the plane landed, Edgar realized that the whole village had turned out to greet him. There were two rows of cars; in the first, the doctors and staff workers, in the second, The Unclean.

Edgar was taken directly to the town auditorium, used for movies and dances.

There were 250 people there, some without fingers, some in bandages, all smiling, waiting. There was a five-piece leper orchestra, and when Edgar walked in, the people moved, and whispered among themselves, and then applauded wildly.

the undemanding . . .

He'd intended to do 15 minutes; he ended up working more than an hour. The audience's sense of humor was brilliant. "Maybe because of their philosophy," he told Frances later. "Maybe because they've learned to ask for so little—"

After the show, one of the nurses gave Edgar and Charlie beautiful leis.

Charlie's was of wood-roses, and he waxed indignant. "Wood-roses. Why, you—"

Edgar made him tone down his language, and he's still got the wood-roses. They're like our straw-flowers; they dry out and keep indefinitely.

Pictures were taken, and then Edgar and Charlie had lunch at the doctors' quarters.

"I want to make a trip to the leper colony in Carmel, Louisiana," Edgar said, over his tea, and one of the doctors nodded.

"The Carmel patients exchange newspapers and bulletins with our group. It gives them all a little less feeling of being out of the world."

Later, Edgar drove downtown. The doctor pointed things out: "The department store, the barber shop, the baseball field—"

And always there were the clean cottages, and the cattle, and the general cheerful air of the place. There were no children, because if children are born in the colony, they are taken away at once.

At the airport, the two rows of cars were there again to see Edgar and Charlie off.

The doctor took Edgar to each car in turn, and the people looked at him gratefully, and said, "God bless you," and he stood there, a grown man, wanting to cry.

He left the island, with the high wall, and the barred gate, but he hasn't forgotten.

ED SULLIVAN'S H'W'D DIARY

(Continued from page 58)

in a parking lot, where I ran into Bill Powell and his cute little wife. That was opposite the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. "Mousie's" sister, Maxine, used to be a good friend of mine when she sang at the old Parody Club, on West 48th Street, so this meeting with her kid sister brought back a lot of exciting memories.

In five weeks in Hollywood, I went to the studios exactly twice. The most interesting thing in my brief studio visits was finding Director Richard Whorf, between scenes, modelling clay miniatures. The most interesting thing, away from the studios, would be Mary Benny's wonderful party celebrating the birthdays of Robert Taylor and Mary's sister, Babe Marx—it was really something. There were two huge birthday cakes. Only one was cut—the other was sent to the Orthopedic Hospital, Mary's favorite interest.

There was one other extremely interesting experience. The Bennys and young Scotty Beckett went along with us for dinner at the Frank Sinatra home, in the Toluca Lake area. Nancy greeted us, but no Frank. "He's inside working on his paintings," explained Nancy. On the outer porch, there was Sinatra, completing a painting of a circus clown. He has a lot of talent, always wanted to paint, dropped in suddenly one day at a shop and bought easels, brushes and oils.

It was a grand trip, one of the most enjoyable I've ever experienced, and once again, a columnist was impressed by the Hollywood homes which have been illumined by the adoption of little children.

You can jeer at some of the idiosyncrasies of Hollywood, but probably no city in the country proportionately can match the movie colony's adoption record. I think it is a wonderful thing, and certainly the movie colony must be showered with the blessings of the Deity: "Suffer little children to come unto me."

On pages 58-61 are some of the people I got to see. Each picture recalls a pleasant experience and as you regard them, I trust that you'll capture some of the pleasure of a wandering columnist.

MODERN SCREEN



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LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

and are up to their knees redecorating.

Most Hollywood hostesses plan one decorative motif when they give a party. It's either very formal—all the best silver and glass-ware trotted out, or Hawaiian, or Italian—whatever the party idea is.

So I was particularly amused at the variety of moods clever hostess Lilli Messinger and her husband, Alexis Thurn-Taxis, trotted out for their party in honor of Joan Fontaine and William Dozier.

Their house is very formal, done in vivid colors and mirrored walls. So imagine the effect of one patio looking like a Southern plantation all set up with tables covered with red and white check tablecloths and napkins; another patio, cool and inviting as a beach house at Honolulu, and beyond all this, a formal garden very Grecian in effect, with its lovely statues in the moonlight. Then, to add to the fun, the music was Mexican with guitarists strolling among the guests.

Joan caught a bad cold at the last minute and couldn't come—but Bill Dozier was there, shaking hands with everyone twice—once for Joan, once for himself.

Angela Lansbury, in wispy black lace, was having a lot of fun with Peter Shaw—these English imports are really a romance.

Helmut Dantine was with his love, Charlene Wrightsman, who looks like a plump little co-ed and not in the least the heartbreaker she is supposed to be. She might have been playing hookey from school in the simple white dinner gown she wore.

Tamara Toumanova, the ballerina, on the other hand, was très exotic with her long black hair and a scarlet dress—and I mean scarlet. I noticed she was wearing none of her beautiful jewels. She told me she never wore them except when her gown was a background—and a scarlet dress is always in the foreground! There's a fashion tip.

Evie Wynn Johnson (need I add that I mean Mrs. Van Johnson) is "expecting" and she wore a very clever outfit. Her peasant blouse was sheer and with it she wore a long, full, black peasant-type skirt. Van is a funny expectant father. He kept bringing her plate after plate piled high with food!—(which she didn't eat when his back was turned).

As usual, Mrs. Reginald Gardiner was an eyeful in a white gown with a red rose in her dark hair.

John Carroll—very good looking—may have come with some particular belle, but he seemed to be playing the field. And speaking of handsome men, there are very few in Hollywood better looking than grayhaired Clarence Brown, the director.

Socially, Hollywood has never been brighter or gayer. For a time there was a noticeable lull, but now with the cold weather approaching, everyone is back in town and

things are beginning to hum again. One of the gayest parties to start the new season was the dinner-dance the Darryl Zanucks gave for General and Mrs. Mark Clark. Darryl served with the General overseas and the two are old friends.

Tyrone Power sat at the left of Mrs. Zanuck, and Lana Turner, looking unbelievably lovely, was at the same table with the fighting General and his vivacious wife. I stopped and chatted with Ty and commiserated with him over his painful wisdom tooth trouble. Then Ty also told me all about his plans to fly to Africa on a second goodwill flight, and Lana made no secret of the fact that she was going to be very lonely without him.

Dolly O'Brien Dorelius, who pops in and out of Hollywood with increasing regularity, was escorted by everybody's darling, Clark Gable. Dolly's jewels were the finest that have been seen in Hollywood, and I didn't blame the other girls for taking a goodlong peek at them. I must say that although Clark brought her, he circulated plenty among the other guests. Do I think they will marry? I doubt it, frankly. Dolly is essentially Palm Beach and New York while Clark loves his ranch and the outdoor life. Still—who can say?

Gary Cooper and I had a long chat, too, and I told him how much I liked him in *The Unconquered*, which he has just finished mak-

ing. The old Coop with that same gentle charm. You can't beat it.

Olivia deHavilland was there with her Marcus Goodrich, dancing and having fun. Her sister, Joan Fontaine, with her William Dozier, sat on the opposite side of the room, and in that crowd there was no embarrassment or awkward contretemps because the sisters simply didn't meet. I must say for Virginia, her seating arrangement for the party was perfect; she deftly kept people who don't care for each other well apart, and that's really a feat in Hollywood.

It was nice, too, that the younger generation was so beautifully represented—Joan Bennett's young daughter, Diana; the Irving Berlin's lovely Mary Ellin; and six-foot-two Samuel Goldwyn, Jr. among them. The Zanucks' two attractive daughters, Darrylin and Susan, were so grown up, as they helped their parents receive.

Dolores and Bob Hope, who have been going out more lately, had a long confab with General Clark, who paid a glowing tribute to Bob and all the other Hollywood folk who did so much in entertaining the troops during the war.

Joan Crawford came with Cesar Romero, and how those two danced! Many more were there, but I haven't space to list them all. Just let me say all the elite of filmdom was present.

* * *

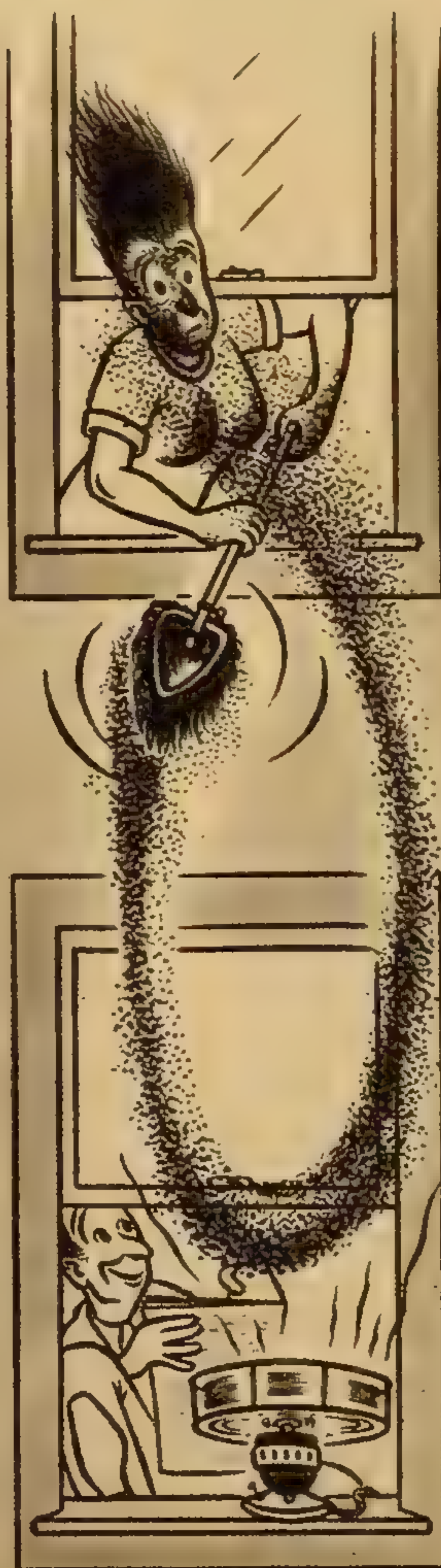
This is the kind of Hollywood story I like to write, because it's about a man all Hollywood can well be proud of—the gentle and fine Reverend Gareth Hughes. Impelled by a great spiritual urge, Gareth gave up his acting career some years ago when it was at its successful best, to retreat into the desert and there build a little church for the desolate community of Wadsworth. With almost no money to help him in his work, he has labored long and lovingly for his flock, many of them poor and ignorant Indians.

Recently, a touch of Hollywood came to Gareth when Hedy Lamarr and Mark Stevens journeyed to Wadsworth to visit him. In the afternoon, they spent some time making friends with all the children of the neighborhood who came to see them, and in the evening, they attended Gareth's Vesper service which was held in the community church.

Hedy and Mark reported it was almost a miracle what Gareth has done for the children in the way of clothing and food, as well as spiritual help. There is a limit, however, to what one man alone can do, and Gareth badly needs money to continue his work.

* * *

Before I sign off, let me say how I love getting all your letters, because that's the only way I can know what you want me to tell you about. Thanks to all of you, and keep them coming.



Jan Kugel



The Countess of Carnarvon goes to an after-theatre supper

"Before I go out—always a 1-Minute Mask!"

A prime favorite of busy young social leaders is the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Unlike heavy, draggy old-style masks, the 1-Minute Mask feels cool, *exhilarating* on your skin—re-makes your complexion not in twenty minutes—but in *one!*

Greatly sought after in both social and artistic circles, the Countess of Carnarvon has an exciting Continental beauty with a creamy silken skin. "Before I go out, I always save one important moment for a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," the Countess says.

"Right away my complexion looks brighter . . . more

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Send to Pond's, Dept. 9-L, Clinton, Connecticut for free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream—enough for a full 1-Minute Mask. See *your* complexion re-styled to new loveliness!



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1. Spend one minute on beauty—to make your whole evening more glamorous! Smooth a white Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream over your whole face, except eyes.
2. Right away, the cream's "keratolytic" action starts to loosen and dissolve off little roughnesses that make skin look coarser, duller. Tissue off after one full minute.
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*Paste coupon on penny postcard if you wish.

THEY WON'T FORGET

(Continued from page 37)

joke between them. It tickled her to hear Betty call Larry "my fella." If she loved the girl less than the boy, it couldn't have been much. While she was well enough, she'd go to the studio to watch rehearsals, then report to Betty in New York. "I wish you could see Larry do some of those songs. He gets that wonderful sparkle in his eyes that you have. I think he caught it from you."

When Larry flew East for the last time to see Betty, his mother made two requests. "Go to St. Patrick's and say a prayer for me." She wasn't a Catholic, but denominations meant nothing to her, and she loved the atmosphere of the great cathedral, set down in the midst of the roaring city like an island of peace. "Say a prayer for me. And bring me back a bottle of Tabu."

That story sums up as well as any her abiding faith in God, her love for life.

She was the kind of mother who could say to her son, "I was wrong and you were right." She said it long before *The Jolson Story* put him on top. But if you'd told her back there in Joliet how things would turn out, her eyes would have bugged open. "Oh my!" she'd have breathed—her raciest expletive.

Because when Larry delivered his haymaker, she was on Dad's side, and Dad wasn't on Larry's. They were all out in the garden that afternoon. Larry, a brand-new B.S., had a scholarship at the University of Illinois Medical School. It looked like the start of a beautiful summer till their young hopeful ruined it.

can't eat diplomas...

"I've got a job playing summer stock in Lake Whalom, Massachusetts." "All your pre-med work, Larry" they protested. And your scholarship! Would you throw that away to be a starving actor?"

"The idea," he grinned, "is to be an actor who eats. Anyway, I want to try it."

He went, without their blessing.

At the end of summer, Mother and Dad drove East on their vacation, nursing faint hopes that maybe Sonnyboy'd had enough. These hopes went glimmering when they found him playing the lead in *Apron Strings*, taking pats on the head from blasé professionals. They spent three pleasant weeks together, drove along the Mohawk Trail when the season closed. Next stop for Larry—New York. There were no more speeches. His elders had had their say, and Larry'd reached an age to make his own decisions. Maybe Mother's arms clung a little tighter than usual as she kissed him goodbye. Himself, he felt pretty cocky. Eighty bucks in his pocket, and a reputation as the whiteheaded kid of Lake Whalom.

Only trouble, New York was lousy with whiteheaded kids. They taught him the ropes. You got a job ushering at Carnegie Hall—six and a half a week. You rented yourself a room on West 58th, five flights up, no window. Coffee you cooked on a hotplate. Rolls you bought for a nickel a dozen where they sold day-old bread. Dinner was a cinch—twenty-five cents complete, including dessert, at any Chinese joint on Eighth Avenue. Saturday nights you had enough left over for a bottle of milk, a baby Gouda cheese and the Sunday Times. Sunday mornings you loafed around, reading about producers you never saw and shows you never tried out for, but did that prove you wouldn't hit it some day? Meantime, Broadway was Bag-

dad, and the stale air of 58th Street, headier than wine.

Mother's letters were long on questions; Larry's answers were short on detail. Stripped of the glamor, he felt day-old bread might sound a little bleak. But after a while there was real news to send. He'd been tried out and accepted by the Group Theater Studio. It meant working with a bunch of exciting people who talked your language—John Garfield; Joe Bromberg, Roman Bohnen, Bob Lewis—currently of *Brigadoon*—Elia Kazan, today's brilliant director of *Boomerang* and *Gentleman's Agreement*. Larry's no bubbler but, for him, he bubbled.

"They're a swell crowd, Mother; you'd like them; you'll meet them some day. No, I don't get much money, but the training's priceless. I'm right in the middle of everything I hoped for."

Then came the wire telling of his father's death. Larry went home. Through the first daze of grief, two things came clear. Dad's income as an advertising man had ended with his life. Apart from the house, there wasn't a great deal left. So Larry got a job. First, he sold advertising, and decided he'd rather dig ditches. Then he inspected dining cars for the New York Central. Twice his trains took him to Manhattan, but he never got beyond the station, which was just as well. The walls of his jail would have looked that much grayer.

hollywood calls . . .

His only contact with the world he loved was through letters. A couple of college pals, now working in Hollywood, kept urging him to come out. "We'll carry you till you land on your feet." Watching him sink deeper and deeper into misery, his mother almost wished he'd take them up on it. But the break came another way. By this time, some of the Group were doing fine in the movies, and keeping a weather eye out for Larry. One day an unbelievable wire arrived. "Part awaiting you in my next picture. Can you come out right away?—John Garfield."

He had to go; he couldn't wait to go, yet it wasn't easy. In Joliet, the white house with the green shutters that had once been so gay was quiet now, and pretty big for a woman to live in alone.

"I'll be fine, Larry, don't you worry about me, this town's chockful of my friends. Besides, I'll be glad to see the last of your mopey face."

He stood waving as long as he could see her, then went inside. Funny, how half your heart could be bounding ahead while the rest stayed heavily behind, with the plucky little woman in the white cottage.

John introduced him to the Warner people. The *Mama Ravioli* sets had been built, the wardrobe was ready. They were due to start on Monday. On Saturday came word that the picture had been cancelled.

Kazan and Bob Lewis took it from there, plucked casting directors by the ear, lied themselves blue. To hear them tell it, Larry'd been the Group's shining star, and any dope who left him lying around deserved not to have him. Max Arnow of Columbia listened, tested him, and offered Larry a contract. From the studio he sped to Western Union. A jubilant wire went winging its way to Joliet. Its cost would once have kept him in food for a week. But this time Mom was getting all the details, and who could count words at a time like that?

It was '41. She came out that winter and every winter, met Larry's pals, cooked for them, stayed up till all hours at Ann Lehr's Hollywood Canteen. Stole time now and then to go down to the studio, where she loved to watch Larry at work. In one

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B after another, he was hardly setting the world afire, but seeing him happy was enough.

"Dad and I meant it for the best, but oh, Larry, I'm so glad you went your own way."

In the spring she'd go home. Soon after she left in the spring of '44, fella met girl at the Actors' Lab. A month later, when Betty had to leave for a singing date in Chicago, they could hardly bear it. She promised to go see his mother in Joliet.

"Better tell her we met six months ago," cautioned Larry. "She might think more highly of us."

And to Mom he wrote: "I want you to look this girl over very carefully."

He needn't have worried. The first time Betty went down, Mother fed her all day long, showed her Larry's baby pictures, and told her all the stories he wouldn't have let her tell if he'd been around. How they could never get him to eat. "I'm too deliker—" he'd inform them. How once she was incensed with him about something, really lacing into him, and all the while he stood there with his head kind of upside down, then right in the middle of it he threw her.

"Lemme see your toofers," he invited amiably.

"Not toofers!" moaned Betty. "How old was he then, six?"

"I hate to tell you, my dear, he was then a galoot of fifteen."

Before she left that day, Betty was calling Larry's mother Nenny—her own childhood version of Leona which had stuck through the years. And Nenny had asked her pointblank: "Are you two planning to marry?"

"Well—I guess so—"

"That's good," said Nenny.

Later, Larry arrived for ten days, and Betty's mother came from New York, and they sat down at the Camellia House to hear Betty sing. Nenny loved the songs. During her illness, she wore out record after record of *South America, Take It Away*.

the happy days . . .

But these were still the happy days. They'd have supper after the show. Larry's eyes would go severely from mother to mother. "Our Spanish engagement, huh? With the two duennas."

Then Betty had to go back to New York for *Laughing Room Only*. Larry was due in Hollywood. Silly to marry now, and put a continent between them. Once the continent came between them, they stopped being sensible.

"I can't stand it," said Larry at one end of the wire.

"I'll come out there. Rehearsals don't start till October. We'll have a month."

Mrs. Parks was in the middle of lunch when the phone rang. "Mom, can you come right out? We need you."

Months later he went back to pick up some of his mother's belongings. He found her luncheon dishes in the drain-rack, and her napkin on the table where she'd dropped it to answer the phone.

They were married Friday evening at St. Thomas Episcopal Church.

Larry'd rented a beach place for the honeymoon, and Mom stayed in the apartment. She'd meant to go home for a while, but he talked her into starting her winter visit early. She never went home. After Betty left, they went house-hunting and found a little place in Nichols Canyon. From their detailed descriptions, Betty thought it sounded just darling, so they took it. Mother fell happily to work on the garden. In November, Larry started *The Jolson Story*. Twenty numbers, and make 'em all different, and nobody can do it for you but you yourself. Day after day,

Sundays and holidays, and the pounds melted off him. Night after night, at home with the record-player, and he thought he'd lose his mind.

"I'm sorry about this horrible din every night, Mom."

"Doesn't bother me in the least. I must be phlegmatic."

He kissed the top of her head. "You must be an angel."

If he got edgy, that didn't bother her either. Her way with Larry's moods had long since proved an eye-opener to Betty. "When I'm hurt, I hold it inside. Your way's so much better. You bring it right out in the open."

"Honey, I've learned that sunlight's a great healer," said Larry's Mom. "Things fester in the dark."

If she'd been more of a complainer, they might have found out sooner. That spring she began looking tired and drawn.

"Mother, you've got to quit working so hard at the Canteen."

"Pooh," she said, till she couldn't pooh-pooh it any longer, and went to the doctor. He told Larry it was cancer. Betty arrived just before they operated in June.

At first it seemed like one of those miracles, she grew so much better. Before too long, she was out in the garden again, enchanted with Betty's gift of a stool that stood just high enough to be comfortable for digging. Before long, they were laughing together again.

The miracle still held when Betty went East again to see a man about *Call Me Mister*, which was to do for her what *The Jolson Story* did for her husband. While she was gone, Nenny made one of her periodic visits to the doctor. There the miracle collapsed. He told Larry they'd have to operate again.

breaking the news . . .

It was left to Larry to tell his mother. He stood at the kitchen door, listening to the pleasant, everyday sounds of Mom washing the dinner dishes. How do you make yourself do what you can't do? You stand there a minute longer, you push yourself through, you force the words past lips grown stiff.

For a matter of moments, she broke down against his shoulder. Then her head came up. "If I must, I must." She dabbed at her eyes. "There, now I've cried, I feel better."

This time the comeback was harder. Betty rushed home the minute details were settled, to stay a month before rehearsals started. She found Nenny cheerful as always, interested as always in what went on around her. It was a good month. Betty'd be up early, fixing breakfast for Larry. Unconsciously, she'd start singing over the dishes, then break off short for fear of disturbing Nenny.

"Don't stop, dear," Nenny would call out from the bedroom. "That sounds so pretty."

She loved going over Betty's collection of earrings. Those were her feminine weaknesses—perfume and earrings. Every night before Larry was due, they'd deck her out in a different pair of earrings and dab a different perfume back of her ears.

"She was the kind of person who'd make things happy even if they weren't," explained her daughter. (Never in-law, Nenny couldn't abide in-law.)

Later, there was still a third operation, from which she rallied again. The doctors couldn't quite believe what went on—that one so ill could live so long and so normally. Her courage amazed them and her spirit captured their hearts. She refused to let the worst of her pain wring from her more than a low moan of "Oh, my." On the table beside her lay the chief source of her strength and serenity, the Bible she



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picked up a hundred times a day and wore to shreds. When Larry was making *Down to Earth* and *The Swordsman*, she'd be in bed all day, getting hypos every three hours. When he got home, she'd be up and dressed for dinner. Letters continued to go to Betty. In one, she enclosed her recipe for watermelon pickles. "Larry's crazy about them, and I might forget to give it to you when you come."

Between her and Larry, cancer had never been mentioned. At the beginning, everyone said, "Don't tell her," and having started that way, it was difficult to stop. So each kept on pretending that the other didn't know, and the doctors went to elaborate lengths to cover up. She let them think they were fooling her. Only to Curry, the good nurse, did she give herself away.

"There's something I'd like you to do for me when I'm gone."

"Such talk!" said Curry briskly. "Don't be foolish."

Nenny patted her hand. "I'm not as foolish as some people think."

Larry's convinced that what kept her going was her will to hang on till Betty came back for good. Betty'd been signed to an M-G-M contract, but had to stay with *Call Me Mister* till the end of the year. All the burden of Nenny's last letters was, "When are you coming, honey? I want to see you and Larry settled together." When she came on the 4th of January, you could almost see the relief with which Nenny let go. The boy wouldn't be alone now. He'd be all right with Betty.

the real goodbye . . .

One evening he went in to say goodnight to her. "Stay a little, Larry. I'd like to talk to you." Quietly, she told him all that was on her heart to tell him before she went. How proud she was of him, how she wanted him to go on, how dearly she loved him and Betty, what a wonderful life she'd had.

"You know, Mother?"

"About the cancer. I've known all along."

It was their real goodbye. Larry came out and closed the door after him. It was the only time Betty saw him break down. A week later, Nenny died.

On the mantel in Nichols Canyon stands an old-fashioned clock that chimes the quarter-hours. It used to stand on the mantel of a green-shuttered house outside Joliet. For Larry, it's a link between then and now. Like the tattered Bible, and a hundred tangible things. The strongest links are his memories. They'll keep his mother alive as long as he lives.

But the dear, warm, laughing presence that might have continued to bless those who loved her is gone. There are others who may still be saved. That's why Larry went out at the Runyon Memorial meeting, and said what he had to say.

WILL YOU TALK FOR \$5?

Got an earful? We're listenin'—so make it good, and make it about a movie star, if you please. For instance, were you there when it happened? Don't ask us what—that's for you to say! (Take a look at our "I Saw It Happen" boxes.) Not only will we give you both ears, but we'll hand them to you on a crisp five dollar bill—if we use your anecdote. So dig down into your memory box and bring up something true and amusing that we've never heard before. Just say it in writing to the "I SAW IT HAPPEN" Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, New York. Do you want an audience? We're it!

OUT OF UNHAPPINESS

(Continued from page 24)

where she had gone with her seven-year-old son, Jamie, for a very much needed rest.

"We had a delightful time together," he told me at the studio the other day. "We both like to swim and go motorboating, and we love the long walks in the mountains. And we found out that we both also love to get away from the Hollywood hurlyburly."

And when I talked to Hedy at her Beverly Hills home, I found an entirely different girl from the one who, only a few months ago, was surveying the somewhat tattered and frayed ends of a marriage that had been just too tempestuous.

"I feel wonderful," she confided. "I have new ambitions and hopes and plans. All my unhappiness is gone. Now I have set my course and I can say I'm completely happy."

"Up at Lake Tahoe, Mark and I went dancing one night. It was the first time I had danced in five years. You can't imagine, Florabel, how it feels to be relaxed and carefree again. Up there at the lake we just lived for the day, from day to day. We made no plans. The time went by like a dream. Dances, plenty of laughs, long walks, and just quiet talk.

the quality of kindness . . .

"I learned something about Mark that I like and admire. He is at heart kind. You wouldn't believe what a rare quality simple kindness is. He is tolerant and understanding. He loves the children and they love him."

The friendship of these two gifted people goes back several years. She liked him and was impressed by him from the beginning. And he had seen and admired her in pictures, especially *Algiers*. Let's listen to Mark's own story of that perhaps fateful day when the two first really met.

"I was playing a bit part at Warners in *Passage to Marseille* with Michael Curtiz directing," he related. "Miss Lamarr came to our set as a visitor. Mr. Curtiz introduced us. We had lunch together, and she told me there was a part in her next picture that she would like to have

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was working in Omaha, managing the record department for a local chain store. One day a teen-aged customer came in with another "kid" and asked to hear Perry Como's new recording of "Deep In The Heart Of Texas."



We bickered for a while because I said there was no such recording and the customer said a recording had been made a week before in Kansas City. He added that it was even going to be featured in the theater across the street. I thought I was being ribbed, so I ribbed them back. That night I took in the Ted Weems' show across the street. The "kid" who had come in with my customer grinned at me in the audience, and sang his latest Decca recording. It was "Deep In The Heart Of Texas," and the "kid" was Perry Como.

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me play. It went farther than the mere suggestion. She took the matter up with the studio people, actually attempted to borrow me. The picture was *Experiment Perilous*, the last one Hedy made at RKO before becoming a producer on her own hook.

"I should have liked very much at the time to have had the part, but Warners not only refused to lend me; they put me on layoff into the bargain."

Perhaps it would be dramatic at this point to proclaim that here was an instantaneous case of love at first sight, but that would be misleading. Hedy and Mark liked each other but it was only one of those casual Hollywood friendships, based on mutual esteem. "We used to meet accidentally from time to time," said Mark, "in drugstores, going and coming, but that's all."

The meteoric rise of Mark Stevens since those early days is film history. Always a stormy petrel, he has steadily resented any belittling move on the part of his employers. Feeling honestly that his years of struggle entitled him to better breaks than some that were offered, he has always taken a firm stand. He did well at Warners; made an excellent impression in all his roles. The break came when he objected to a "lineless bit" in a film, refused to show up for work, and got what he was hoping for—a cancellation of his contract.

a new start . . .

He went straight to 20th-Fox, and a succession of films that have placed him right up there on top. It appears in the bag, now that *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now* has definitely established him as one of the top discoveries of the year.

I may observe right here that one of the factors that seems to bring Hedy and Mark together and give them something in common is that both found success the hard way, through struggle and disappointment. They're on top now but both can look back only a few brief years to a time when failure was predicted for them.

Mark battled hunger, privation, and stern family disapproval to find his place in films. Hedy came to the film capital

heralded as a ravishing beauty, who had won a somewhat questionable fame by appearing in *Ecstasy*, a picture which stirred some qualms among the censors. But she never got much of a chance to act.

"Now we can laugh about the days that are behind us," Hedy says. "We find that we have a lot to talk about together, because our experiences getting a foothold were a good deal alike."

"It's true that I wanted Mark for a picture from the first time I met him. I felt that he had a great talent. I still feel it, more than ever. I wanted him so much for *Experiment Perilous*, feeling that the role of the young poet in that film was a great chance for him. I tried hard to get him for *Dishonored Lady*, but the 20th Century-Fox people would not let me have him. I still want to do a picture with him and perhaps the opportunity will come one day."

Hedy made a naive admission to me. The day we talked, she was busy getting ready to attend Tyrone Power's party, a farewell get-together of Ty and a lot of his friends before his departure for Africa. She was having a pretty new dress made.

"Imagine it," she said, "my first party in so long that I feel like a debutante. Really, you know, I've been in hiding. Why, it seems to me, I knew more about Hollywood the first day I saw it than I do now. The night clubs, the restaurants, the places where people go—I don't know them at all. Only the other night, Mark and I went to the Mocambo for dinner and dancing. And afterward, we went to the Chanteclair, a new place. New to me, anyway. I had never seen it. It was fun. We went to the Champagne Room, which is the new name for the Crillon, and I saw lots of my old friends. I felt like a girl getting out and around for the first time. That's why I say I'm really living again."

Hedy and Mark had proceeded pretty far along the road to a firm friendship before their friends or the curious professional gossips of the town had any inkling that they were interested in one another. Her marriage broke up before his did. In each instance, separation was

the culmination of long-standing incompatibility, and in each case the break came with a complete lack of recriminations. About a month after Mark and his wife, the former Annelle Hayes, agreed to go their separate ways, a mutual friend of Stevens and Miss Lamarr suggested a dinner.

"I'm so busy," this friend said to Mark, "that I'm going to ask you to get Hedy on the phone and make the arrangements." Mark tells of the incident with boyish pleasure, constantly referring to Hedy as "Haidee." He said that he did phone Hedy and while they were chatting he said, "Why wait until next week? Why don't you and I have dinner together tomorrow night?"

dinner for two . . .

And that was their first date. He escorted her to the Swiss Chalet, an attractive little place on Wilshire Boulevard en route to Santa Monica, a sort of family dining place. They must have found a great deal to talk about and a powerful mutual attraction for they met often from that time on, always dining at some out-of-the-way spot. There's really no place in the world easier to hide in than Hollywood. The people who are seen in the swanky places often are courting publicity and hoping they'll be noticed, but it's very easy to keep a budding romance quiet merely by avoiding the fashionable crowd.

Eventually, of course, the whisper about Hedy and Mark did get around. Columnists and press agents "planted" them together in well-known spots which Hedy had never even seen. That amused her. "Now I'm really going to see all these bright spots where I'm supposed to have been," she told me.

Soon the divorce of Mark and Annelle will have passed through its legal stages, if all goes according to schedule. From the way Annelle talked to me, I'm quite sure that she planned to place no obstacle in the way of Mark's career or his "pursuit of happiness," no matter where this latter may lead. She is a girl with a great deal of poise and reserve, not at all given to discussing her private life, but she left no room for doubting that she and her husband had come to a definite parting of the ways.

Annelle has custody of their very young baby and will retain it. Mark has great affection for the child, a boy named after himself, Mark Richard, Richard being his own real given name and Mark, a handle, attached for professional reasons. "Annelle is a very charming girl," he told me, and I'm sure he meant it wholeheartedly.

all this and heaven . . .

Readers of MODERN SCREEN may recall how Hedy revealed to me some months ago that if she ever married again her choice would be a younger man. Although I make no predictions as to the eventual outcome of her friendship with Mark, one thing is undeniable—he does meet her specifications. The two of them really have everything, all the ingredients that would naturally go together to make a romance of the kind people love to hear about. Youth, talent, assured positions, spacious opportunities, common interests—all these and beauty too. Will they make the plunge, and will they make a go of it if they do? It's all in the lap of the Hollywood gods, who are sometimes fickle.

MODERN SCREEN



Look at your tickets again, Harold.



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It's pleasant to reflect, and it must be even pleasanter for them, that they leave no wounds to heal. Annelle, who was a talented actress before she met and married Mark, told me that she plans, as soon as current strains are in the past, to get into the Hollywood swim herself, and reconstruct her career. I think she has every chance to make a success. She'll have Mark rooting for her, and Hedy too, I'm sure. The clash between her and Mark was purely one of temperament. One of those situations that grow imperceptibly. When they decided to call it a day, the thing was done with no great fanfare.

A formal and precise announcement of their separation was prepared by the 20th Century-Fox publicity department, and handed simultaneously to reporters, columnists, and wire associations. No one got a scoop. It just happened that on that same day the news that June Haver and her husband, Jimmy Zito, had split up, also was revealed. Some gossips promptly leaped to the conclusion that there was a connection between the two events and that June and Mark, who had only recently completed co-starring in *I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now*, were romantically attracted. But such a guess was away off the beam.

As matters stand at this writing, neither Hedy nor Mark is free to discuss marriage and you may depend upon it, neither will do so until both are free. But Hedy is a very happy girl—the happiest I've seen her in all the years I've known her. I'll stop on an intimate little note that every woman will be certain to understand.

"I'm interested in clothes again," she told me. "I'm interested in my beauty—and I was so, so tired of it! For years I was content to go about in slacks. I wanted people not to notice me. Now—well, this is it!"

Elizabeth Taylor . . .

M-G-M star you're going to love in the title role of *Cynthia*, soon to be released. In it she plays a teenager, gets her first movie kiss—and it's her first starring role.

Elizabeth had exactly one day in New York before she sailed on the *Queen Mary* for her native England—so we were proud as anything to snag her during that hectic day to pose for us in this dreamy leopard-spotted coat.

Now listen carefully: This coat is reversible! It is fuzzy white all-wool on one side—stencilled leopard cloth on the other—and it has pockets on both the leopard side and the wooly side. We repeat! It's reversible—you can wear it leopard side out, or white side out. And the darling little head-band, which comes with it, is reversible too!

Can't you see yourself in this coat, leopard side out, at football games—then looking like a white angel, wool side out, at Christmas time—and switching merrily back and forth to suit your mood all winter?

You can also buy it in brown fuzzy wool with leopard; or beige with leopard. Sizes 10 to 16.

A Becker Original

About \$35

To find out where to buy coat and shoes turn to page 94.

modern screen
fashions



ENTER: THE HOODED COAT . . .

By Connie Bartel, Fashion Editor

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

covers her pretty head with a velvet-lined hood—and steps out in one of the prize young coats of the season. It's soft all-wool suede cloth—gold buttoned. The hood, bless it, buttons on and off. Black, brown, grey, green, wine, or blue. Sizes 10-16; 7-15.

By York Mode

About \$25

FOR WHERE
TO BUY
turn to page 94



**..THE COAT
WITH THE
LEOPARD LINING**

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

wraps up in a coat that's pure drama. It's lined and faced in lush, plush, thick-piled leopard cloth—and it's made of soft wooly "Cloudown" in kelly, wine, brown or black. If you want to stop the show, this does it. Misses' sizes 10-18; Juniors 9-17.
By Judy Nell About \$35





WITH THE CAPELET SHOULDER

ENTER: THE SUIT

FOR WHERE
TO BUY

turn to page 94

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

models a long torso suit with the trickiest neckline in town:—it makes like a cape; ties under a little collar; leaves a tiny bit of throat bare! Note fuller, longer skirt—and *fit*. In black and white, or brown and white wool and rayon mixture. Sizes 9-17. By Jonathan Logan About \$14.95

... SUIT WITH HIP INTEREST

JACQUELINE WHITE

RKO's pretty, blonde, young up-and-comer—currently in *Crossfire* and soon in *Memory of Love*—strikes a hip-hip-hooray pose in a suit with hip interest—biggest fashion point in suits this fall. Note smart cuffed sleeves. Black and white, or brown and white. Rayon and wool. 9-15; 10-16. R. & K. Original About \$14.95





FOR WHERE
TO BUY
turn to page 94

ENTER: THE FULL BACK COAT

JACQUELINE WHITE

models the very, very highest fashion in coats—the longer coat with the very, very *full back*. This is New York's favorite—the fashion world's favorite—this is it. Graceful, big-collared, easy to wear over everything. Black, brown, green, wine, winter white. All wool suede by American Woolen Company. Misses sizes 10 to 18. Junior sizes 9 to 15. By Junior Prom About \$35.

VACATION FROM MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 12)

There was only one difference, now; she was no longer living with him.

Although another "perfect" marriage seemed to be approaching the rocks, Cornel Wilde denied it. "We are just taking a vacation from each other," he insisted. "I have been working too hard, too long. I need a rest. My wife needs a rest."

Patricia Knight said nothing. She merely smiled and let Cornel talk.

All through dinner, Cornel chatted lightly, making eyes across the table at his wife who was not living with him, exactly as if he were twenty-two and she seventeen. Which they had been when they first met ten years before.

"It's just the same," he said, later. "I'm courting Patricia all over again just as I did then. It's fun."

It was fun ten years ago. New York, and cut-rate seafood dinners at the Cape Cod Oyster House on 43rd Street, and Pat finally blurting out that the reason she didn't eat much was not to hold the bill down, as he suspected, but because she couldn't stand seafood.

Days at Jones Beach, lying in the sun. They had no money, but they enjoyed being together.

They came back from being married in Elkton, Md., without so much as a dime between them for subway fare to the Victoria Hotel, in midtown Manhattan, where one tiny room was to be their bridal suite—at a cut-rate. Then they moved to the St. James Hotel, on 45th Street, and eventually owed the kindly manager, Perry Frank, hundreds of dollars in back rent.

dreaming out loud . . .

But always they had their plans, and they talked of them. They dreamed aloud of a day when they would be successes, have a spacious home, a flowering garden covering an acre of ground, fine clothes, good food, ample money to pay their bills on the first of the month, entertain their friends freely, and have enough left over to buy each other presents.

In Hollywood, the dreams began to come true.

"You've never seen such a couple," said Tony Martin, Cornel's close friend. "The moment Cory left the set he rushed straight home to Patricia. He wouldn't stop and talk for even five minutes. Now—well, I don't know why troubles have to come to such nice people. But they seem to, somehow. Story books are out-moded. All you have to do today is look around you to see *real* stories."

Hollywood has seen, before now, many happy marriages crack wide open under the pressure of double careers.

"There is nothing like that with us," said Cornel Wilde. "We are happy each has a career. We started to have double careers when we were first married. Even before that. We *want* double careers. Patricia's is interesting and exciting to me, and mine is to her."

They have both worked so hard that the background to their present story began to unfold when Patricia won the lead in Sol Wurtzel's production, *Roses are Red*. For two whole nights prior to the first day of shooting they stayed up rehearsing her in her part. She reported to the set highly nervous, wrought up, worried at what she would do with her first big break. But she worked like a Trojan.

During this time Cornel was shooting *It Had To Be You* (Continued on page 89)

a

typical Carole King girl



Carole King

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"SOUVENIR".. Color combined with black in Carole King's own gay manner to define the perfect dress for fall doin's. Of rayon Telecrepe in junior sizes 9 to 15. Under \$11.00. Exclusively at one fine store in your city.



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JACQUELINE WHITE

proves that in the dark of winter—you can't do better than make your entrance in blonde, beautiful beige. It's terrific with black. Especially this suit with feed bag pockets to point up your hips. (We can't harp on hips too much—fashion is *hipped* on them!) Wool and mink hair. Sizes 10-18.

By Henry Rosenfeld About \$17.95

FOR WHERE
TO BUY

turn to page 94

(Continued from page 87) at Columbia. He worked day after day, yet found time to send presents to Patricia's cameraman and film cutter, two very important individuals in making a picture.

A national picture magazine asked to do a series of pictures of Cornel. He said, "Certainly," and then trotted them over to Patricia's studio on his first day off in weeks, when he could have been resting, so that they could be photographed together and she would get the benefit of his break in the magazine.

An evening at home was no rest. Patricia was spending more time at night studying her part than Cornel was spending on his. Their dream house had become a workshop.

Eventually, their two shooting schedules were finished, and they went to Catalina Island. Then came the startling report. It said Cornel Wilde had started to swim out into the Pacific, intending never to return, and that Patricia Knight had frantically sent a boat after him! The report said, too, that when the boat found Cornel far from shore, he had refused aid or interference and had continued swimming!

Friends of Patricia and Cornel shook their heads, puzzled and bothered. Others merely laughed at the report.

"Don't believe that tale," they said. "If she sent a boat after him, it was a gag of some kind. He's a trained athlete, who likes long workouts. When he was ready, he turned around and swam back, didn't he?"

cornel moves out . . .

The story continued to unfold when Patricia and Cornel returned from Catalina. She remained in their Benedict Canyon home while he moved into the swank Bel Air Hotel with Tony Martin.

Neither Wilde appeared in public. Cornel would simply sit and read, or talk. "Most of the time about Patricia," said Tony.

Years ago, the answer would have been that some nice people work too hard for success and do not know how to handle it when it comes.

Cornel and Patricia had no loneliness when he was tramping Broadway. She wouldn't let him quit the stage for a regular job. "I have confidence in you," she said. "You'll win, somehow. Meanwhile, let me dance."

She danced. In the chorus of *DuBarry Was A Lady* for thirty weeks at \$35 a week. Then he got the break she knew would come to him, with Laurence Olivier in *Romeo and Juliet*, and Hollywood was only a step away.

Today, news comes that they've reconciled, that they're already back together again in their dream house, with its acre of garden flowers, in Beverly Hills.

Cornel Wilde says that their separation was a "vacation" because each was tired. It was understandable that they should be tired, after what their double career had demanded. Toward the end of *It Had To Be You* at Columbia, a professional technician who has seen Wilde in operation ever since he came to Hollywood exclaimed, "Cornel used to be quite a swashbuckler. But he looks right now like he's ready to buckle more than swash."

The "vacation" of Patricia and Cornel was the result.

However, in spite of their gaiety at La Rue's and the bounce he began to show as he started his second courting of Patricia, it would be risky to guess whether their reconciliation will take. Still, Cornel has won every fight he has ever had—against adversity, against Broadway, against rivals for the hand of Patricia Knight before she became Mrs. Wilde, against Hollywood itself, at first. Give odds that he will win this one against success.

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Letter from the Fashion Editor

Dear You:

Thank you so much for all the mail we've been getting. There's nothing we love so much as a nice, fat, bulging mailbag—and we're honor-bound to answer each and every letter just as fast as we can.

And how about a letter from all of you gals we haven't heard from yet? You know, the sole purpose of MODERN SCREEN Fashions is to make you the best dressed girl in town—at the very lowest possible prices. We are terribly eager to feature exactly the dress, or coat, or suit you're looking for—at exactly the moment you need it—at the price you want to pay. We try to run this Fashion Section as you tell us to—that's what we're here for.

So how about giving with some information? Do you like what we're doing? Prices low enough? Would you like more jackets—skirts—date dresses—or what? How do you stand on suits—do you wear them, or do you prefer a change of dresses under a winter coat? What do you think of the coats we're showing in this issue? What price do you like to pay for shoes?

See what we mean? We're teeming with questions about you. Every time we look at a hat—or dress—or whatever—we're thinking of you. Would you like it? Would it look wonderful on you? Would you consider it a good price?

To help us feature fashions as you want them, how about putting pen to paper and writing us all about yourself—your clothes problems, your pet fashion loves and pet fashion peeves?

And while you're at it—will you fill in the coupon below about sizes? (You know how important they are!) Don't even bother to run for the scissors—just rip it out and shoot it to us. And if you haven't time for a letter at the moment, *be sure* to fill in and mail the coupon—right now, while you're thinking of it—won't you?

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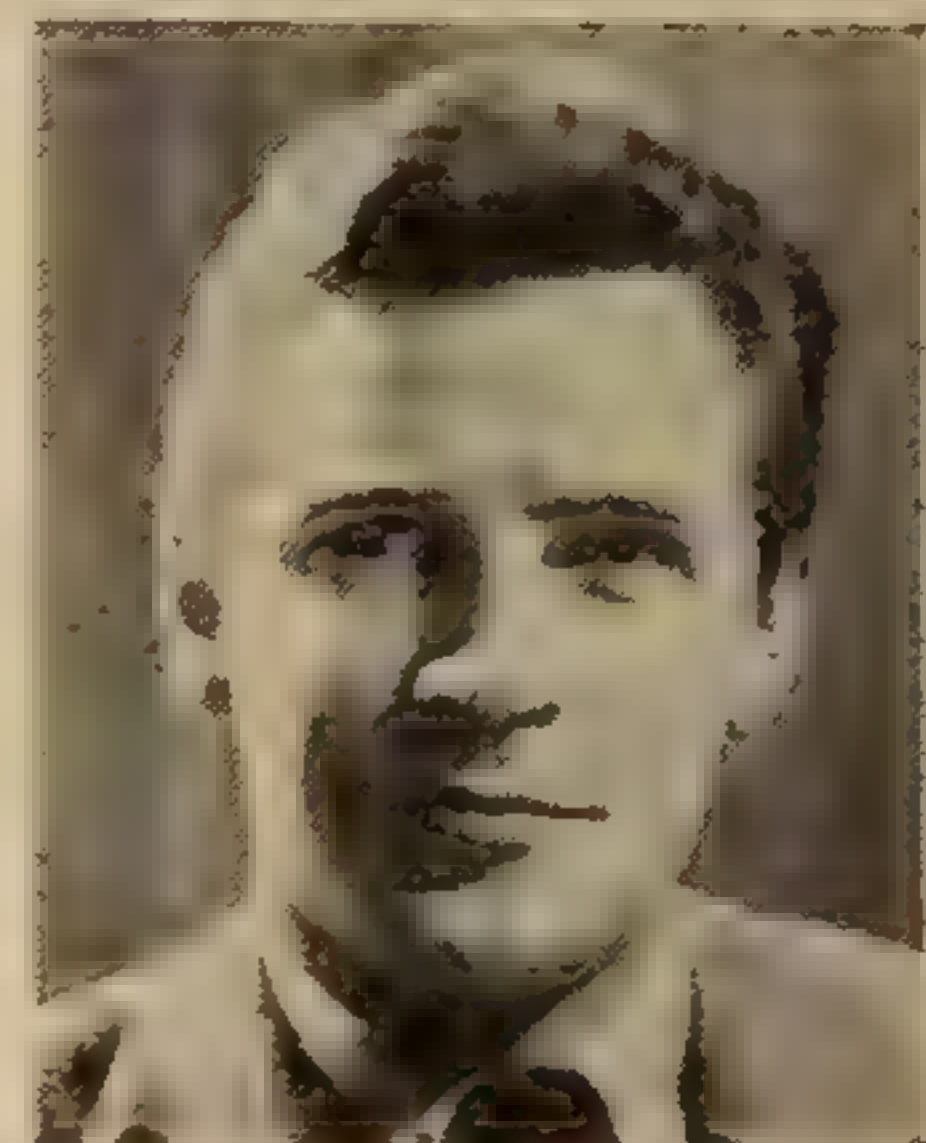
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INFORMATION DESK

by Beverly Linet

RICHARD BASE-
HART of Repeat
Performance and
Cry Wolf was
born in Zanesville,
Ohio, on Aug. 31,
1915. Is 5' 9" tall,
weighs 148 lbs.,
and has blue eyes
and sandy hair. Is
married to Steph-
anie Klein. Write
him at Eagle-Lion, Hollywood, Cali-
fornia.



JEAN SIMMONS,
who scored in
Great Expecta-
tions and Black
Narcissus, was
born in England
18 years ago. She
has blue eyes and
brown hair and is
unmarried. Write
her at Gainsbor-
ough Films, War-
dour Street, London, England. Next
picture: Hamlet.



WENDELL COR-
EY debuts in
Desert Fury. He
was born in Dra-
cut, Mass., on Mar.
20, 1914. Is 6' 2"
tall, weighs 192
lbs., and has blue
eyes and brown
hair. Write to him
at Paramount,
Hollywood.



Freddie Young, N.Y. Schumann's Trau-
merci, Dedication, Concerto in A Minor,
Piano Quartette, Arabesque, Cantata
from Faust; Liszt's E-Flat Piano Con-
certo; Brahms' Fourth Hungarian
Dance, Cradle Song, Symphony No. 1,
Rhapsody in G Minor were the pieces
played in Song of Love.

J. A., Hollywood: Buddy Clark did the
singing for Mark Stevens in I Wonder
Who's Kissing Her Now. Gene Nelson
was the blond dancer in the pic. Write
them at Fox, Beverly Hills. And that
darlin' office boy on the newspaper in
Dust Be My Destiny was Dick Clay-
ton. He's just out of the Navy and ex-
pects to resume picture work shortly.

Dot McCall, Ill. Barbara McAvooy, Box
611, Quogue, N. Y., has the Elizabeth
Taylor Club; Kathy Campbell, 3602
Rock Creek Church Rd., Wash., D. C.,
has one for Darryl Hickman; Jean Ben-
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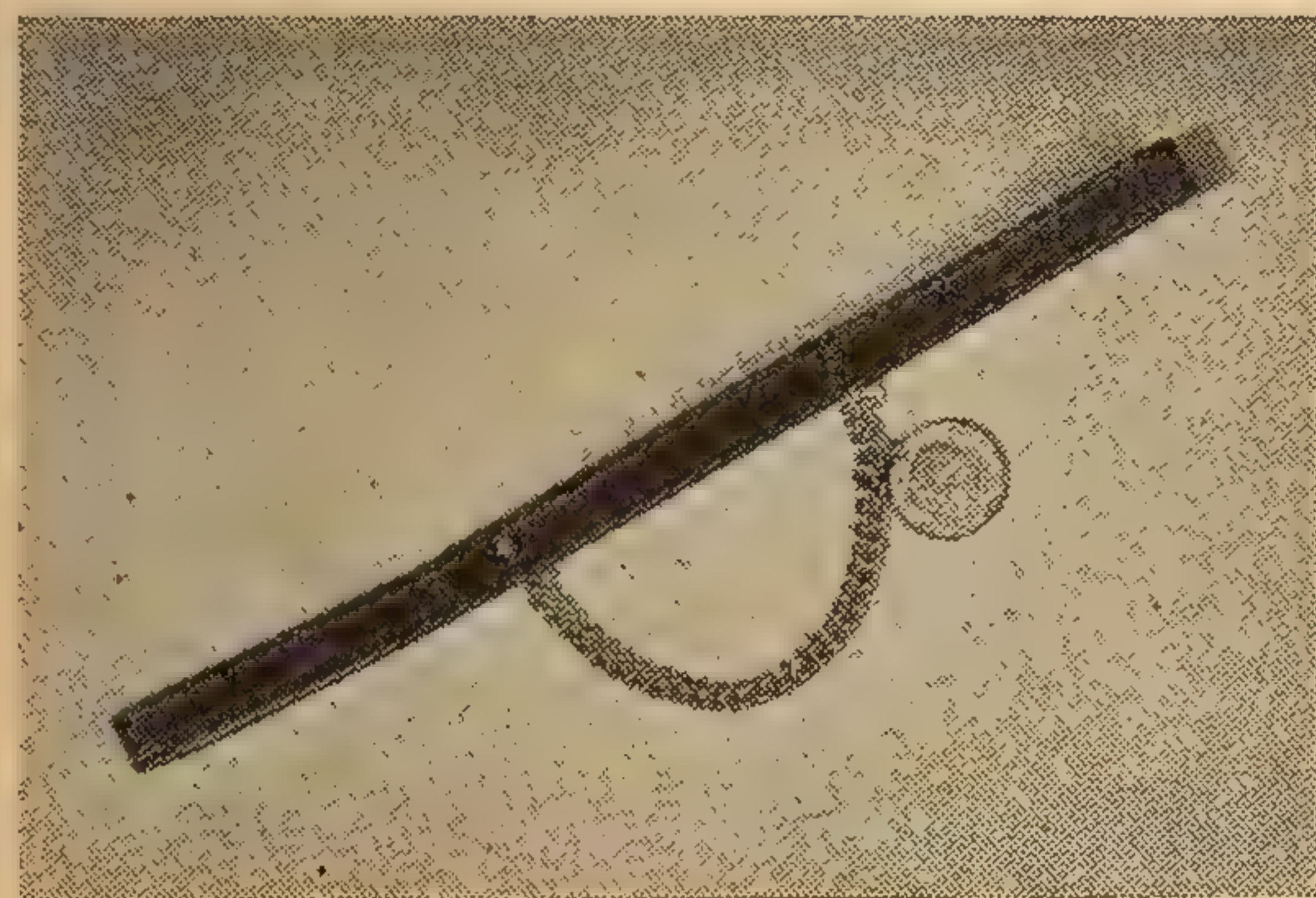
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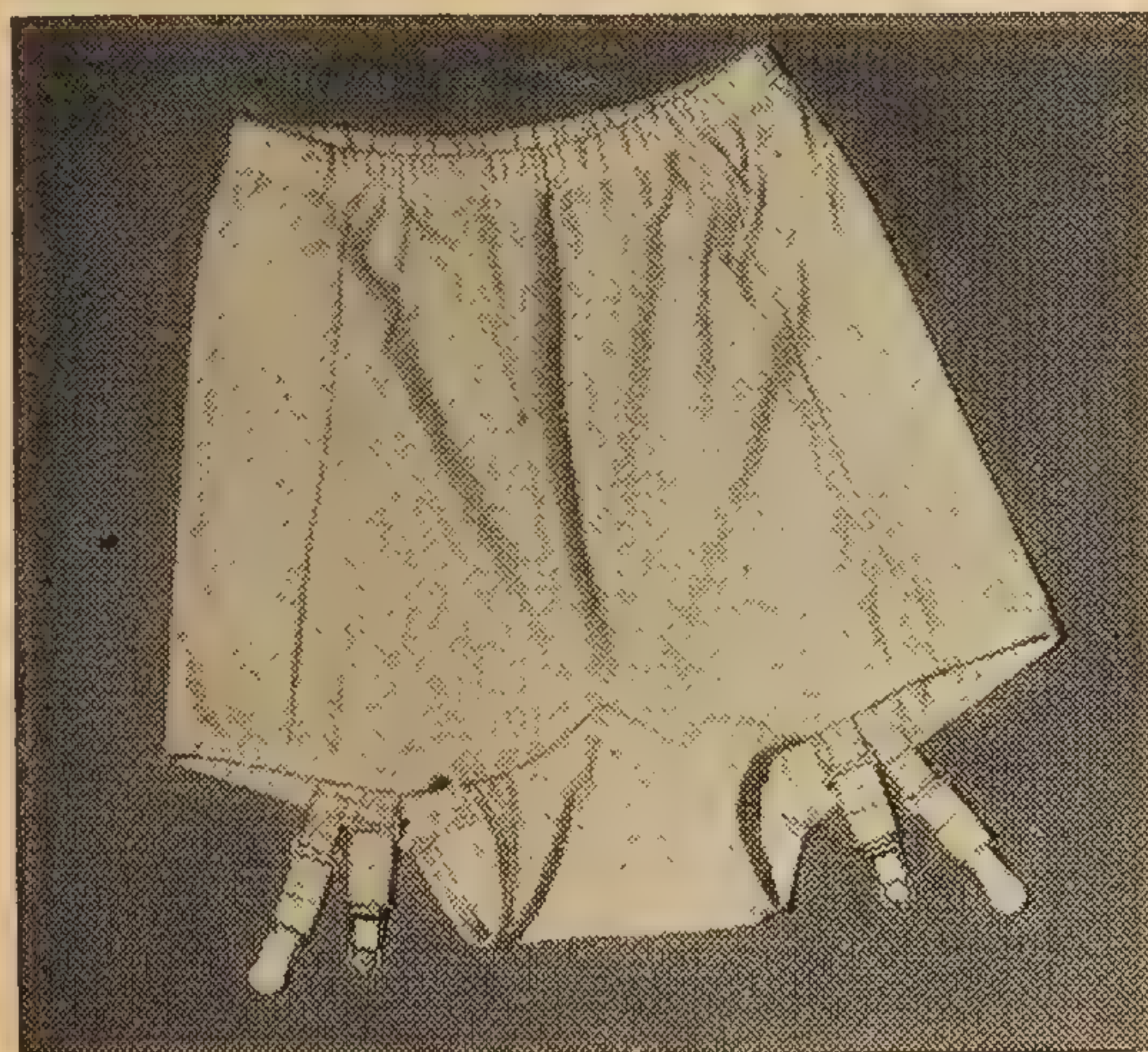
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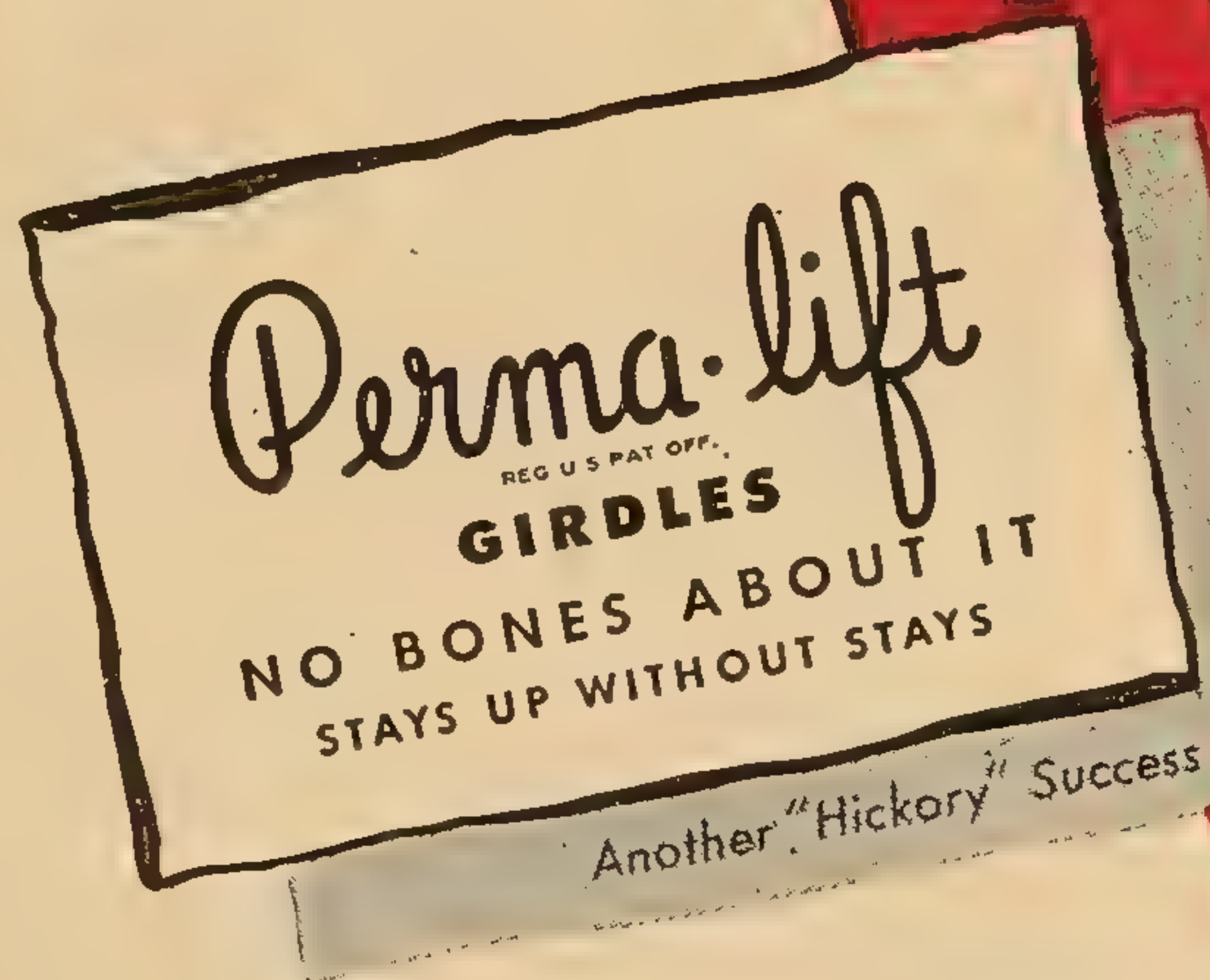
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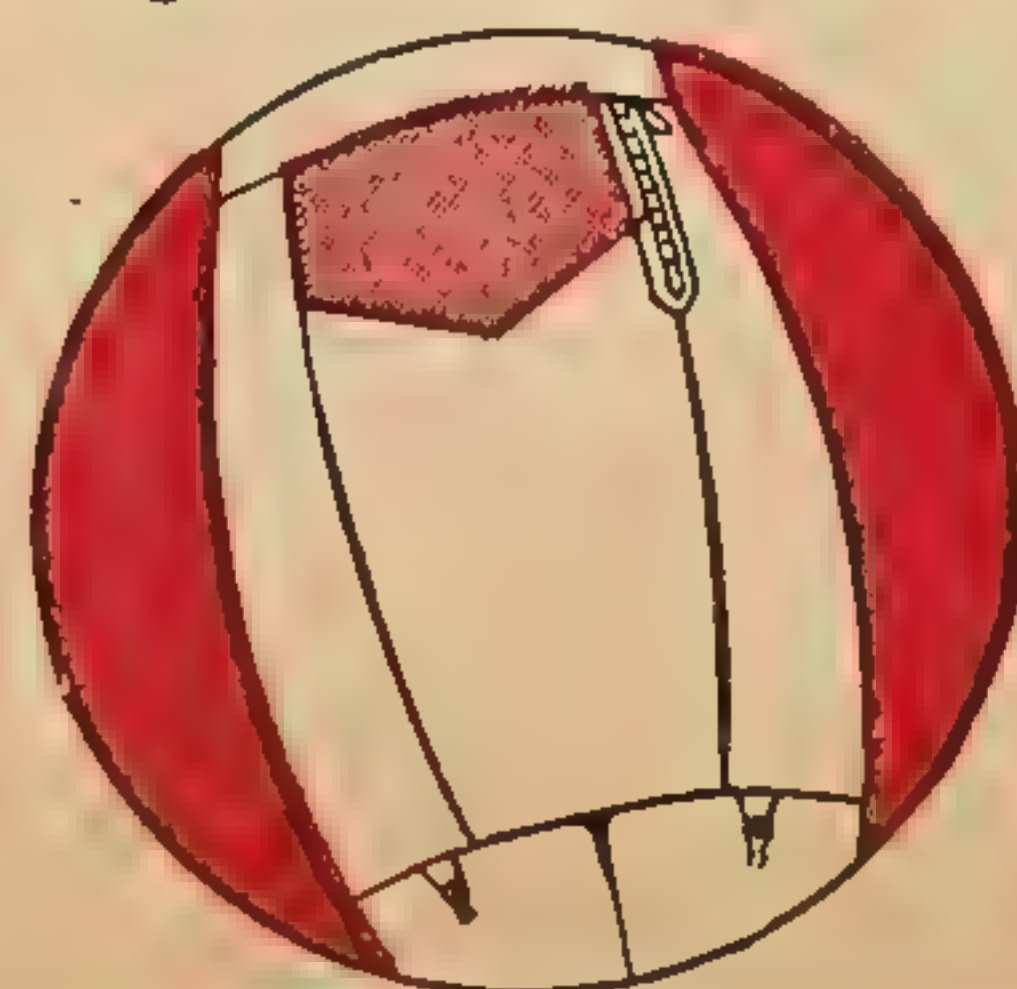
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Becker Original leopard cloth and wool reversible coat worn by Elizabeth Taylor in color photograph (page 81)

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Chicago, Ill.—Goldblatt's State Street Store, Junior Deb Dept.

Detroit, Mich.—Sam's, Second Floor
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Alligator calf pumps worn by Elizabeth Taylor in color photograph (page 81)

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York Mode hooded coat with gold buttons worn by Elizabeth Taylor (page 82)

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Boston, Mass.—Jordan, Marsh Co., Teen Age and Junior Miss Depts., Downstairs

New York, N. Y.—Stern's, Teen Age Dept., Downstairs

Judy Nell leopard-cloth lined coat worn by Elizabeth Taylor (page 83)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's
Milwaukee, Wis.—Schuster's, Budget Shops, Fashion Floor

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Downstairs Coats

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Downstairs Teen Town and Jive Way

Jonathan Logan suit with capelet neckline worn by Elizabeth Taylor (page 84)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—E. T. Slattery Co., Junior Miss Shop, Second Floor

Dayton, Ohio—The Elder & Johnston Co., Collegiate Dept., Second Floor

Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson Co., College Shop, Second Floor

R. & K. Original suit with hip interest worn by Jacqueline White (page 85)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Boston, Mass.—R. H. White's, Fashions, Second Floor

Chicago, Ill.—Chas. A. Stevens & Co., Junior Deb Dept., Fifth Floor

New York, N. Y.—McCreery's, Junior Celebrity Shop, Fourth Floor

St. Louis, Mo.—Famous-Barr Co., Thrift Shop and Little New Yorker Shop, Fourth Floor

Junior Prom big collared, full back coat worn by Jacqueline White (page 86)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa—Armstrong's, Downstairs Style Shop

New York, N. Y.—Hearn's, Economy Coats, Second Floor

Madcaps flannel hat (page 86) about \$4

Kansas City, Mo.—Chasnoff, Inc.
New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Madcaps Bar, Main Floor

Henry Rosenfeld suit worn by Jacqueline White (page 88)

Altoona, Pa.—The Wm. F. Gable Co.
Baltimore, Md.—Stewart & Co.

Cincinnati, Ohio—The John Shillito Co., Casual Dress Dept., Third Floor

Detroit, Mich.—B. Siegel Co., College Shop, Second Floor

New York, N. Y.—Bloomingdale's, Budget Dresses, Third Floor

Washington, D. C.—The Hecht Co., Casual Dresses, Third Floor

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If no store in your city is listed write:
Fashion Editor, Modern Screen, 149
Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 22)

a few special performances. Bouchet is insulted, and retires to her dressing-room in tears.

Small Meg, understanding very little of all this, knows only that her beloved ballerina is unhappy. She decides that somehow she must manage to spoil La Darina's opening. It might, she thinks, be very funny if, in the middle of the dance, all the lights went off. So, just at the climax of the performance, Meg reaches up and pulls a switch. Then she runs as fast as she can out of the building. But it was the wrong switch, and as a result La Darina will never walk again . . .

The pieces of this highly sentimental plot are pulled together by a Mr. Paneros, better known as Danny Thomas, who is sad and funny by turns.—M-G-M

THE FOXES OF HARROW

Stephen Fox is a man to remember, and—played by Rex Harrison—a man to fascinate every woman who sets eyes on him. The illegitimate son of a well-born Irish girl, he comes to America with his mind on just one thing. He is going to establish a fortune and an estate that will be the pride of each succeeding generation of Foxes.

His start in New Orleans is hardly auspicious. He is branded a professional gambler, but there is an air about Stephen Fox which enables him to carry off any situation. Perhaps it's the cool humor in his hazel eyes, or perhaps it's the black pearl he wears in the silk stock at his throat.

Stephen makes one friend immediately—Andre LeBlanc (Richard Haydn), who is engaged to young Aurore D'Arceneaux (Vanessa Brown). And one enemy—Aurore's spirited, haughty sister, Odalie (Maureen O'Hara). The moment Stephen sees Odalie, the blood of his distinguished Irish ancestors starts doing nip-ups. Here is the girl for him to marry. The girl who will found with him a dynasty of Foxes. But Odalie will have nothing to do with him—yet.

It takes him years to win her, but in those years Stephen carves Harrow from the bank of the turbulent Mississippi. Harrow, an estate matched in magnificence by no other.

(Continued on page 132)



The Foxes Of Harrow: After years of wooing, Rex Harrison marries willful Maureen O'Hara.

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"HIMSELF"

(Continued from page 53)

I got to yer set," I says.

"Victuals ye would follow anywhere, O'Brien," he says. "You remember McBride?"

McBride that fed us when we were a pair of unemployed play-actors? I would be as lief to forget the Blarney Stone or the grand St. Patrick himself as the McBride.

"And 'twas you that made a blithering pig of yerself, that evening, O'Brien," says he.

He has a memory as tight as a Scotsman's fist, he has. And before the company and all he told it on me.

'Twas in those bleak days when we were flatter than Paddy's foot, and to town came the McBride, an old friend, with money in his pocket.

So one fine evening he takes us to a place on Lexington Avenue where the calories are plentiful and cheap, and we order up the sixty-five cent steak with trimmings. I am consuming the heavenly food like a furnace when I note that both Tracy and McBride are weaving, and growing a bright Irish green around their handsome gills.

"'Tis pizen," says Tracy. "'Twas the fish."

And McBride gulps and demands fresh air, and maybe an ambulance.

But, dear reader, after living the past seven days on pretzels and water, I could have enjoyed the sole of a Hungarian's boot, and I says, "Begone with yez, leave a man eat in peace."

'tis a quarrel between 'em . . .

"I will not walk with such a man," says Tracy, after watching me devour my steak, and he wouldn't. So uptown we stalked, him on one side of the street and me on the other, and to bed we went in our room without ever a word spoken, and Tracy glowering at me with the wrath of Brian Boru.

But before long I was disturbed in me fashionable dreams.

"Pat," he says, friendly like.

"Yeah?" says I, being cautious.

"Good night, Pat," he says.

'Twas as close to a quarrel as we ever came, and I have been knowing the man these thirty-two years, from the time he was a shaver in Milwaukee, six months younger than meself.

Seeing Tracy in his grand suit in this Cass McTimberlane drama, elegant and impressive, reminded me of our dress suit, and this is how that was:

Through some little miracle when the saints had smiled on me, I had work in a stock company, wearing a very fine soup and fish provided by the stage manager. But in spite of me fine acting, the play closed in the provinces, and without a farthing to pay the actors, either.

'Twas the dress suit I got instead of cash, and after a grand, loud dicker, Spence parted with five dollars for a half interest in the beautiful suit. It kept us in walk-on parts for months, that suit.

"'Tis about time for a dress suit party," I said to Mister Tracy.

"And so it is," says he.

For it is our habit, now that we have grown accustomed to eating three great meals every day most of the time, to set a time once a year and dine together on elegant food at some famous place, both wearing dress suits, newly pressed, with an extra piece of pie.

Seeing the Tracy in all his glory minded me, too, of his father, a grand man and

bless his soul, and what he said when he first glimpsed his son acting on the stage. Mr. Tracy was the head of a trucking business, and it was his wish that his boy follow in his footsteps. He came backstage after the play and said:

"Son, I just sat there thinking about that nice new five-ton truck we got. It's a wonderful truck, and I couldn't help thinking that you'd look right at home up on the driver's seat."

But Spence kept on acting, as you know, and when he got to a play called *The Last Mile*, in which he played Killer Mears, the lid was off for sure, and Spence was started as a great star.

At the time of Spence's triumph in *The Last Mile*, I had returned from another disastrous road company tour, and I was broke, roaming the streets, when I heard about this grand opening of a new play.

I had enough to get into a fourth row seat in the balcony, and 'twas a lovely sight, the great spectacle of Tracy knocking the folks dead with his talent and his great, calm authority. He took seventeen curtain calls, and when that was over, I hurried around back stage, thinking maybe just to shake the hand of me old pal.

Ah me, the carriage trade was all back stage, looking at Spence through their lorgnettes.

But when the doorman told him Pat O'Brien was there to see him, the Tracy gave the back of his hand to all his fine new friends, and walked away from them as if they were a swarm of bill collectors, an old friend being the most important thing in the world to him even at the moment of his greatest triumph, with Broadway at his feet.

Did you know how Spence and I got started acting? I might as well tell you, now that this piece is getting rather long.

After we'd both served in the Navy, in World War I, that is, there was a great generous plan subscribed to by the State of Wisconsin for the education of veterans. Like the Veteran's Bill of Rights today.

So we approached the great State of Wisconsin, and we said, "Sir, 'tis actors we would be, and you have no acting school to send us to, us veterans who won the war for you at Great Lakes Training Station. Why not send us to school in New York?"

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And the great State of Wisconsin fell for the story, and that's the truth of the matter, and that's why Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien are actors today.

You would want to know about Mister Tracy today, if I had had a chance to interview him, instead of gabbing about the grand old times, and what Spence is doing today would surprise you.

He is painting. Yes, me darlin' readers, oil painting.

"It teaches you to see," he tells me, "to see wonderful things, new beauties in line and color, in street cars and gasoline stations, even.

"And it doesn't have to be good, mind you," he points out. "Not at all. Because you do this painting to please yourself, and hang the results in the basement."

Also, himself is raising horses on a ranch in the San Fernando Valley, and you will be interested, of course, in what kind of horses. Old horses.

This is because he is a grand sentimental man and cannot bear to get rid of a nag once he has clapped a leg over him, and he has ten of these senile steeds today!

When the members of the Club are in town, we see a lot of Tracy. The Club, which hasn't a name but might be called the Hollywood Hibernians, is composed of some fine fellows known to the public as Spencer Tracy, James Cagney, Jimmy McHugh, and Pat O'Brien—an elegant collection of fine gentlemen.

That brick-topped Irisher, Mister Cagney, is the one who told me at the Club one evening that Tracy is a superstitious man, a thing I never suspected before.

over the bounding main . . .

It turns out these adventures were in a 22-foot yawl, returning from Catalina at dusk, and the seas running higher than the dashboard of a 1920 Cadillac, and it got to be a ticklish question of whether they would turn back or go on.

Finally, they sighted land, a couple of knots to starboard, and the skipper bellowed:

"That's the time we beat Ole Debbil Sea!"

They tell me the Mister Tracy froze to a lanyard, or something.

"Don't say that, you fool!" he shouted. "You curse the sea and we're still two miles off shore!"

When the mood is on him, there is no telling what fabulous thing the man may do. 'Twas Cagney who went to New York with him one trip, and a grand time they had on the train, telling the old tales, and when they pulled into Pennsylvania Station, Cagney said:

"Spence, you'll be busy this morning and I'll be busy this morning, so late this afternoon I'll call your hotel and we'll talk about dinner some place."

And Spence naturally said that would be all right, and so Cagney called him.

"Mr. Tracy just left," said the clerk. "He checked in, then checked out immediately and took the next train back to California."

You might never suspect it, but Spence is the great-granddaddy of all worry-warts, and many's the time that he's told me that his acting was no good, his script was no good, and the whole screenplay was no good. These spells usually come on him when he's making something especially elegant, such as *Captains Courageous*, or *Boys' Town*, each of which won him an Academy Award.

When he works, as you probably know, he even abandons his fine home in the Valley and moves in town with his brother, Carol, who has an apartment over an office on South Beverly Drive.

He has done a couple of wonderful things which I would interview him about, except that you cannot get him to open

his lip about them. It is a fact, for instance, that he took a likely kid, sent him through college and medical school, and that lad is now a full professor of medicine at a famous Canadian university.

And the John Tracy Clinic, named for his son John, is as wonderful a thing as you will want to hear about. This is the school for deaf children run by Mrs. Tracy, with Spence behind the scenes, helping out with the necessary. The only time I ever heard Spence talk about it—and it's close to his heart, too close for palaver—was not long ago when he was on a radio program for Louella Parsons, and he said it about like this:

"John, our son, who has never heard anything, is now in his third year in college easily holding his own with other boys. What has helped him is that his mother learned how to train him from childhood. Mrs. Tracy started the John Tracy Clinic. It's the only school of its kind in the country. They train not only the children, but more importantly, the parents. Our Clinic is a small thing in its way, but I hope it gives other people in other communities the idea to do work along these lines. . . . There is no such thing as a deaf and dumb person. The only reason a deaf child cannot speak is because he cannot hear."

So you are bound to see how it was I had a fine, wrangling, yarn-spinning time with Tracy on the set, but didn't get a thing out of him.

I don't know whether I could write the grand lyrical piece about him, anyway. I'm too close to the subject, too admiring, to tell you the confidential truth, and the guy's great warm talent for friendship, is too overwhelming a thing to get on paper.

Also, dear reader, you will understand that I couldn't be putting it down in writing for publication that I think maybe this Tracy is the greatest actor in the world. Tracy knows me too well. He would grab my shillalagh and beat my brains out, probably, if I wrote anything like that about him. Too bad—for my story might win the O'Pulitzer Prize!

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I'm a car-hop in a drive-in on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood. One night a young man wearing dark glasses drove in, and after looking over the menu, asked with a British accent, "What would you suggest?"



"The spaghetti and meatballs are very good, sir," I replied. "Oh, I say! Isn't that rather fattening?" he exclaimed, and then he added, "My studio says I must watch my calories." Thinking he was just another Hollywood wolf trying to make an impression, I said in my best la-de-dah manner, "I know just how you feel. It's the penalty we stars must pay for our success. For my last picture I simply stahved myself for months and months." Then we both laughed and he decided on iced tea and cottage cheese salad. When he had finished and I was handing him his change, he removed his glasses. I found myself gazing into the twinkling eyes of Peter Lawford. Handing me a liberal tip, he said, "Buy yourself some tea. It's very non-fattening. We stars have to keep our figures, you know."

Dona V. Stephens,
Los Angeles, California

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BY CAROL CARTER,
BEAUTY EDITOR

BREAKDOWN

(Continued from page 41)

healing she could no more fulfill her obligations at home or studio than a man with galloping pneumonia could swim the Irish Sea.

Vincente Minnelli, who had directed her last picture, *The Pirate*, knew it, too.

He was devotion itself when the decision was made that Judy should go away. He told her to think only of getting well. As for themselves—it was entirely up to her. He would stay if she liked. He would consent to go, or separate if she liked.

Judy was worn out. I knew that, time after time, Arthur Freed, the producer of *The Pirate*, had to send her home because she just wasn't up to her work.

The studio heads knew about Judy's condition when she left Hollywood. They made the arrangements. She traveled to northeastern Maine, and a private sanitarium. She placed herself completely under the best medical care, including the close supervision and constant attention of one of the finest psychoanalysts in the country. And that, according to a letter she has just written to a friend, seems to have done the trick.

"I feel like a new woman," she wrote. "I've discovered the outdoors, sports, sun! Imagine, I can eat, and I want to eat! I can sleep and never think of a sleeping pill. I've gained a little weight and I've never seen such lovely people, such peace!"

When a girl makes such a fuss about discovering these simple joys (even if they are the hardest in the world to capture!) she must not have had much chance to stumble across them before. And that's Judy's story. She didn't.

the spirit is willing . . .

People think of her as a slim, dark-eyed beauty who can act and sing like an angel. That's a tribute to her artistry. But she's not an angel! Judy Garland, even as you and I, is flesh and blood. And she was only three years old when she first broke into public life by toddling onto a stage before a large theater audience!

That was when her parents and two sisters were a family vaudeville act. Judy has been before the public one way or another, ever since. It affected her growing up, it still affects every phase of her life. When she began losing her first teeth as a five-year-old, it wasn't just in the presence of her family. Whole audiences were party to the coming of the awful gaps, and it seemed to Judy that eons passed before the gaps were finally filled in by her second teeth. Ask your child psychologist how *that* could affect a sensitive child!

When other girls were going through their "awkward age" blithely indifferent, Judy couldn't be. There were a thousand pairs of eyes on her nightly, and twice daily on Saturdays and Sundays!

And then came Hollywood and pictures.

Judy was about fourteen and already she had experienced many a sleepless night. Judy was a professional actress, fighting for a place in the sun and saddled with all the tension and responsibilities of such a position. Other girls of her age were giggling at nothing in particular, but how could Judy giggle?

I remember when Deanna Durbin, who started out in pictures at the same time Judy did, scored such a hit in *Three Smart Girls*. Judy came to me. "Oh, Hedda!" she wailed. "I'll never get anywhere! Deanna's made a wonderful picture and I've done nothing! Just nothing! I'll never get anywhere!"



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At the first blush of Womanhood



by
VALDA SHERMAN

Many mysterious changes take place in your body as you approach womanhood. For instance, the apocrine glands under your arms begin to secrete daily a type of perspiration you have never known before. This is closely related to physical development and is especially evident in young women. It causes an unpleasant odor on both your person and your clothes.

No need for alarm—There is nothing "wrong" with you. It is just another sign you are now a woman, not a girl. It is also a warning that now you *must* select a truly effective underarm deodorant.

Two dangers to overcome—Underarm odor is a real handicap at this age when a girl wants to be attractive, and the new cream deodorant Arrid is made especially to overcome this very difficulty. It kills odor instantly, safely and surely, then by antiseptic action prevents the formation of all odor for many hours and keeps you safe. Moreover, it protects against a second danger—perspiration stains. The physical exertion, embarrassment and emotion of the teens and twenties can cause the apocrine glands to fairly gush perspiration. A dance, a date, an embarrassing remark may easily make you perspire and offend as well as ruin a dress.

All deodorants not alike—Don't take chances! Rely on Arrid which stops underarm perspiration as well as odor. No other deodorant gives you the same intimate protection as Arrid's exclusive formula. That's why Arrid is so popular with girls your age. They buy more Arrid than any other age group. More nurses—more men and women everywhere—use Arrid than any other deodorant.

How to protect yourself—You'll find the new Arrid a snowy, stainless cream that smooths on and disappears in a jiffy. Never gritty or grainy. The American Institute of Laundering has awarded Arrid its Approval Seal—harmless to fabrics. Gentle, antiseptic Arrid will not irritate skin. No other deodorant tested stops perspiration and odor so completely yet so safely!

Don't be half-safe—During this "age of courtship," don't let perspiration problems spoil your fun. Don't be half-safe—be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Get Arrid right away, only 39¢ plus tax at your favorite drug counter.

I knew differently. I tried to tell her; to laugh her worries away. But she wouldn't be consoled and turned from me—a fourteen-year-old girl with tragedy already plain in her eyes! She didn't know then how high she would go, or how hard she would work, or how much fun her success would take from her. Not that she would have stopped. She had to go on.

Remember when Judy was making the early Andy Hardys, *Babes on Broadway*, and those others with Mickey Rooney, some eight years ago? Everyone wondered how she could stand the grind. "But then, she's so young and fresh and plump," they all said.

What they didn't know was that Judy was paying a price. She was using up more energy than she had.

This was the "happy girlhood" of Judy Garland. And she *was* just a girl. It came through every once in a while despite everything. You know. You heard it in her voice when she sang "Over the Rainbow" in *The Wizard of Oz*. You heard it again in that wonderful, "You Made Me Love You, Mr. Gable!" I *know* it was the girl in her singing *that* song because, believe it or not, up to then she had never met Gable though they both worked on the same lot, and she had a crush on him just as devastating as any one of a million other girls of her age at the time!

This was Judy, then, living on excitement, applause, hard work and music. Check that last word. Judy was music crazy.

beautiful music together . . .

You can't live on music, but Judy tried to. She even married it! Enter David Rose. Here was a mating that was exactly like one of David's own compositions. It went rollicking along, up and down the scale, skittering, dancing, getting faster and faster until suddenly it ended with a cymbal-crashing finale.

It was sometime after the separation, that Judy and I were talking about the opening of her latest picture. She was to attend with Mickey Rooney. "Hedda, don't you think I ought to have an Adrian gown to wear to the opening?" she asked. She begged me to agree. I did, publicly, in my column. When Judy went to the opening she had on an Adrian gown—compliments of Mr. Louis B. Mayer, her studio boss.

I think Judy subconsciously hoped the gown would do something for her. It did. Neither I, nor Louis B. Mayer, nor probably even Judy had any idea what real effect it would have. Of course, first of all, it was a sheer delight. But after that, I think that gown made her see herself as a different person—a smart, more sophisticated person, and not the young, appealing girl she was.

She didn't wait to grow; she tried to leap into this new personality overnight, and didn't quite make it. She always fell a little short of the impression she was trying to create about herself. Now, she was neither fully girl nor woman, but shifted back and forth.

If ever a girl needed a steadying force, the girl was Judy, yet when she married her director, Vincente Minnelli, it was the surprise of the town. It is Minnelli who has brought Judy's real genius to the screen in the opinion of many people—again, including Judy. Just before I started to write this, Judy sent word to the studio that she wants Vincente to direct her in *Easter Parade*.

Vincente had told Metro he was perfectly willing to step out of the picture if Judy preferred, because he is sincere in his desire to have nothing prevent Judy's regaining her health. And, incidentally, if you have heard that someone else is to replace Judy in *Easter Parade*, you might as well forget it. Judy has told all her

friends: "As long as I live, nobody will get that part away from me!"

Yes, the coming together of Judy Garland and Vincente Minnelli was considered a great artistic union at Metro. Judy found in Minnelli a sense of theater, born of his New York legitimate experience, that she had never encountered before. He recognized that Judy was a great screen potential, could go to any heights. He did wonders for her. She did wonders for him. But marriage? No one had given thought to the possibility. Which didn't in the least prevent the marriage, or best wishes from all who knew them both.

But wishes are one thing. Facts are another. Word would come that they were not getting on, that Judy had walked out. And then they'd be back together again. And, of course, they were always together at the studio. But it was when Judy was expecting her baby that I think life really began to catch up with her.

I remember three months before the baby was born, I had planned a shower for Judy—just for me! I had invited all the producers, all the directors, stars, musicians, cameramen; all the set technicians who had known her. They were phoning me like mad asking what they could bring. Among other things there was going to be a miniature baby grand piano for the nursery! And, in the midst of the preparations, Judy's mother phoned. The doctor had taken a stand against the shower! "Judy is just not well enough for all the excitement," said her mother. "A night like that will mean an emotional outpouring, and she just can't stand it."

Everyone in Hollywood had the idea that the birth of Judy's baby would have a wonderful effect on her. That was all she needed to settle her down, we said. But, the stamina she needed badly now, with motherhood coming on, was missing. It had been scattered back through the years.

The baby is lovely, of course. A dark, curly-haired dream child with great big eyes. But the birth left Judy nervous, exhausted, held to her bed for weeks. She tried to regain her strength. She thought she was well, when she started *The Pirate*. But working was a mistake. She would tire. And then she became perpetually tired. How far is it from this to brooding? To falling prey to any unhappy thoughts? To developing the complexes that assail anyone who is despondent and weary?

Not far. Dangerously near, as a matter of fact. But, thank goodness, these are questions we don't have to bother answering now, as far as Judy is concerned.

"I feel like a new woman," she has written, and the doctor has confirmed this.

it's up to judy . . .

Her baby is waiting for her.

Vincente Minnelli is waiting for her—willing to go on as her husband and director, or step out as one, the other, or both.

Her career is waiting for her, with *Annie Get Your Gun* all set to follow *Easter Parade*—and since these two pictures are a pair of Metro's most important properties, you get an idea how she stands with her studio.

And if she follows the advice of her doctors, a more rounded life awaits her; one in which her thinking won't be limited by the borders of Hollywood, but will go on to all the rest of the things that make up a well-balanced existence.

Because Judy really doesn't have to be a "new woman" to find what's "over the rainbow." She just has to drop some of the malignancies that always come with stardom—overwork, over-anxiety, over-self-concentration. Then she'll be Judy Garland, the girl who is a song and a bouquet rolled into one.

That's how simple Judy's story really is!

OF G-STRINGS AND APRON STRINGS

(Continued from page 55)

pretty wonderful."

When Dan hit New York, he had nothing but ideas, and a purse as empty as his stomach. He went to see a dancing teacher named Johnny Madison, and Johnny provided a roof and the grubstake.

Johnny charged \$10 an hour for dancing lessons, but he hated to see a customer get away. He turned the poor prospects over to Dan.

At this point, Dan would say to the victim, "I am very busy, but I can see you are a deserving young person so I will make a special concession in your case." Now he admits, "Of course, it was stealing \$4 an hour, but a man had to live."

And then, in 1931, there was a hit on Broadway. A show called *Stars in Your Eyes*, and people were talking as much about that sensational kid, Dailey, as they were about Jimmy Durante and Ethel Merman. That year, Mrs. Dailey not only sat in a packed house and watched her son bring it down, but she sat with her proud husband.

So Dan ended up in Hollywood, and discovered that the joint was full of experts. Their shadows were long enough to hide any young man who had just arrived with hope in his heart and enough in the kick for a one-room apartment and eating fee until the first pay check.

"I got a load of myself competing against Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly," Dan says. "Then I looked around for a place to drop dead."

He did, theatrically speaking, of course.

Dead as only an actor could be who began playing Nazis in such pictures as M-G-M's *The Mortal Storm*. The pictures were important, but in Hollywood, an actor who snarls keeps right on snarling unless a minor miracle occurs.

In Dan's case, the beginning of the miracle was a draft card pointing out that he was 1-A.

no seat-dusting for dan . . .

He started in the Signal Corps, found out that his career in the Army was going to consist largely of taking dust off a desk chair with the seat of his pants, and managed a transfer to the Cavalry.

Dan had become an expert rider and trainer of horses during his vacation days on Long Island. Only, when he was shipped to Italy, the horses were mules because of the mountainous action of the 80th Infantry Division. There was about a year of this business of rocks and mules, and mules and rocks, and a letter from home once a month.

Then a lot of the war folded up and people went home. Except for a good many thousand men who wound up in a northern province called Venezia Giulia.

Dailey used to get letters from Hollywood announcing the wholesale return of fighting actors. He thought about this while he was out on machine gun patrol, making sure that the guys who had forgotten which side they were fighting on stayed put.

One day, during this inspiring business, he was sent for by a Colonel Holland, who told him morale was getting pretty low, and could he stage a musical show just like a Broadway production in two and a half weeks?

"He didn't have to twist my arm, because that meant I could stay in a town for a while and sleep in a bed."

The musical was called *The Low Point*

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Hair that *thrills* at the very sight or touch of it! Hair that gleams with natural highlights and shadows—sparkles with silken softness—delights with clean fragrance—how can *any* man help adoring such lovely hair? And today more and more women of all ages are discovering that the *secret* of this glamorous hair-appeal is Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Not a soap, not a liquid, Lustre-Creme Shampoo is an amazing new dainty *cream* that lathers luxuriously in hard or soft water, and sweeps dullness away . . . quickly (no special rinse) . . . easily . . . inexpensively. Out of her wealth of cosmetic lore, Kay Daumit blended gentle lanolin with special secret ingredients to achieve this almost-magic cream that introduces a new glowing softness, a wonderful *obedience* to your hair. Try it. Discover what a world of True Hair Loveliness one jar of Lustre-Creme Shampoo can bring. At all cosmetic counters.



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Revue, because almost everybody in the 80th Infantry had enough points to have been home sitting at the corner drug store for six months.

Just a year ago, June, Dan Dailey arrived back in Hollywood. By this time, so many men were out that Dan felt a little freakish.

"Anyway, I had a suit of clothes and a sports jacket, with pants. I went back to Metro, ready to go. I was ready to go for a long time. The only film they had on me that amounted to anything showed me in a Nazi uniform looking like somebody had planted limburger in the pockets.

"Look," I said a few times, 'I dance.'

"When I got good and tired of that, along came the chance to be Betty Grable's leading man in *Mother Wore Tights*. I was offered a contract at 20th. I went in to see L. B. Mayer and said I needed to get that picture. Mr. Mayer said it was all right to leave provided I'd come back once a year.

"So here I am, not sore at anybody, and all I say is, 'You tell me what you want me to do, Mac, and I'll do it.'"

Dailey wasn't afraid of mules, but he was nervous about working with Betty Grable, queen of the Fox lot.

In his first scene, he showed how nervous he was. He didn't know how far to pull out the stops.

Betty looked at him and smiled.

"Look, Mac," she said, "I got mine. Go get yours."

And in his personal judgment, Betty Grable climbed onto a high pedestal.

Another thing he learned about Miss Grable: she doesn't talk in the morning.

Every morning, Dan walked into the scene and said, "Hi."

Betty said, "Hi."

Then they went to work.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

In Buffalo we have a teen-age club called, "Club 4:15."

It's on the air every day after school. This certain afternoon was important because Lawrence (Dillinger) Tierney was going to appear in person to talk about his latest picture. The handsome Larry walked in and sighs filled the studio. Finally, everyone listened quietly as he described his "tough-guy" role as Dillinger. Suddenly the shrill sound of a siren was heard from outside. Larry laughed and said, "I guess the cops followed me here."



Jo Avigliano, Buffalo, New York

The gangling Mr. Dailey hardly reflects genteel consideration for the opposite sex, though. He looks tough.

"Once when I needed a few bucks," he reports, "I figured to become a prize fighter. I danced around pretty good, and I could hit all right. There was only one trouble—too much of me and too little of the other guy. I had three fights, and got kicked around. I have a lot of respect for gents who are a foot shorter than I am."

Mrs. Dan Dailey was Elizabeth Hofert before their marriage, and their courtship was as casual and episodic as all Dan's life. It seems one of his friends began to rave about a girl he'd met; the most perfect girl a man could find.

The friend brought the girl to a party.

The girl was Elizabeth Hofert. 5'4" she was, and blonde, but that didn't say it all.

"I figured," Dan remembers, "that my chum would go right out of his mind, so I took her off his hands."

The friend is still raving.

Came Christmas time, 1942. Dan and an army buddy named Bob Eagen secured passes with matrimony in mind. They planed into Chicago and were tossed off by high priorities. They grabbed a cab for the Dearborn Street railroad station, bought tickets, and hoped for last minute cancellations on the Chief.

As it turned out, John Garfield and Spencer Tracy were on the Chief, and each had an upper bunk he wasn't using. The two prospective bridegrooms hit the coast the day before Christmas, faced the minister the next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Dailey, Jr., didn't get around to a honeymoon until last year. Then they went to Lake Arrowhead, and rented a cottage a mile high in the mountains. There Dan learned about water skiing. Now and then Mrs. Dailey would look out the window, see a speed boat gaining momentum, and behind it, Dan emerging on one foot.

"You have to learn to come up on one foot first before you can really water ski, honey," Dan kept telling her, "and there's positively no way that I can break my neck. The water cushions the fall."

Mrs. Dailey thought that was dandy.

Mrs. Dailey has confidence in her man.

So does Mr. Darryl Zanuck, because over at 20th, they've seen him in *Give My Regards to Broadway* and *Mother Wore Tights*.

Dan Dailey doesn't have to wait until the booker sees his act any more. He can send his laundry out any damn time he pleases.

ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI COLA COMPANY



"With a performance like that, he's a cinch for the academy award!"

SOUTH AMERICA, TAKE IT AWAY

(Continued from page 49)

crowd. Nearby, five or six microphones were warming up. Clearing his throat, Bob, accompanied by Fred Myron, who went along as interpreter and general right hand, walked over to say a few words to the assembled throng. But as he started to speak, somebody pushed him away. "Not you, Limberlips."

Abashed, Bob stood aside and the little man who had annoyed him on the plane was led to the speakers' platform. He said something in Portuguese and the crowd went crazy. He happened to be one of the most important citizens of South America, home from a visit to the U. S. A!

On his first night in Rio, Bob was taken down to a radio show m.c.'ed by Pedro Vargas, a very fine Brazilian comedian with whom Bob had once traded gags at President Roosevelt's birthday party in Washington.

"When I walked into the studio, Pedro spotted me and called me up to do a routine. There was a terrific crowd in the place. Finally, I stumbled up to Pedro and for nearly five minutes there was dead air. Nothing happened. No noise, no music. Nothing.

"Then we began. Pedro asked Freddie a question. Freddie repeated it to me. Then I gave him my reply and he fed it to Pedro in Portuguese.

"Pedro, in Portuguese, asked me how I liked Rio. Freddie interpreted. I replied that Rio is terrific, but where are the items on the beach, those lovely accessories? What happened? Somebody on strike?

straight man . . .

"Freddie gave my line in Portuguese. He got a tremendous 'yak' while I stood there big and stupid. Now I know how a straight man feels.

"For a half hour Fred got all the laughs and loved it. I was ready to punch the guy in the head. I told him I'd make the funnies around Rio if he didn't mind. But it was like dope to him. He couldn't stop. He ended up even mugging to get laughs.

"The next day we were invited to a soccer game. Between halves, I was asked in Portuguese, 'How do you like soccer?'

"I answered, through Freddie Myron, that I thought it was wonderful, and told them that next year I'd bring Sinatra down to get a pair of legs. Freddie got a big laugh. I could have stayed in the hotel."

After this disaster, Hope learned how to say, "I think your country, your people and your girls on bicycles are tremendous," in basic Portuguese and Spanish.

"I had to," he claims. "I'd traveled 9,000 miles without getting a laugh for myself."

In the radio stations and night spots of Rio, Hope found the humor of the Americas very similar. Brazilian comedians, for instance, can always get a laugh by merely mentioning the name of Rio's used car genius, an enterprising local boy who calls himself, "Madman Maderas."

South American government officials in bad public favor usually get a merciless going over from local comedians, too, according to Hope.

"When the needle is out for some goof in the South American government, the comics really give him rough treatment," Bob says. "I'd be afraid to walk home in the dark if I needled politicians with



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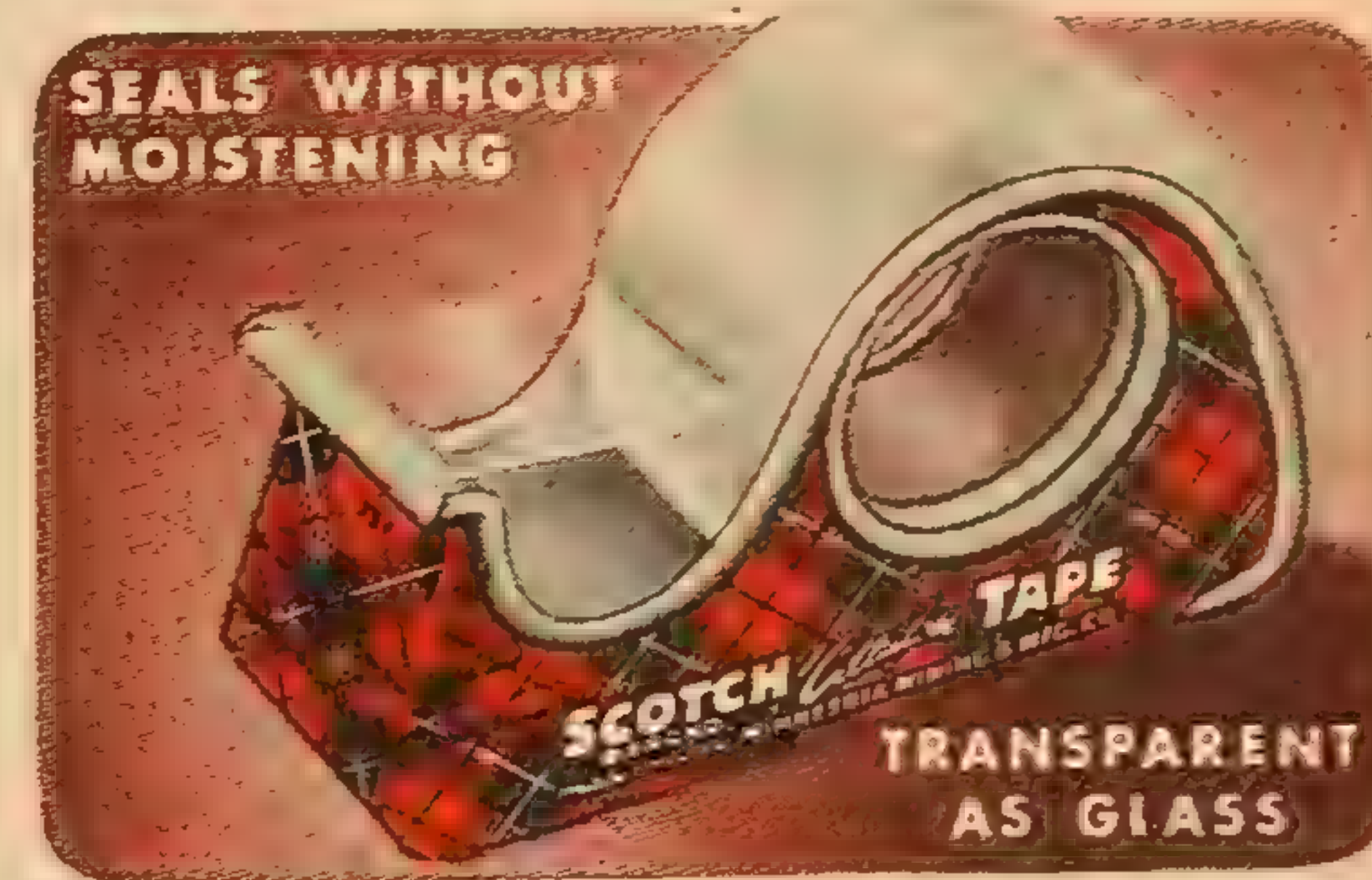
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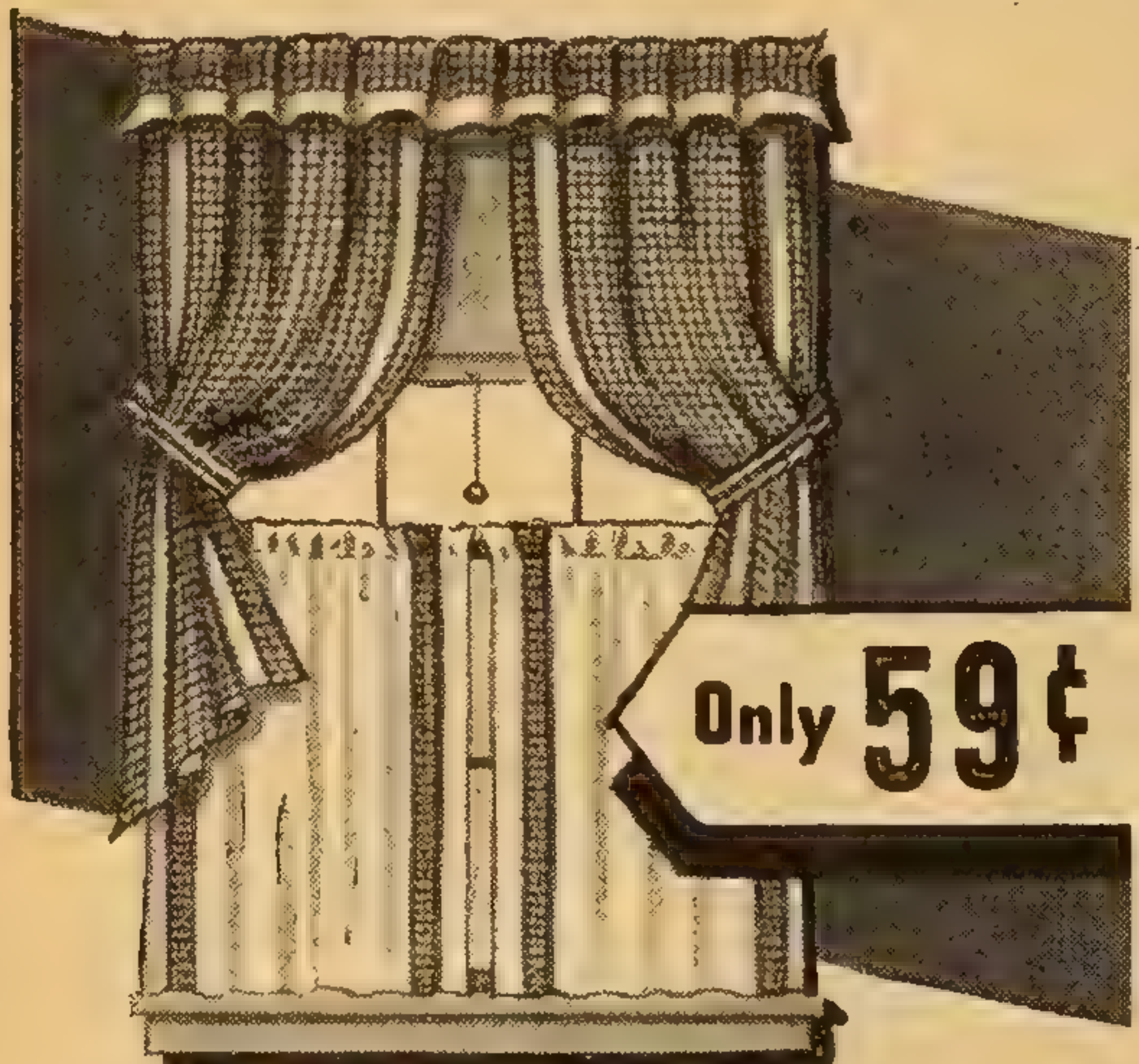
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the determination employed in South America."

While in Rio, Bob and Dolores played golf at the Gavea Country Club, a sprawling course running up to the edge of the jungle, which Hope claims to be one of the most beautiful in the world.

While playing golf there, Bob was bitten on the hand by a tropical bug, which laid its egg in him and buzzed away. A few days later, in Buenos Aires, Hope sat in a doctor's office and watched the doctor lance open the infected bite.

"The golf at Gavea was worth it, however. What a place," Bob sighs. "I sliced one into the jungle, and started in after it. But the caddy wouldn't follow. Only a few weeks before, a golfer and a caddy took off into the woods after a ball and they haven't been seen since."

While at Gavea, Bob hit a ball that landed near a tree on the edge of the fairway. At the top of his backswing to drive the ball back into civilization, he found he wasn't able to complete his stroke. He thought he was paralyzed.

Disturbed, he turned toward the heavy foliage of the tree. There, sitting on a branch, with the club head in his paws, was an evil-faced little monkey. Hope spent the next twenty minutes trying to lure the club out of the monkey's grasp.

On still another hole, Bob had a very difficult lie. It called for playing his

golf ball from the coils of a dozing snake.

After satisfying himself that golfing at Gavea Country Club in Rio was not a sure-fire way to attain old age, Bob and his family departed by air for Montevideo, Uruguay.

There, Hope saw *Road to Utopia*—the Spanish version.

"It was really surprising to hear Bing and me talking Spanish. They made me the funny man in keeping with the Latin tradition, so I have a very high, squeaky voice. Crosby is the hero, so he talks with hair on his voice."

After completing a refresher course in rumba and samba in Rio, the Hopes considered themselves highly adept in the art of tossing themselves around to the rattle of marachas and the beat of the bombas. One night in Montevideo they spent five hours dancing the two Latin-American dances.

"That was enough," claims Hope. "I dented a lot of fenders that evening. But those people were so wonderful, they never even complained."

"I did have a little trouble with the management of the joint about the bill. He wanted cash instead of toothpaste."

It was also in Uruguay that Bob got a long-distance call from Paramount announcing that the color commitment for *Paleface* had been obtained and that Bob would have Jane Russell for his

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This is easier than eating pie—just tell us your favorite movie stars—and then feast your eyes on the next three issues of MODERN SCREEN, for free. December, January and February, that is, for the first 500 of you who return the questionnaire below. Is it worth taking pen in hand? You bet it is! But hurry and be among the lucky 500!

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories and features did you enjoy most in our November issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2, and 3 AT THE RIGHT OF YOUR 1st, 2nd and 3rd CHOICES.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <i>Vacation From Marriage</i> (Cornel Wilde-Pat Knight) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Holiday in Mexico</i> (John Hodiak-Anne Baxter) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>If He Didn't Care</i> . . . (Dane Clark) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>The Play's the Thing</i> (Guy Madison-Diana Lynn-Gregory Peck-Dorothy McGuire) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Out of Unhappiness</i> . . . (Hedy Lamarr-Mark Stevens) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>She Never Had It So Good</i> (Diana Lynn) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Golden Girl</i> (Lana Turner) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Breakdown</i> (Judy Garland) by Hedda Hopper <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Tee For Two</i> (Clark Gable) by Ed Sullivan <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>South America Take It Away!</i> (Bob Hope) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Ed Sullivan's Hollywood Diary</i> . . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>"Of G-Strings and Apron Strings"</i> (Dan Dailey) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Gentle Heel</i> (Bob Ryan) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Himself</i> (Spencer Tracy) by Pat O'Brien <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>They Won't Forget</i> (Larry Parks, Betty Garrett) <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Birth of a Baby</i> (Barbara Hale-Bill Williams) <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Love That Man!</i> (Bing Crosby) by Eddie Condon <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Daddy</i> (Walter Pidgeon) by Aitkens Pidgeon <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>Innocent Abroad</i> (Linda Darnell) . . <input type="checkbox"/> | <i>Louella Parsons' Good News</i> <input type="checkbox"/> |
| <i>The Unclean</i> (Bing Crosby) <input type="checkbox"/> | |

Which of the above did you like LEAST?

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them, 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.

My name is

My address is

City Zone State I am years old

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leading lady in this new picture. "That's like punishing a rabbit by putting him in a lettuce patch," Hope told him.

Before leaving Montevideo, the Hope family toured the city in typical tourist fashion, and stopped to be photographed in front of historical landmarks and other local points of interest.

To one group of natives, Bob made what he considered a very funny remark, but Dolores didn't appreciate it. Her suffering glance, however, was observed by young Tony.

Conscious of his daddy's delicate feelings, Tony came to his defense. "Oh, let him go, Mom. He has to milk all his gags dry before he leaves town."

In Buenos Aires, the Hopes were invited to stay at the Albert Dodero estate. Bob already had reservations at a hotel, but somebody recommended that he stay at Dodero's. "A nice little place; you'll love it."

"What a place! A cozy little cottage the size of Willow Run. All the buildings on the Dodero estate are made of marble. Like Forest Lawn with hot and cold running water."

Bob was not the first citizen from Hollywood to enjoy Señor Dodero's hospitality. As he walked in the front door at Dodero's, the first thing he saw was a very large, autographed picture of an actress Bob had met a few times. The inscription on the photograph read, "To Albert Dodero; A million thanks for your wonderful hospitality. Yours, Dorothy Lamour."

surprise for dotty . . .

Bob immediately sat down and wrote a letter to Dorothy, telling her that he had seen her picture on the wall of the Doderos' bathroom, which, of course, was not where he found it.

The Hope visit to Buenos Aires was a shot in the arm for Americans permanently residing in the city. They hadn't been able to find a speaker for their big Fourth of July dinner party, before.

"It was really a fine party," Bob says. "Thirty dollars per person. Of course, this included a ham sandwich and a handful of fireworks."

"I'll always remember that affair. It was a high point in our trip. There I met the only heckler on our entire junket. An American, too."

"What a lovable chap. Gay, witty, and ten-fourths loaded. I thought I'd been inoculated for everything before I left the States. That Crosby, he has relatives everywhere."

A couple of days later, the bug bite that he had received on the golf course in Rio began bothering him. And the next day, he woke up with a bad toothache.

"I thought I was disintegrating. Everything went wrong at once. Finally, somebody touted me off to a dentist to have my jawls examined."

"The dentist turned out to be an Irishman from Pottsville, Pa., named Michael Patrick Henry, who has lived in Buenos Aires for 35 years. What a brogue! He acted like a king-size Barry Fitzgerald."

"When I arrived at his office he was kicking all his patients out the door. I told him not to bother with me, that it was just another toothache. But he tells me that I have to be in good shape for my trip back to the States."

"If anything happened to you," he says, "who would Paramount get to play straight man for Bing?"

Through the combined efforts of a doctor and a dentist, Bob and Dolores were able to resume the golfing, sightseeing and vacationing they missed during five days of Bob's illness.

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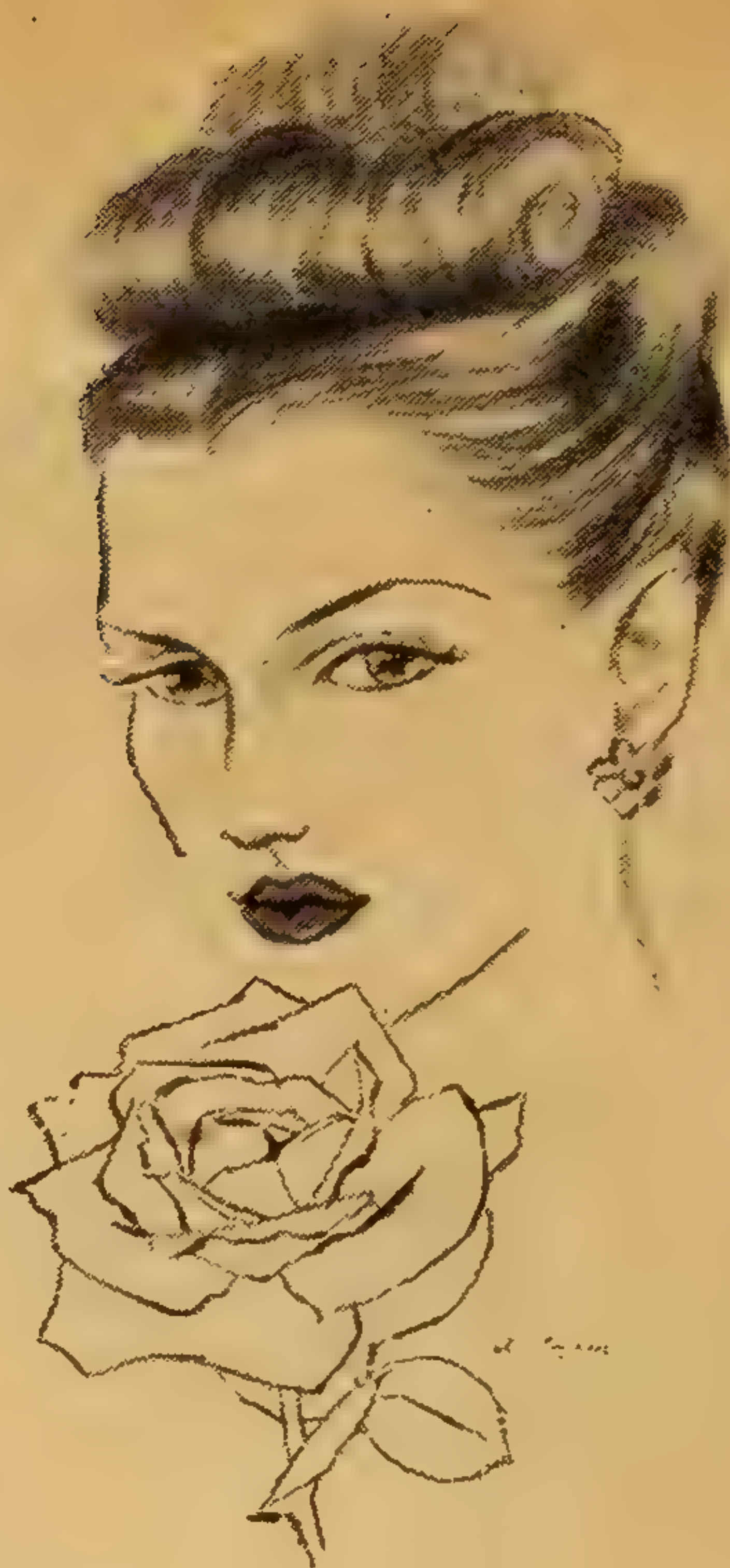
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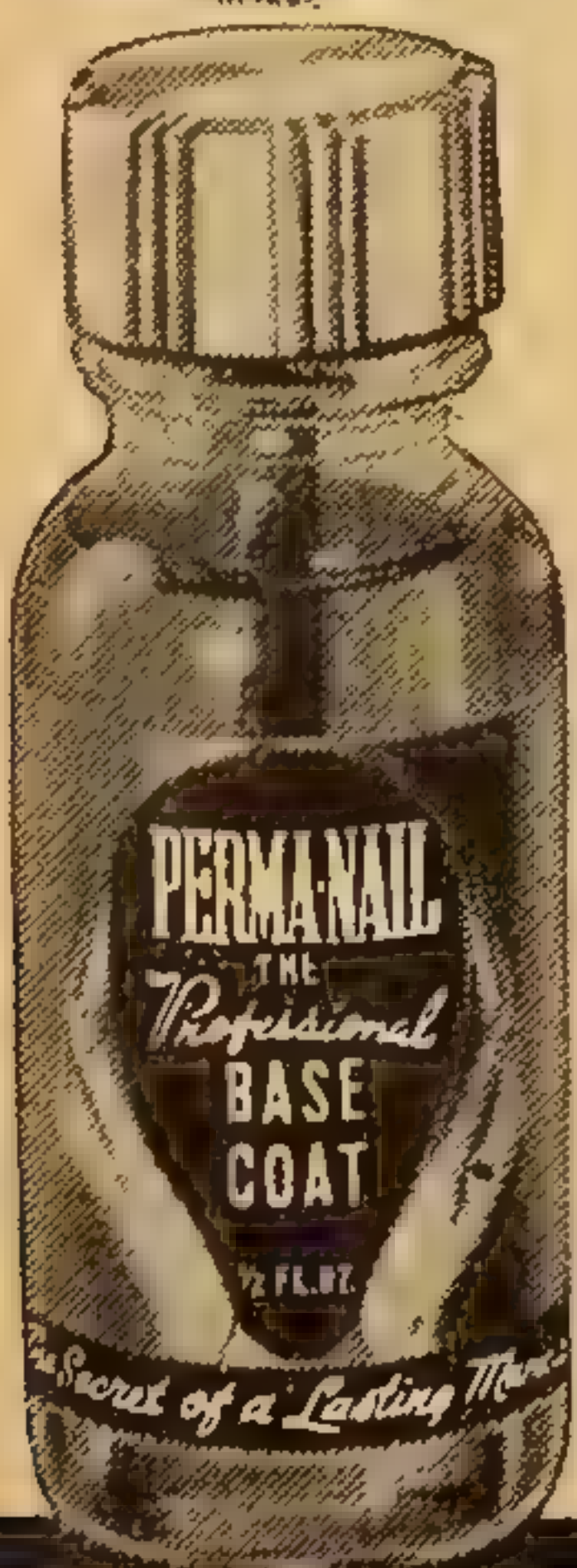


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"One night," says Bob, "we were invited to a party and somebody asked me to do something. I had barely opened my peep when the m.c. thanked me and said, 'Now we'll ask Dolores Hope for a few songs.'"

"Dolores got a terrific hand. What a trip, everybody got laughs and encores but me!"

The cosmopolitan atmosphere of Buenos Aires amazed Hope.

"I now understand why they call Buenos Aires the 'Paris of South America.' I don't see how the people can keep up with the tempo of that town. I also don't see how they keep alive."

Following this interlude in Buenos Aires Bob, Dolores, the kids and Fred Myron flew to Lima, Peru.

After an afternoon of poking about in Inca ruins, the party returned to Lima where Dolores made a tourist's attempt to buy out all the town's native metal workers.

shut my big mouth!...

"They say that the Peruvians are just about the world's greatest gold and silver smiths. And they are fast. I opened my mouth to yawn and before I could close it, four guys were trying to carve a statue of Simon Bolivar on a molar inlay."

As it does to all tourists, something had to get fouled up before the Hopes' journey was ended. It did.

They were leaving Panama for Barranquilla, Colombia, where they were to catch the boat for the return trip to America, when they were informed by the steamship line that for the first time in 400 years the tide made it impossible for their boat to enter the River Cauca, the mouth of which serves as the harbor of Barranquilla.

To make it worse, they didn't have time to catch the plane for Cartagena, which was their only other alternative.

Hope had grisly visions of himself doing three shows a day in oil-lighted jungle theaters when the U. S. Navy came to the rescue in a fashion reminiscent of *The Perils of Pauline* (A Paramount Picture).

It just happened that the Admiral in charge of the Navy installation in Panama happened to have been in Pearl Harbor when Bob and his war-time troupe (Colonna, Langford, and Tony Romano) played there. Hope dropped by to see the Admiral, and started talking, "We're in a tough spot."

"What do you mean?" asked the Admiral.

"My wife, my two kids, my interpreter, Fred Myron, and, of course, me," answered Bob.

The Admiral nearly blew his epaulets, according to Bob, when he heard the size of the Hope party.

"Listen," the Admiral said, "I've been in the Navy for twenty-nine years and I couldn't get my own wife on a Navy plane."

With this statement he picked up his phone and called his chief of staff.

"What are the regulations about carrying Bob Hope and his family in a Navy plane?"

Bob sat nervously on the edge of his chair while the Admiral listened to the phone.

"I thought so," he barked, and hung up. "What a break you've got," he said turning to Hope. "There's nothing in Navy regulations against it. It's the least the Navy can do to repay you for all you've done for us."

That same afternoon, Bob, Dolores, the kids and Fred stepped off the Navy plane in time to catch their boat back home.

The first day out, the ocean was very rough. Dolores went to their cabin, and the kids immediately began thinking about seasickness.

"I told them not to," said Bob, "which of course helped a lot. But when we went down to the dining room for dinner, I ordered a pretty good-sized dinner for them. When dinner was over, I told them they wouldn't have anything to worry about the rest of the trip. The food would settle their stomachs. They both agreed, got up from the table, ran out on the deck and were violently ill."

Two days before their ship docked in New York, Bob took advantage of a quiet afternoon to get some sun. He went up to the top deck, and fell asleep. Thus was accomplished the sunburn infection which forced Bob to spend three days in Chicago on his return trip to Hollywood.

"But even with the sunburn, the toothache, the bug bite, and everything, the trip was great," he says. "It was especially good for the kids. They learned a lot. Now, for hours, they sit around playing question and answer about it. Linda will ask Tony, 'What place did you like best?' and he will reply, 'I rather enjoyed Lima.' The other day a friend of ours called and invited us out to his ranch for a few days. Linda answered the phone. 'Thanks,' she said. 'Any other time we'd love to, but we've had enough traveling for this year.'"

That goes for the whole Hope gang.

THE PLAY'S THE THING

(Continued from page 45)

Last year, Keenan Wynn appeared there for two weeks; Guy Madison made his stage debut, and the Gryphon's policy of a well-known Hollywood "guest-star" for each new lead was set.

This year, Ruth Hussey and Don De Fore did *Dream Girl*. Ruth was John Lucas' idea; Don was Ruth's idea.

Opening night was fascinating; Ruth's dressing-room was locked so she couldn't get in; a spotlight blew while she was in the middle of the first scene; Gina Janss, the singer, arrived in a helicopter which she landed on the front lawn; and Bette Davis sat in the balcony in formal evening clothes, and drank coffee during intermission.

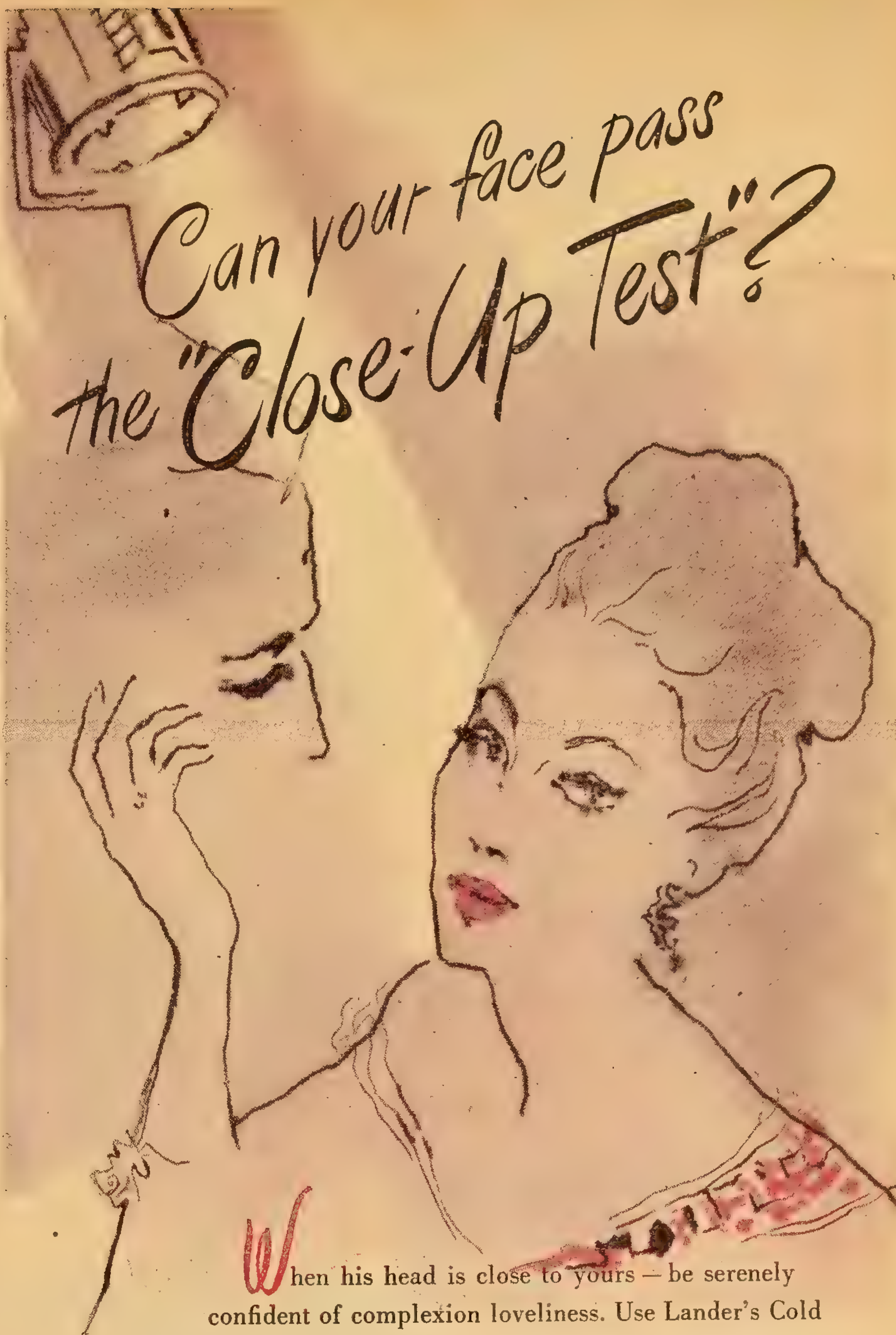
After *Dream Girl*, the Gryphon put on *Pursuit of Happiness*, with Janis Paige and Charles Korvin. Janis, who's been a clothes horse in movies, rehearsed in dirty denims, and felt like she was having a vacation.

Eighty miles beyond Laguna is La Jolla, and the acting company there is headed by Joe Cotten, Mel Ferrer, Jennifer Jones, Dorothy McGuire and Gregory Peck, and called, simply, The Actors' Company. This year, they've had Dame May Whitty in *Night Must Fall*; Guy Madison and Diana Lynn in *Dear Ruth*, and Gregory Peck's planning to do *The Rope*, which Hitchcock will direct.

The Actors' Company believes a star's stature as an artist is increased "through performing in the living theater," and La Jolla is their solution for movie people.

Right in the heart of Hollywood, there's the Coronet Theater, which houses a permanent stock company with ambitious plans. Coronet recently put on *Skin of Our Teeth*, with Keenan Wynn, Jane Wyatt and Hurd Hatfield, and the next thing up its sleeve is *Gallileo*, a brand-new play with Charles Laughton.

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MODERN SCREEN FAN CLUB ASSOCIATION



SHIRLEY FROHLICH, DIRECTOR

What do you say, clubbers—think you can stand just ONE more contest? This one's so good, we wish we could take credit for dreaming it up by ourselves, but we'll have to be honest and admit it was suggested by a slew of you fans.

From moseying around clubs these past couple of years, we've sort of gathered that next to meeting your honorary star in person, the thing that gives you the biggest bang is seeing your own by-line in print. Well, we can't introduce you to your favorite—but we CAN give you an opportunity to see your article in MODERN SCREEN. And that's just what we're going to do!

Now, what should you write about your star? We'll start by telling you what NOT to write. All articles that begin: "Lancelot Prettyface is my favorite actor because..." will be filed promptly—in the wastebasket. Ditto, all pieces on why you joined Lancelot's fan club, or on that thrilling day when you stood in the snow for ten hours to see dear old Lance in person. What we're looking for is a (Continued on page 125)

6TH SEMI-ANNUAL TROPHY CUP CONTEST

Leading clubs so far: LEAGUE ONE. Ronald Reagan, 700; June Allyson, Bugs, Richard Travis, 600. LEAGUE TWO. Jeanette MacDonald (Riley), 950; Bob Crosby, 850; Shirley Temple, 750. LEAGUE THREE. Joseph Cotten, 850; Charles Korvin, 750; Dan Duryea (Grant), 700.

"THIS IS MY BEST" CONTEST. (6 articles and/or poems selected from journals received between July 16 and August 15.) To each winner we are sending a free combination gift package of lovely FABERGE Aphrodisia Perfume and Cologne. In addition, each winner's club is credited with 100 pts. Winners: Glee Engel, "Engrossed in Chopin," (poem), Wild Over Wilde News, Kay McGowan, "Letters From Brittany," Des Nouvelles de Jean Pierre, Nancy Biebel, "Understand, Not Tolerate," Richard's Almanac (Haymes), Lee Garber, "An Open Letter to New Yorkers," The Velvet Fog (Mel

Torme); Mary Fingello, "Working On a Journal," Kirbyville Express (Jay Kirby); Betty Petrie, "New and Views," Hi-Lites (Club Friendship). CANDLE CAMERA CONTEST. (Any MSFCA member is eligible to submit amateur snapshots of any interesting subject; please write your name, address and club on back of each photo.) First prize: Year's subscription to SCREEN ROMANCES, year's sub to SCREEN ALBUM, and 4 DELL Mysteries, 100 pts. to club. Winner: Jacquelyn Shaw, Frank's Fan C. (Ling). Five other prizes: Package of 4 DELL Mysteries, each; 50 pts. to clubs. Winners: Phyllis Probaseo, Glenn Vernon C. (McCarthy), Geraldine Kee (Alan) Ladd's Legionnaires, Ronnie DeArmond, Four Stars C. Pat Maben, Dan Duryea C. Peggy Haig, Darryl Hickman C. BEST JOURNALS OF THE MONTH. (One journal selected from each league; 500 pts. to each winning club.) 1. Richard Travis Journal 2. (Diana) Lynn's Lingo. 3. (4 ties) (Don) DeFore Review (Margulies), Mr. Lucky (Rand Brooks C.), (Lloyd) Bridges Chronicle (Gockel), (Joseph) Cotten Chronicle. BEST EDITORS OF THE MONTH. (One editor selected from each league.) Prize: Each editor receives a special complete assortment of wonderful POND's cosmetics; appropriate gift substituted for male winners; winners' clubs bag 250 pts. Winners: 1. Alex and Richard Gordon, The (British) West-erner. 2. Irene DiMattia, Swoon Sheet (Sinatra C.). 3. Joan Coddington, (James) Mason Manuscript (Meyer). BEST ORIGINAL PIECE OF ART WORK. (One selection each month.) Prize: TANGEE's handsome Trip-Kit, fitted with Tangee Makeup products, ideal for travel; 150 pts. to club. Winner: Rita LaRossa, Danny's (Scholl) Doings. BEST COVERS OF THE MONTH. (One cover selected from each league; winning clubs net 250 pts.) Winners: 1. A Friend of Yours (British Sinatra C.). 2. Musical Echoes (Jeanette MacDonald C.; Riley). 3. (tie) Hey-Day (Sinatra C., Goehring), Cotten Chronicle. MOST WORTHWHILE ACTIVITY OF THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 250 pts. to each club. Winners: 1. Club Crosby (Bing; Ness), for Syd Gath (war hero, former member) Memorial Raffle to raise funds for veterans' hospital. 2. Rise Stevens C., for presenting \$35 to Red Cross on Rise's birthday. 3. Jean Pierre Aumont C., for contributing 400 magazines to vets' hospitals, shipping CARE boxes to adopted orphan. BEST MSFCA CORRESPONDENTS OF THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 50 pts. to club.) Winners: 1. Ruth Ness, Club Crosby. 2. Geraldine Kee, Ladd's Legionnaires. 3. Rosmarie Trojan, Bobby Beers C. GREATEST PERCENTAGE INCREASE IN MEMBERSHIP FOR THE MONTH. (One selection from each league; 100 pts. to club.) Winners: Dennis Morgan C. 2. Bill Boyd C. 3. (tie) Vic Damone C. (Zulli), Richard Conti C. (Sterling).



"It's a cinch," Bob Ryan assured his prexy, Fayrita Sweet, when she told him she's entering our new Writing Contest. They met when Bob stopped off in New York, enroute to Europe for a film.

GENTLE HEEL

(Continued from page 43)

intellectual husband behaving like such a heel on the screen. Even though she knew he'd asked RKO to let him work in good brawling Westerns or in any off-beat part that would make his fans sit up and take notice.

Before Bob enlisted in the Marines he'd had two hundred fan clubs. Two years in service, and the clubs had dwindled to a fast three. In spite of Jessica's protests, Bob felt it was better to be hissed than ignored, and every time he heard of a good bad part he pestered the studio execs until they let him have it.

Jess and Bob had to reach a decision before he did the brutal race-prejudiced killer of *Crossfire*, one of the most unsympathetic parts an ambitious actor could undertake.

They sat in the den far into the quiet night in sober discussion.

"There are several ways of looking at this," Bob said. "It's a picture that needs to be done."

"Right," Jess agreed.

"People may forget I'm acting a part. They may get the idea I feel like this psycho character," Bob warned.

"You'll have to take that chance," she said. "Anyway, you can do something constructive about race prejudice, something you've always wanted to do."

That settled that. As it turned out, Bob and Jess were right. The picture did him a lot of good.

The Ryans met when they were going to the Max Reinhardt dramatic school, and Jess worked in the chorus at the Paramount Theatre in downtown Los Angeles to pay her tuition. After they were married—when studios had told Bob he "wasn't the type"—they'd both gone back east to do summer stock.

Then suddenly Bob "was the type" and she'd been happy enough to give up her career even though she'd always wanted to amount to something as an actress.

Bob hadn't particularly wanted to be an actor, himself. He'd wanted to write. But the plain fact was that he wasn't successful.

tell it to the marines . . .

It was strange, therefore, what happened to Jessica while Bob was in the Marines. He'd gone off to war with the average man's bravery and resignation and, boot training finished, had been assigned to the big Marine base at Camp Pendleton, California, with the rank of private, and the duty of training troops for maneuvers.

The camp wasn't far from Hollywood. Private Ryan could spend his infrequent leaves at home with Jess.

He'd walk in, unannounced, snap smartly to a salute, and say, "Private Robert Ryan reporting to Mrs. Private Robert Ryan."

Jess wouldn't be able to resist. "Still a private, Private?"

"Yes, but only because I have so much pull," he'd say, trying to look important.

On one leave she had news for him. "Bob, I've been, uh, sort of writing while you've been gone."

And a while later, there was quite a stir in mystery reading circles, when Jessica Ryan's "The Man Who Asked Why" was published. A special pal of theirs, Danny Mainwaring, who writes under the name of Geoffrey Holmes, saw the manuscript and hurried it off to his agent, who promptly sold it to a publisher. Before Jess could say "Look at me, ma. I'm an



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author," she was one.

When Bob came home from the Marines, after finally attaining the exalted rank of P.F.C., the small Ryan savings were still intact, Jessica was in the throes of another mystery called "Exit Harlequin," and RKO picked up Bob's options for three years.

Things were great—until the studio suggested that the Ryans break ranks and start moving around a little. The first move was an Atwater Kent party.

Bob went home. "We are," he told Jess, "supposed to go to an Atwater Kent party for Hollywood's younger set."

Jess blanched. Neither of the Ryans had been to a big Hollywood party. They wouldn't know a soul. The thought took all the starch out of their legs.

But they went. And sure enough, they didn't know a soul. Nobody introduced them to anybody else. They found a corner, and wondered why they'd come.

Suddenly Bob nudged Jess. She jumped. "Get ready," he said. "Here come the photographers."

But nobody took their pictures. "Never mind, dear," soothed Jessica. "Things will be different."

wanna fight, bub? . . .

And they were. Bob did a boxing layout for the studio. His sparring partner, a professional, took quite a beating. The pro's manager, excited over the possibility of signing a talented unknown, wanted to know where he'd been, bub.

The studio representative loftily informed the fight manager that Bob had been undefeated inter-collegiate boxing champ at Dartmouth. Unruffled by the fact that Bob was educated too, the f.m. made noises about a contract.

"I have a contract," Bob told him. "It says I'm an actor."

The fight manager shook his head regretfully. Why, he wondered, would such a good fighter want to waste his time acting!

Bob could have answered but he didn't bother. He wanted to get home. He was worried about Jess. The baby was due any day now.

The night the young man showed signs of arriving, Bob saw that Jess was tucked in comfortably before the nurse shooed him out of the room. He made for the hospital waiting room to start the traditional floor pacing, but a nurse with a kind heart stopped him.

"Why don't you go home, Mr. Ryan? Nothing can possibly happen before ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

So he left. He couldn't bear the thought of going home to an empty house. Suddenly he remembered a small party he'd been invited to. Maybe some human companionship might help.

He stayed until the party was over, and at precisely ten o'clock the next morning, Timothy arrived. He was fine, Jessica was fine. Even Bob was in pretty good shape, because he had spent only half the night pacing the floor.

When Tim was almost a year old, Bob began to worry about his running away.

"I think," he said to Jess, "I'd better put a wall around the backyard. It shouldn't be such a hard job for the son of a building contractor."

"You'll probably cement yourself in it," Jessica said, "but go ahead."

When the wall was finished, Bob smiled smugly.

"A miracle," said Jess laughing. "Let's hope it doesn't fall down before Tim is big enough to walk."

"Which reminds me," Bob said, "he's climbing all over everything. Should we hang the paintings higher on the walls?"

"Why don't you just sit down and read the sports page, dear," Jess suggested.

Instead of reading the sports page, Bob took a turn around the rooms to make sure the paintings were secure. He'd begun to collect French moderns ten years ago and had nine precious beautiful ones—Matisse, Picasso drawings (because he couldn't afford Picasso paintings), a couple of Witold Gordons.

He was interrupted by Tim, who had been playing quietly on the floor. "Boat," said young Tim. Bob grinned at him. "Car," Tim said, grinning back.

Bob called Jess. "I've discovered something about your son," he told her. "Your son is a ham."

"You mean your son," Jess retorted. "I quit acting."

"Okay," Bob said. "Anyhow, he droops around and looks unhappy unless people are watching him. When he gets attention, he starts acting."

"He'll get over it. He's uninhibited now. Wait until he gets to the shy stage. You'll wish he did like people," Jess allowed.

"Now that I gotta see," Tim's father hooted skeptically.

"Phone," Tim chimed in. Sure enough, the phone was ringing.

Bob picked up the receiver. One of his pals from the Marines was calling. He had a wife, a three-months-old baby, a two-year-old—and no home.

In a couple of hours the family was living temporarily at the Ryans'. Bob and Jess moved Tim's crib into the den. Their friends took over the spare bedroom, fitting their two cribs in with a shoe horn.

"It's only a temporary arrangement," Bob said. "When I leave for Europe, you and Tim will go to Laguna and they can have our house until they find another."

Sometimes the whole bunch ate together, sometimes Bob and Jess dined later. It wasn't any problem to feed the kids—they shared cans of liver soup and pineapple pudding. No one was addicted to taking hour-long, luxurious hot tubs. The maid came in and did the dishes.

But they just couldn't keep the house straight, not with three babies under two years old and four grownups.

And the noise! Pure bedlam. The kids cried in relays all night long. In the morning the four parents would get up and compare the bags under their eyes.

"Mine are the biggest," Bob bragged. "If they had handles I could use them for luggage."

"And by the way," Jess said. "If you'd get busy and pack maybe we could get through the house. All this stuff of yours stacked around—"

Bob sighed sleepily and made for the garage, where he thought his old Marine foot locker might be.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

I was doing some shopping at one of the downtown stores in Los Angeles and was amazed to see the blonde and lovely movie star, Marilyn Maxwell, also making a few purchases. Her identity was soon discovered and the fans' mad scramble for autographs was on. As the thundering herd came towards us, I dove under a nearby counter. In a few seconds someone else was down beside me. "Mind if I join you?" asked Marilyn Maxwell. "It's getting a bit crowded out there."



Arthur Daniels
Dallas, Texas

AIM FOR A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION!

(Continued from page 100)

Remove the cream and your face has a velvety finish.

"Foundation cream" anchors rouge and powder in a natural finish that's utterly enchanting. Just dot the cream on forehead, cheeks, chin and nose; then blend gently. "Foundation creams" come in a wide range of tones; you can find the right one for you.

Few damsels are lucky enough never to have a skin blemish. "Medicated creams" help dry skin irritations and prevent their spreading. Formulas differ, so look at the jar label for directions.

Skin lotion, tinted creamy white or delicately pastel is a "must" for complexion beauty. You can also use it as a body rub after you bathe, you can soothe horny elbows with it, bring new allure to your hands, comfort chafed legs (lotion is particularly helpful after defuzzing).

Lotions are bottled in all sizes. In school lockers, office desk drawers or kitchen cabinets, extra bottles can be kept to supplement the one on your dressing table. Slip a slim bottle of lotion into your handbag. You do really have so many helps in aiming for beauty!

* * *

You have a particular beauty problem? Write me a letter about it, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope and I'll be glad to answer. Carol Carter, Beauty Editor, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

GOLDEN GIRL

(Continued from page 31)

the same impact. That is Lana.

The saga of Lana Turner—that is, the part of it which matters—began ten years ago, when, wearing a long bob, a tight sweater, and a look of subdued innocence, she waggled across the screen in the opening moments of a film called *They Won't Forget*. She was 16 years old, and it was her first appearance in movies.

It was only a bit—a walk down a street, no dialogue, no heavy emoting. But it was necessary. The producers of the film were confronted with a situation in which they had to convey the idea of a sex murder, without once using the word sex. They solved it by using Lana, the curvaceous unknown, to portray the victim.

Everyone got the idea. Lana Turner was publicized around the world as a sweater girl and completely won over the public. Especially the male public.

During her first years in Hollywood, Lana was a giddy, exciting adolescent, and she had fun. She had romances and she had heartaches. She was photographed at parties with Greg Bautzer. She went to openings and previews with Don Barry. She had a long and public romance with Tony Martin. And she married Artie Shaw in 1940. A marriage that lasted less than a year.

It was from those frivolous days that many of Lana's admirers formed their ideas about her—a gay, good-natured girl, smiling across a cocktail table at the current man in her life, a slim sentimental girl, dancing like glue to a rhumba rhythm at the Troc. Merely by being out with her, innumerable young men have also received profitable publicity. The press is

(Continued on page 115)



IT'S LYNN FONTANNE... IN O MISTRESS MINE.

You've noticed how an actress acts with her whole self—especially her hands. They are her second most important medium of expression. Naturally, she spares no trouble to keep them looking lovely. Nor should you. Lovely hands are important to every woman's "act."

"You cream your face to keep it smooth and lovely...well, **CREAM YOUR HANDS** too!"



advises **LYNN FONTANNE**

Your hands look wonderful...and Pacquins scent is so well bred.

Try a 12-second massage with Pacquins every morning and again at night. And don't be surprised if women say, "Darling! What are you using on your hands?" And men say simply, "Darling!"

PACQUINS is the hand cream she uses...this beautifully groomed aristocrat of the theatre.

"Doesn't it make sense that the skin of your hands needs cream just as the skin of your face? It does to me," says Lynn Fontanne; "that's why I choose wonderful Pacquins!"

Yes, "wonderful" is the word for Pacquins.

When you massage it onto your hands it feels wonderful, without being sticky or greasy.

GLENYA WESTBROOK, REGISTERED NURSE,



adds: "Pacquins action on the skin of the hands is wonderful. We nurses—and doctors—scrub our hands 30 to 40 times a day. Pacquins Hand Cream was made for us. I use it faithfully." (Pacquins Hand Cream was originally made for nurses and doctors.)

for "dream" hands—cream your hands

with **Pacquins**
HAND CREAM



Never
Sticky
or
Greasy!

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE.



Exquisite Form
BRASSIERES

Miracle of
Figure
Flattery

Luxurious Satin, Style 195
A cup—32 to 36; B cup—32 to 38
White, Tearose and Black

C cup—32 to 38; White and Tearose \$2.

Exquisite Form Brassiere, Inc.

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Wilma's hair-do
used to "Wilt"



SMOOTH START!
with hair neat
and shining.
(Watch the boys
admire!)



FROWZY FINISH.
Look what a
couple of hours
did to her hair-
do—poor Wilma



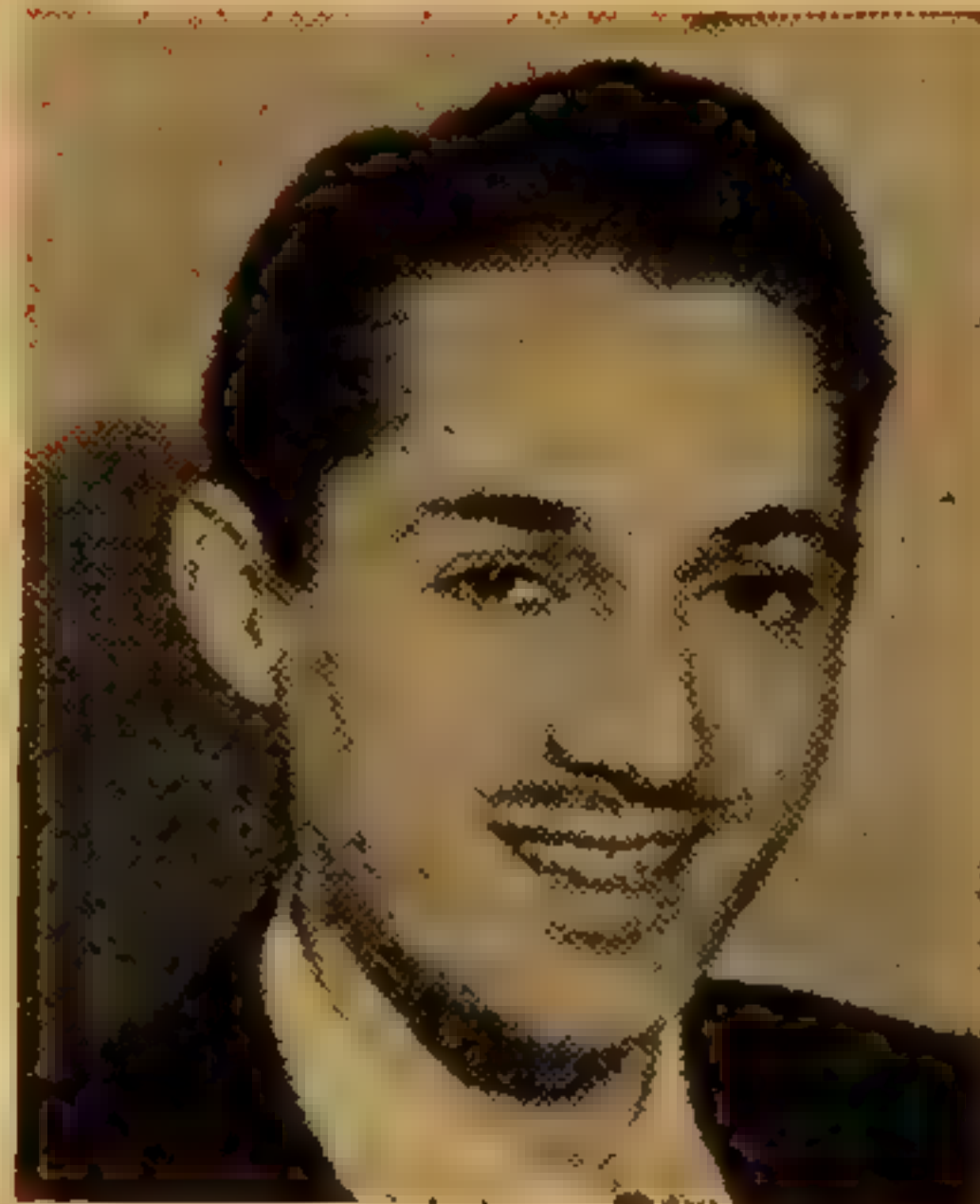
'til she discovered
Nestle HAIRLAC
—the delicately perfumed hair lacquer—

NOW, SHE KNOWS
that Nestle Hair-
lac keeps her hair
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all day long! Try
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*Keeps every hair
style well groomed*



**sweet
and
hot**



By **LEONARD FEATHER**

** Highly Recommended
* Recommended
No Stars: Average

POPULAR

IT TAKES A LONG LONG TRAIN WITH A RED CABOOSE (TO CARRY MY BLUES AWAY)—**Peggy Lee (Capitol); Dinah Shore (Columbia)

It takes a long, long title to take these songwriters' blues away; their first big hit was *Mad About Him, Sad About Him, How Can I Be Glad Without Him Blues*. This new train opus is just an old-timey blues at heart, and Peggy Lee takes it to heart with hubby Dave Barbour's usual fine band-aid.

KATE—*Starlighters (Mercury); *Tommy Dorsey (Victor); Four Chicks & Chuck (MGM); Eddy Howard (Majestic); Guy Lombardo (Decca)

FROM DATE (Album)—*Tex Beneke (Victor)

Just a natural gift package, this one, with everything from *Alma Mater* and *The Eyes of Texas* to *Anchors Aweigh* and *On Wisconsin*, all in dance tempo.

THEM DURN FOOL THINGS—*Reg Ingle & The Natural Seven (Capitol)

Ernest Ingle, from Toledo, once played with Hoagy Carmichael in a Kansas City band, later spent ten years with Ted Weems and three with Spike Jones. Now he's rivalling Spike; his *Tim-Tayshun* (featuring Cinderella Stump, alias Jo Stafford) was a sen-sayshun; now comes this foolish version of *These Foolish Things*, coupled with *Song of Indians*, on which he becomes Red Eagle. High class nonsense. (P.S. Could the mysterious "Mrs. James F. Paisley" be Marjorie Main?)

WHEN I WRITE MY SONG—**Herbie Jeffries (Exclusive); John Laurenz (Mercury); Xavier Cugat (Columbia)

Ted Mossman, formerly Tschaikowsky's pen-pal, now teams with Saint-Saëns for some pleasant plagiarism from *Samson and Delilah*. The Jeffries version, with Buddy Baker's swell backgrounds, made this a hit.

HOT JAZZ

ALBUMS: *BENNY (GOODMAN) RIDES AGAIN (Capitol); ERSKINE HAWKINS (Victor); **BILLIE HOLIDAY VOL. I (Columbia); *GENE KRUPA (Columbia); *SATURDAY NIGHT SWING SESSION (Vox)

The Goodman album has a cute gimmick, starting with a duo (just clarinet and piano), then a trio side, a quartet and all the -tets up to sep-, ending with two sides by the full band: Music from Bob Bach's WNEW impromptu jazz shows is packaged in the Vox album, featuring Roy Eldridge and Flip Phillips. Confidentially, that drummer listed as "Mel. O. Fogg" on the label is the Velvet Fog himself, Mel Torme—and he plays good drums!

VIVIEN GARRY QUINTET—*I'm In The Mood For Love (Victor)

This side, by five great girl musicians, proves once and for all that a woman's place is in the groove. Edna Williams' trumpet is great; Ginger Smock plays some solid electric violin, and the rhythm section, with Vivien on bass, Wini Beatty at the box and Dody Jeshke on drums, gets a real "gone" beat.

HOLLYWOOD HUCKSTERS—*Them There Eyes (Capitol)

Features Benny Goodman, Red Norvo, Benny Carter, Charlie Shavers, with Benny and Stan Kenton doing a tongue-in-cheek vocal on the reverse, *Happy Blues*.

STAN KENTON—*Minor Riff (Capitol)

FROM THE MOVIES

DARK PASSAGE—Too Marvelous For Words: *Harry James (Columbia); *Dick Farney (Majestic); Bing Crosby-Jimmy Dorsey (Decca); Jo Stafford (Capitol)

Look out for Dick Farney, born Farnesio Dutra e Silva, the 25-year-old thrill from Brazil. After singing in Rio night clubs, he paid Hollywood a visit, and before you could say "ten per cent" he'd signed for records and a big radio show.

FUN AND FANCY FREE—Lazy Country Side; Too Good To Be True: *Tony Martin (Victor)
Pleasing sounds deriving from Disney's latest. Choral backing helps Tony on the lazy country side.

IF YOU KNEW SUSIE—My How The Time Goes By: Vaughn Monroe (Victor)

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW—Title Song: *Perry Como (Victor); *Ray Noble (Columbia); Danny Kaye (Decca); Dinning Sisters (Capitol)

My minority opinion: on the basis of Joe Howard's having written this, I don't think he was worth making a movie about.

MOTHER WORE TIGHTS—You Do: Helen Forrest (M-G-M); Kokomo, Indiana: *Mel Torme (Musicraft). See also last month's listings.

(Continued from page 113) always focused on Lana's good looks.

At present writing, Lana Turner makes \$4,000 to \$5,000 a week, owns 69 pairs of shoes, and improves as an actress with every picture.

On Louella Parsons' radio show, Clark Gable said, "To all her prerequisites of glamour, Lana has added education, and has become one of the screen's finest actresses."

Lana's making *Homecoming*, opposite Gable, now.

Lana began taking acting seriously in 1940, soon after *Ziegfeld Girl*, in which she played her first significant role. After that, she settled down to learning her work, and ever since she has ranked among the studio's five top box-office attractions.

She gets 1500 letters weekly, predominantly requesting pictures in a boudoir pose. She gets a daily load of mail from men which starts out, "You look like the kind of girl who would understand—" And she tries to.

Lana long since has reached the point at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where she need not heed a call from any except the mightiest. She has not bothered to do a portrait sitting for nearly 1½ years, and has not allowed herself to be photographed by any magazine outside of the studio for over two years.

At the studio, Lana's retinue consists of a personal secretary, who plays jazz records while Lana rests between scenes, a hairdresser, who works only on her film coiffures, a makeup-man, and a stand-in. At home, Lana keeps a nurse for her daughter, Cheryl Christine, and a general maid. She has never had a personal maid, she hates anyone fussing around her while she's dressing.

With big money, and fantastic fame, Lana has acquired a definite dignity which although not comparable to the celestial variety maintained by Greer Garson after *Mrs. Miniver*, is still a long way from where she started.

Lana has never figured out any reason for being coy about her romances. She falls in love, and then follows her heart. When she decided to follow Tyrone Power to Mexico at the outset of their spectacular romance, Lana left her own picture to do so. She came back after a week's visit, and the studio greeted her with benevolent arms and no harsh words, in spite of their production losses.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

As I was saying goodbye to a friend who was on her way to Los Angeles, a commotion arose in the depot. One of Hollywood's greatest was about to board the *Super Chief*. My friend moaned her disappointment in not being able to see him, for she had her baby in her arms. Resigned to the fact that she couldn't she tried to forget the incident. Soon the porter came along and asked her to step into the aisle while he made up the compartment. As she waited with her baby, the door of the next compartment opened and she was asked if she needed any assistance. A moment later she was sitting in Walter Pidgeon's compartment, gazing mutely at her idol as he played with the baby.

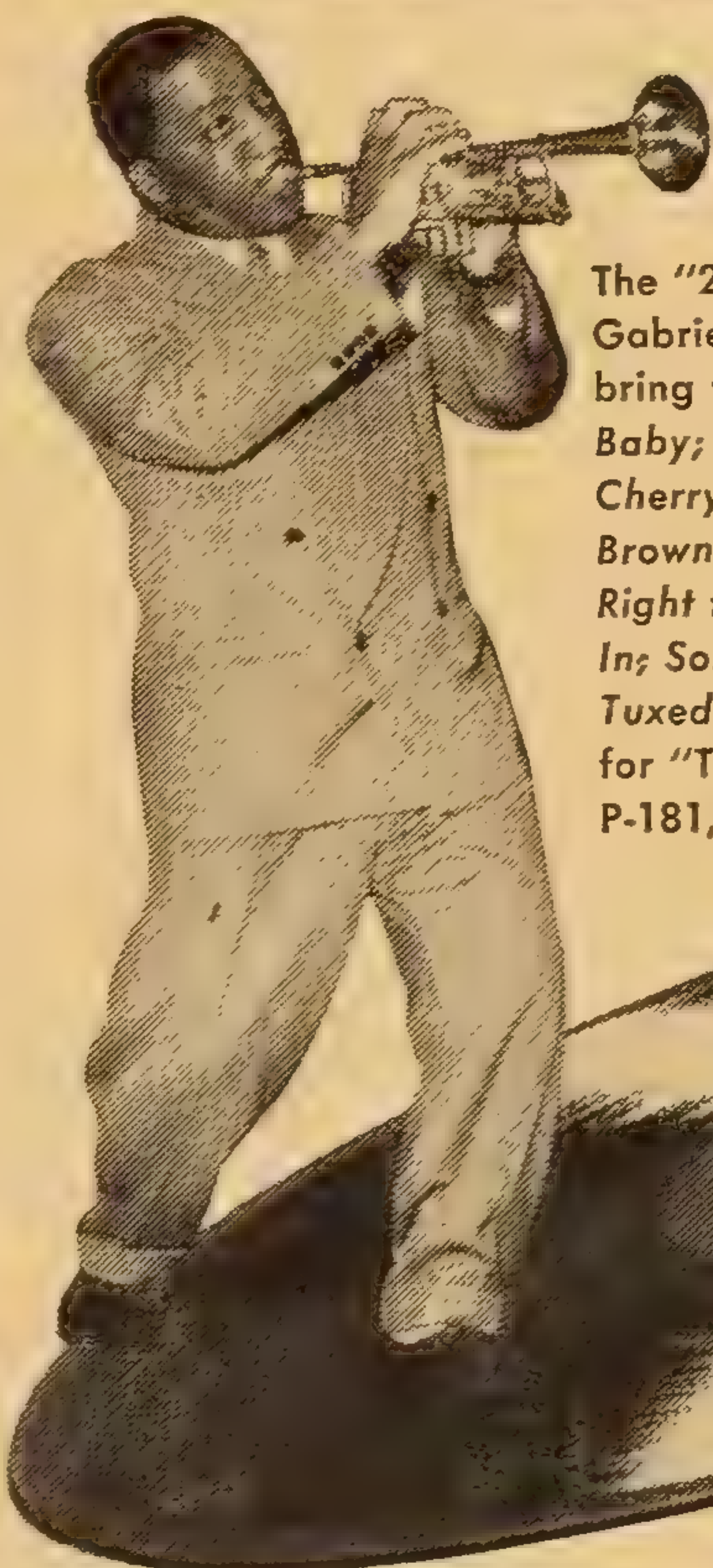


Barbara Solovick,
Detroit, Michigan



"Cheers for RCA VICTOR'S LINE-UP OF HITS for October!"

NEW ALBUM BY ERSKINE HAWKINS!



The "20th Century Gabriel" and his band bring you *Don't Cry, Baby; After Hours; Cherry; Sweet Georgia Brown; I've Got a Right to Cry; Tippin' In; Song of the Wanderer; Tuxedo Junction*. Ask for "Tuxedo Junction," P-181, \$3.15.

NEW ALBUM BY TEX BENEKE!

In his "Prom Date" Album, Tex leads the Miller Orchestra in *On Wisconsin, The Eyes of Texas, Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech, Anchors Aweigh, Victory March of Notre Dame*, others. P-183, \$3.15.



NEW RECORD BY BERYL DAVIS!

Beryl's the new English star who's stealing American hearts with her intimate, velvety voice. Let her sing to you... *If All Came True and One Little Tear Is an Ocean*. Record 20-2426, 60¢.

Tex Beneke with The Miller Orchestra: *Body and Soul* (from the Enterprise-United Artists film, "Body and Soul") and *Stormy Weather*. Record 20-2374, 60¢.

Perry Como: *So Far* and *A Fellow Needs a Girl*. With Russ Case and his Orch. 20-2402, 60¢.

Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye: *Zu-Bi* (Everyone's Love Song) and *Where is Sam?* Record 20-2420, 60¢.

Tony Martin: *Lazy Country Side* and *Too Good to be True* (both from Walt Disney's "Fun and Fancy Free"). With Earl Hagen and his Orchestra and Chorus. Record 20-2396, 60¢.

Charlie Spivak and his Orchestra: (*I'm Gonna Wait*) *A Little Bit Longer* and *What Are You Doing New Year's Eve?* Record 20-2395, 60¢. . . . plus RCA Victor quality! Two "exclusives"—Victor's billion-record skill and RCA's electronic wizardry—make music sound so true to life on RCA Victor Records!

What! No phonograph?—You're missing hours of fun! Hear the new Victrola radio-phonographs! "Victrola"—T.M.Reg.U.S.Pat.Off. Hear Robert Merrill on the RCA Victor Program. Sundays, 2 p.m., EST, over NBC.

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THE STARS WHO MAKE THE HITS ARE ON RCA VICTOR RECORDS



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DO YOU WANT LONGER HAIR

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Helps Prevent Brittle Ends Breaking Off!

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● BRUNETTES, BLONDES, TITIANS!

Just try this System on your HAIR seven days and see if you are really enjoying the pleasure of LONGER HAIR that so often captures Love and Romance for you.

● Send No Money!

Just mail the convenient introductory coupon. Take advantage of this Fully Guaranteed Introductory Offer today, and know at last the happiness of possessing really lovelier hair and be envied by so many. JUEL COMPANY, 4727 N. Damen, Chicago 25, Illinois

Mail This INTRODUCTORY COUPON!

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Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing \$1.00.

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Our Customers Participate in Gifts

By this time, Lana would be white-haired, if she worried about what people said or thought of her varied colorful romances.

Lana still makes a gorgeous entrance at nightclubs. For her evening dates, she dresses exotically and flamboyantly. As soon as she is seated, usually against a quiet back wall, every male in the house starts mentally table-hopping.

If there has not been much mention of Lana's contacts with women, up to this point, it is because she does not have many. In social situations involving both the sexes, she invariably pays most of her attention to the men, and is as brief as it is possible to be without discourtesy with the women present. When she was about to leave on her South American trip, the guests at her going-away party were 80 percent male; a ratio she considers ideal.

She doesn't dislike women; she just isn't much interested in them, and she won't practice girlish small talk.

Since her divorce from Steve Crane in 1944, Lana has lived in a two-bedroom Brentwood home. Her furniture is modern, solid, and decorated in bold plain colors. Her bedroom is white, and the only gaudy item in it is her bed, an over-sized affair with a large yellow upholstered headboard.

Lana's home reflects the good taste she has been working to make the dominant force in her life these last three years. Her car, though still a Cadillac, is tan this year instead of fire-engine red. Her personal matches are in simple grey folders, initialed L.T. in cardinal red.

Lana showers every morning in the bathroom adjoining her bedroom, and sprays herself liberally with Tuberoze cologne, the only scent she uses. At the studio, she is continually dabbing it behind her ears. At home she does her own hair, and is responsible for a good many of her film hairstyles, including the "feather bob" which swept the country after she wore it in *Weekend at the Waldorf*.

Her hair has run a gamut almost as varied and unpredictable as her love life. It's honey-blond now, it was platinum-white not long ago, and once it was even black.

Wherever she goes, female envy and male appreciation are provoked by Lana's clothes, and Lana's figure.

In the dimly-lighted warehouse of

M-G-M's wardrobe department, where, between productions, the dress forms of 100 or more leading ladies are stored, the smooth, cold contours of Lana Turner are a statistic in plaster which never lies. Even to glamor-saturated professionals like Irene, M-G-M's head designer, Lana's measurements—bust 35", waist 24½", hips 34½", thigh 21½", calf 13"—add up spectacularly.

Lana is shorter than the average American girl (5 feet 2 in her stocking feet), but her figure is perfect for any kind of clothes from evening gowns to bathing shorts.

Lana is one of the few actresses in Hollywood who can walk into Saks or Magnin's and walk out with clothes that fit. She still buys most of her evening gowns (she currently owns 17) from Hattie Carnegie's and the tonier designers, but her suits and dresses come from the small Beverly Hills shops where she can duck in and out easily.

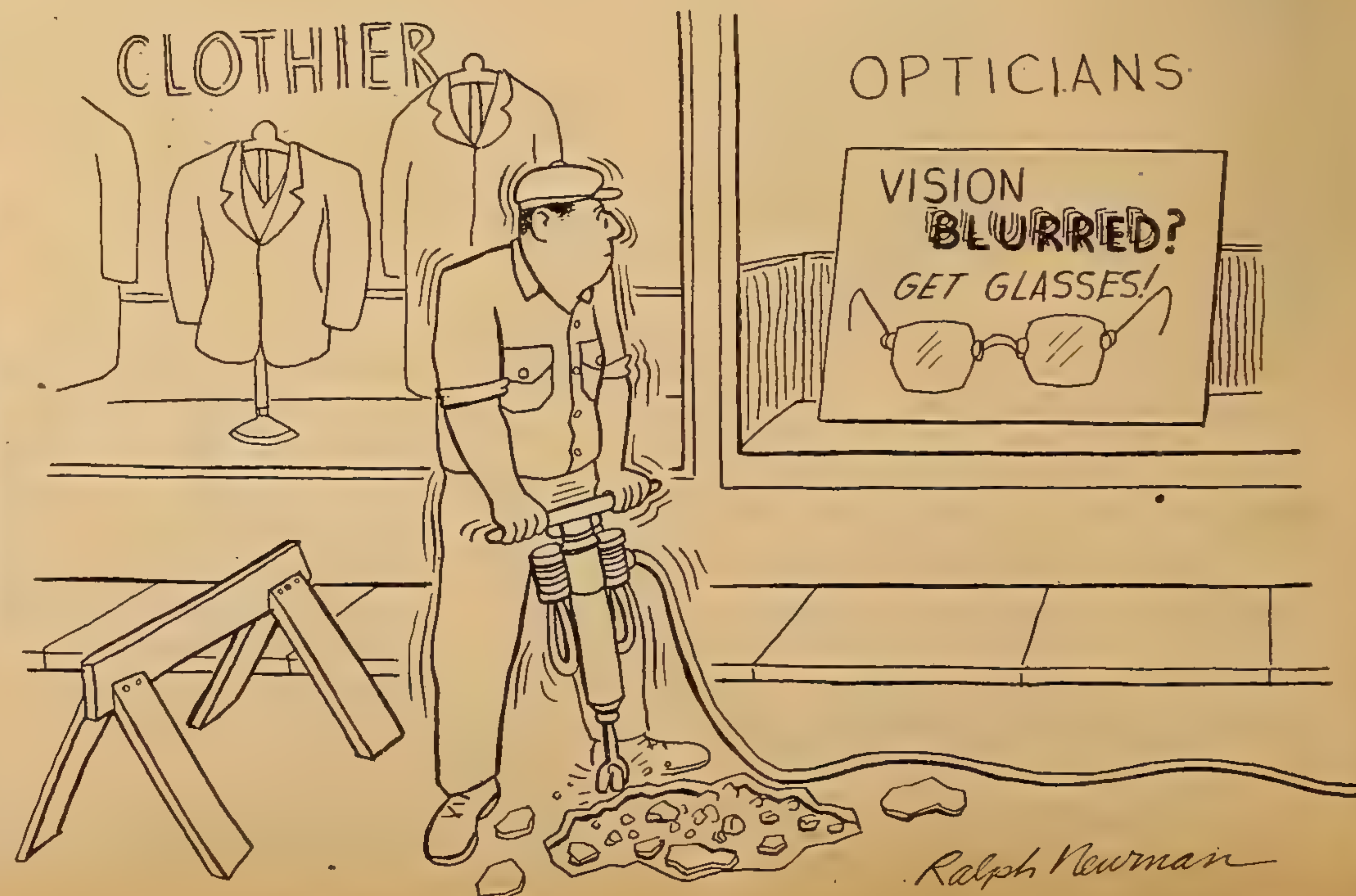
She wears jewelry sparingly, and prefers gold, plain and heavy. But for evening wear she does own ring-bracelet-earrings sets in diamonds, sapphires, and emeralds. Three years ago, in order to wear a gift set of diamond pendant earrings, Lana had her ears pierced.

Lana is no intellectual, but she is smart. She has added a great deal to her basic education—particularly in the last three years.

She has a great sense of humor, and a gusty wit, and the brains not to try to give the impression that she got to Hollywood by way of the Social Register, Newport, three finishing schools and a scholarship at Radcliffe. She has learned about music and children's literature with her 4-year-old daughter, Cheryl, with whom she has been seen frequently at the Hollywood Bowl. She reads most of the important new books, and they now decorate her conversation. She listens to symphonies in her dressing room at the studio and knows them well enough to distinguish Bach from Beethoven without looking at the album.

But while Lana is certainly more a beauty than a brain, one would be making a gigantic mistake to consider her dumb. Three years ago, while vacationing in Washington, she startled a Senate luncheon group by speaking spontaneously and intelligently about peace and international understanding for 10 minutes.

MODERN SCREEN



I SAW IT HAPPEN



Seated in a Pullman car, Aunt Lucie was approached by a tall, dark and handsome man who wished to share her seat. My aunt, who's a great talker, admired the gentleman's tie, and promptly told

him so—much to his delight. The stranger soon dozed off and Auntie became engrossed in her book. Soon a small crowd had gathered around their seat. "Is something the matter?" Auntie asked, naively. "Don't you know who your companion is?" gasped an on-looker. "It's Cary Grant!" Auntie picked up her book and opened it to her place. "And who—pray," she asked, "is Cary Grant?"

Mary Ann Mann,
Grosse Pointe, Michigan

They, too, had expected a gorgeous but giddy performance from Hollywood's most glamorous girl.

When Lana is working on a picture, she is, excepting occasional moods, one of the gayest people in the movie industry. To George Sidney, who directed *Cass Timberlane* and who has known Lana all her life, she is no glamour gal but an exuberant, athletic, and energetic woman. While working with Sidney, Lana did surprise everyone on the set with her professional-looking performance in the baseball scenes. At the conclusion of the picture, the crew gave her a tiny baseball bat, engraved "Slugger", for her charm bracelet.

Others, contradictorily, have described Lana as "a monument to inertia." To be sure, she is a relaxed human being who takes advantage of every opportunity to rest. She is also such a late sleeper that she frequently has given some people cause to wonder how she ever got anything accomplished. Several years ago, Billy Grady, an old M-G-M talent scout, played golf on the course near Lana's home, and he used to amuse himself at the 19th hole by calling Lana to see if she was still in bed. When he found she was, he would snort into the phone, "Come on kid. Get up. You can't get to be queen that way."

She fooled him. She did.

I SAW IT HAPPEN

Being newcomers to the state of California, our family decided to take in some radio broadcasts in Hollywood. On this particular night we saw the Joan Davis show. Ben Gage is the very capable and handsome announcer on that program. I



noticed that during the show he kept glancing over to the left side of the studio where we were sitting. I didn't catch on until the end of the performance. But then, walking up the aisle beside me, was his very beautiful and talented wife, Esther Williams.

Dolores Braddock
Los Angeles, California

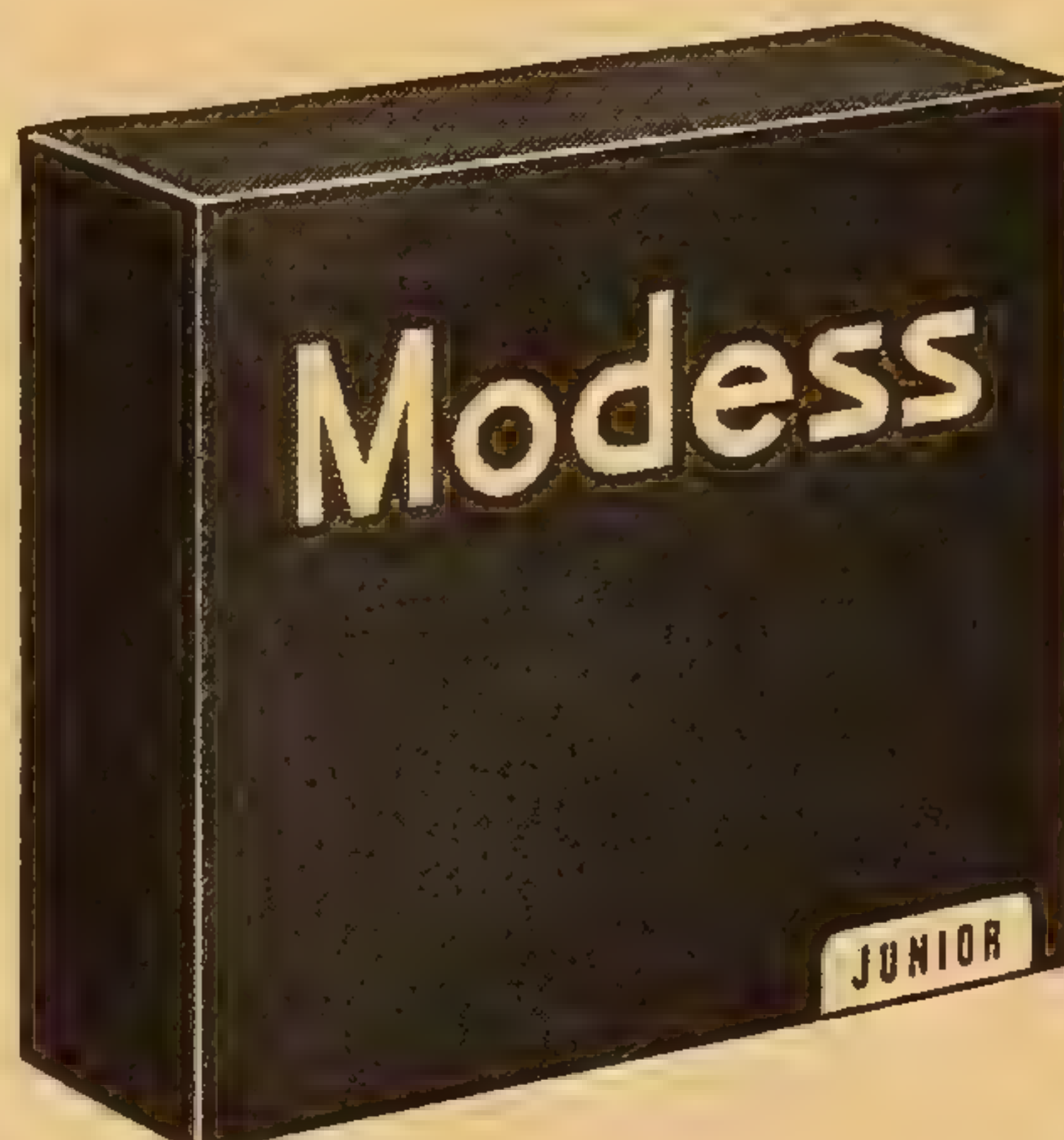
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A slightly narrower napkin. For women and girls of all ages who find a smaller napkin more comfortable and amply protective. Modess Junior size gives you the same luxury softness and so-safe protection as Regular size Modess.

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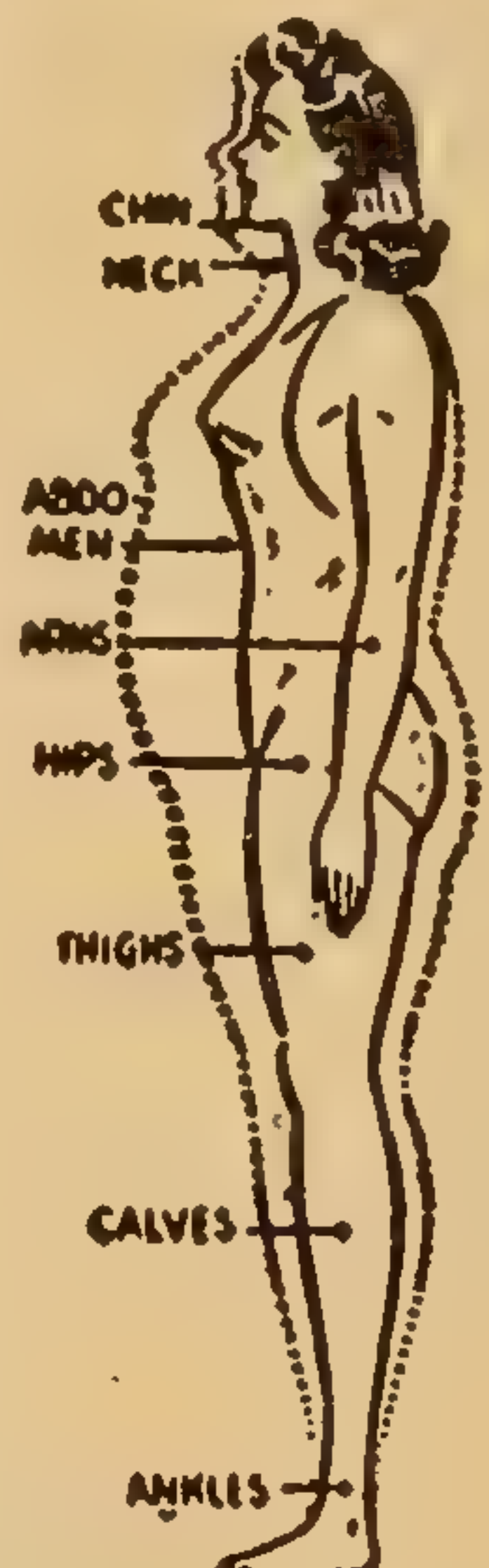
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Helps you to relax while reducing. **LOSE WEIGHT** with this new, easy, pleasant, harmless method. No more tiring exercises, no more laxatives or drugs. No starvation diets. You just take a warm, soothing, comforting **WONDER BATH**, just rest and relax for 15 minutes this healthful, pleasant way. By following the **WONDER BATH** method, you will be amazed and delighted at the way your fat and bulges just seem to melt away. If you are normally overweight you can easily lose pounds and inches. The more you use the **WONDER BATH** method, the more weight you lose. This is the easy, pleasant, harmless way used by the most expensive and exclusive Reducing Salons. This is the way many New York and Hollywood stage, screen and radio people help to keep their figures slim, lovely and glamorous. You may now say goodbye to your heavy waistline and hips and those unnecessary, unsightly bulges at a trifling cost.



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FREE A large size jar of Special Formula **WONDER Body Cream** and "**FIGURE BEAUTY**" will be included absolutely **FREE** with your order for **WONDER BATH**. To achieve best results, this Special Formula Body Cream should be used after each **WONDER BATH**.

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C.O.D. Orders. Send \$1.00 deposit. Pay postman balance of \$4.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. Same Money-Back Guarantee.

SHE NEVER HAD IT SO GOOD

(Continued from page 50)

it was at a formal party. He'd been home to Texas in between, but his business interests kept him flying around the country, and now here he was all white-tied and shining-faced, making for her with a determined look in his eye.

"Would you like to dance?" he said.

She got up languidly, and moved into his arms. "You know," she said, "I didn't think you were tall enough."

He stared down at her. "Indeed, Miss Lynn. As we used to say in the army, you never had it so good."

"Such modesty," she said. "Tsk, ts."

After that, they dated a couple of times, and decided they hated each other.

He called her twice in four months, and she giggled with Eileen, her secretary. "I mustn't let all this attention go to my head."

But Christmas came, and with it, red roses. Loads of roses. She read the card: "Bob Neal," and looked back at the flowers.

"You know, Eileen, he has lovely taste."

"He's got more than taste," Eileen observed cynically. "Those roses must have cost a fortune in December—"

Some time in January, Diana got around to writing Bob a thank-you note. She was about to take off on a personal appearance tour, so she mentioned that, too. "I'll be in Chicago next week. If you're anywhere in the vicinity, get in touch with me."

the big sleep . . .

At six a.m., the Chicago-bound train hit Kansas City, and a great banging at the compartment door hit almost simultaneously. Eileen staggered out of bed, glaring at Diana's prone figure. "Sleep through anything," she growled.

She opened the door, and there was a man with a wire for Miss Lynn.

"She's gone for the day," Eileen said. "Will I do?"

She signed for the thing, and brought it in. Diana was sitting up fretfully. "Wha'sit?"

It was a message from Bob. He was going to meet her at the station in Chicago.

"Eileen," Diana cried, "I can't remember what he looks like!"

"Maybe he'll wear a cabbage," Eileen said, yawning. "On his hat."

He did nothing of the kind, but Diana recognized him anyway. He was standing on the platform with a man and a woman, and they were all beaming.

"Mr. and Mrs. Jack Manley," he explained later. "We were sitting in Texas, wanting to go someplace, when your letter came, so—"

So they ran around Chicago together, and when Bob went back to Texas, Diana discovered she missed him.

He flew in for closing night, and then they all went on to New York. He had sisters there, and Diana had radio commitments. By the time they arrived, something new had been added; Bob had influenza.

He was so sick he could hardly stand up, but he was admitting nothing, and nobody could make him go to bed, see?

Somehow they managed. His sisters and his brother-in-law, who's a doctor, and Diana. Their technique was the one you use with a suitcase. Sit on it till it gives.

His brother-in-law came in with a hypodermic. "To make you sleep, Bob—"

"No," Neal said.

"Yes," said his brother-in-law.

Bob howled like a beaten dog, and then submitted, tiredly. Before he fell asleep,

he glared once more at Diana. "Don't let me hear about your going out with anyone else—"

She dimpled as only Diana can dimple, enjoying herself immensely. She could hear him bawling out the notes to "A Fine Romance," as she walked down the stairs.

Bob has broadened the field of Diana's interests considerably. When he's in Hollywood, she grimly prepares to visit every used car lot and airport in California.

He took her in hand, long ago. "Do you know the difference between a Talbot and a Bugatti?" he said, on one of their first dates.

She thought she detected a faint note of condescension. "Certainly," she replied.

"Well, then, why are we sitting in this stuffy club when we could be out looking at some?" he cried. "I didn't know you were interested in cars—"

She'd never been interested in cars except as a means of getting from one point to another, but she looked wise. "I like horses, too," she said. "Of course, they're not as fast—"

"Listen—" Neal was thinking. "I know where I can hire a little Singer."

He hired the Singer all right (it's an English car) and she stood and stared at it. "It's so small; suppose we run into a truck—"

"It's a little beauty," Bob said reverently.

After the ride, he turned to her. "How'd you enjoy it?"

"Forty-five minutes to get in and compose myself," she said. "And everybody on Hollywood Boulevard gaping at me so I couldn't be more uncomfortable—Neal, I never had it so good!"

Bob's a fool for planes, too. His idea of a gala evening is to drive out to some airport and argue with the mechanics about engines.

Diana stands around simpering to herself. "Do you prefer an Ercole or a Cessna, that's what I always say—"

food, what's that? . . .

They practically never eat, because they hate to waste time in silly restaurants.

One of them occasionally reaches the point of death, and gasps, "Food," and then they hit the nearest drive-in. This can be anywhere from ten p.m. on.

Diana prefers when Bob forgets to eat, actually. His eating habits terrify her, ever since the time she watched him breakfast on a malted milk, and chili. "It's so—so—degenerate," she said. "Why can't you be nice and normal? What's the matter with toast and coffee?"

"Like chili," he said, as though that explained it all.

Bob plans to open a resort in California, if he can find the proper site, and Diana shudders when she thinks of the blue plates he'll serve. He has a real talent for designing, and he wants to work out his place himself. He veers toward modern.

Lately, he's been dragging Diana out into the desert near Palm Springs to search for sites. She ends up limping, and hot, and stringy-haired, but Bob just lopes along, with a spring in his step, and a smile on his lips. Sometimes she wants to slam him one.

And just to prove he's a miracle-worker, he recently found himself an apartment, right off the Sunset Strip. People in California get old, looking for apartments. Not Neal.

The place was charming, but the bedroom struck him wrong. It didn't seem masculine enough.

While the real-estate people were in another room, he pulled Diana aside. "Hey, doll, what about this bedroom?"

"I think it's darling," she said.

"Yeah," he said. "That's the trouble."

They finally decided that if a couple of minor items like the lampshades could be done over, the effect would be strong and silent as anything, so Bob signed the lease.

He was studying the ink on his fingers, when Diana told him about the stock company business.

"I'm doing *Dear Ruth*, out at the beach. The company has made reservations for Eileen and me at the Casa de Manana Hotel."

The more Bob thought about it, the better he liked it. "You'll be out in the sun, and the air, and I'll be able to see you a lot. I can stay at the Colonial."

As it turned out, she worked so hard he never saw her at all, and she got no sun or air whatever, and the day some of his friends gave a picnic lunch for her she couldn't even get there, and Bob had to eat eight sandwiches.

It isn't an easy thing to act on the stage, if your experience has been completely with the screen. Guy Madison co-starred with Diana, and they both found themselves playing single scenes, rather than sustaining the characterizations.

Dress rehearsal came, and in Diana's first scene, she had to drink a cup of coffee, and smoke a cigarette, and the coffee ended up in the saucer, and she could hardly light the cigarette, and she wondered if she was going to die right there.

Later, she was explaining the feeling to Eileen. "I've played the piano for ten years before audiences, but I've never been frightened that way—"

And then the man who'd been watching the rehearsal came up. "What are you doing on the stage?" he said. "I've liked you enormously in the movies, but what are you doing on the stage?"

She almost cried, she felt so incompetent, and Eileen had to step in and say, "She's been on the screen six years; she's been on a stage six days—"

But opening night, nobody needed to make excuses for Diana. The audience cheered, and when she came off, backstage, she was drunk with glory. Eileen was grinning broadly.

And over in the corner, Bob was standing patiently. "My nails," he said, "are chewed off to the point where I won't have to eat again for a week."

Diana kissed him lightly. "Bob," she said, "you never had it so good."

I SAW IT HAPPEN



Several weeks ago, a very lovely looking girl came into the drugstore where I work and ordered a cup of coffee. She was so striking that everyone just stared at her. I thought to myself, "Oh, the poor girl must feel

embarrassed, with everyone gazing at her like that." I felt so sorry for her, that I told some of the on-lookers to mind their own business. But, she just laughed at that and said, "Ah, you're scaring my public away." Then she left, leaving me to wonder what she meant by that remark. Later, a fellow worker came up to me and said, "Boy, do I envy you! You were waiting on Lena Horne!"

Jacqueline Fahey,
Boston, Mass.

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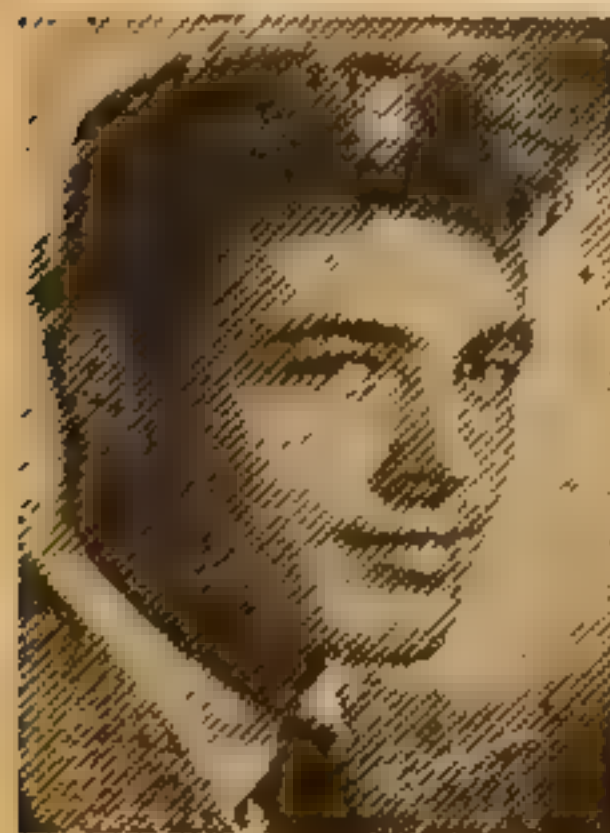
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Guy Madison

INNOCENT ABROAD

(Continued from page 65)

little shabbier, and a little more wonderful.

She also got a show that Paris doesn't usually put on for the passing tourist. Railroad strikes, coal strikes, and steel workers' strikes, bank strikes, and a government workers' slow-down were all being staged simultaneously, and a few Communist demonstrations broke at the same time.

In addition to which, the city officials who weren't on strike eagerly sought her out for news of Hollywood. "I only wanted to rest," she said plaintively. "I only wanted to study some art."

Nevertheless, there were parties, and she went, obligingly. She's excellent at shaking hands and smiling; at French conversation, she's no star. She sticks pretty close to "Eh, bien," with an occasional "peut-être."

After a party, she'd crawl back to her hotel, and wonder what everybody'd been saying to her.

too many cooks . . .

She even changed her mind about painting, once she discovered Paris' attitude toward painters. They're public property. You see a guy set up an easel, and suddenly he's got thirteen other guys standing around pointing out that the green looks lousy, and the brush isn't quite fine enough.

She figured she wasn't half the man any of the other artists were, and left her easel in the suitcase.

After Paris came Belgium, and then Switzerland, and an international film festival at Locarno. There she met a lot of European movie stars, and they stared at her politely as she tried out her high school Spanish. High school Spanish is Linda's only foreign language accomplishment.

In Zurich, where I found her, she was resting. No parties, no interviews. Slacks, and sleeping, and eating.

"No interviews?" I said, pretending not to be an interviewer.

"Nope," she said. "It's too hot." She

can go along with a gag. "You see those snow-capped Alps? Props. It's over a hundred degrees this minute. Every place I've been in Europe, it's hit 100. People keep saying, 'This is the hottest day in seventy-five years!' I wish they'd quit."

There aren't any air-cooled movies, or ice-cold water so the heat really smashes you. In Europe, the lowliest thing they waste ice on is champagne.

Linda was struggling along with champagne all right, though. And she was certainly the Grand Dolder's most popular guest.

The Swiss, who are restrained, hardly ever knock you down with enthusiasm. Hotel attendants, who wanted autographs, watched Linda wistfully for ten days, until she got the idea.

There was one waiter, though, who was a little too kind and thoughtful. She'd pick up her fork, and he'd be standing so close to her elbow she'd almost stab him to death.

Then they'd both smile, and she'd go back to work. She put salt on her grapefruit one morning, and he rushed to indicate the sugar.

"I like salt on my grapefruit," she kept saying.

She said it in English, so he went right on steering her clear of what he considered to be a pitfall.

She finally called the headwaiter, and had the poor fellow transferred. "It'll be easier on him, and it'll give me some peace."

Part of the reason Linda was a little lonely on this European jaunt, a little hungry for familiarity, was the fact that she staggered it. She had practically no dates. And while there's been a lot of talk about a divorce between her and Pev Marley, as of August 1, it wasn't in the cards.

All Linda'd bought in Europe were shirts and ties for Pev, from Paris. All she wanted was to be in California by August 12th, Pev's birthday.

All she'd say to me was, "There's no place like home."

MODERN SCREEN



Ralph Newman

LOVE THAT MAN

(Continued from page 35)

Eventually, to quiet my nerves, I left the apartment to take a walk. When I got to the front door, there stood this guy with a big black suitcase. There too, in a rough-shod greenish suit and odd tie, stood Crosby. Jim Hannon, the superintendent, was hovering over them in high excitement.

"Absolutely no," Jim was saying. "The exterminators were here on Wednesday, and we don't need any additional service." Bing was in there fighting.

"Look," he jerked a thumb at the man with the suitcase. "I never saw this guy before in my life. I'm just trying to go to a christening." Jim was ready to let them have it again.

"Absolutely no," he was beginning. I went over and explained that the man with the suitcase was a photographer here to take pictures of the christening, and the man with the suit was Bing Crosby.

"Remind me never to be a godfather again," Bing said, going up in the elevator. "The stuff you gotta take in this racket . . ."

But just try to keep that boy from being a godfather—at least where musicians are concerned. It's as much a part of him as that beat-up hat he wears to recordings. I'd like to have a nickel for every little guy he's helped set up in business. The routine is something like this:

Bing'll be listening to a good small band in some out-of-the-way spot, his head on one side, his fingers tapping. When the act is over, he'll say, "That kid with the clarinet is okay," and he'll buy him a drink. The kid turns out to have a pocketful of dreams and no cash. Maybe he wants his own band. Maybe he'd like to open his own club. If Crosby believes in him, he'll lend him the dough. Lend, I say. Lots of times it's a gift.

don't tell him I said so . . .

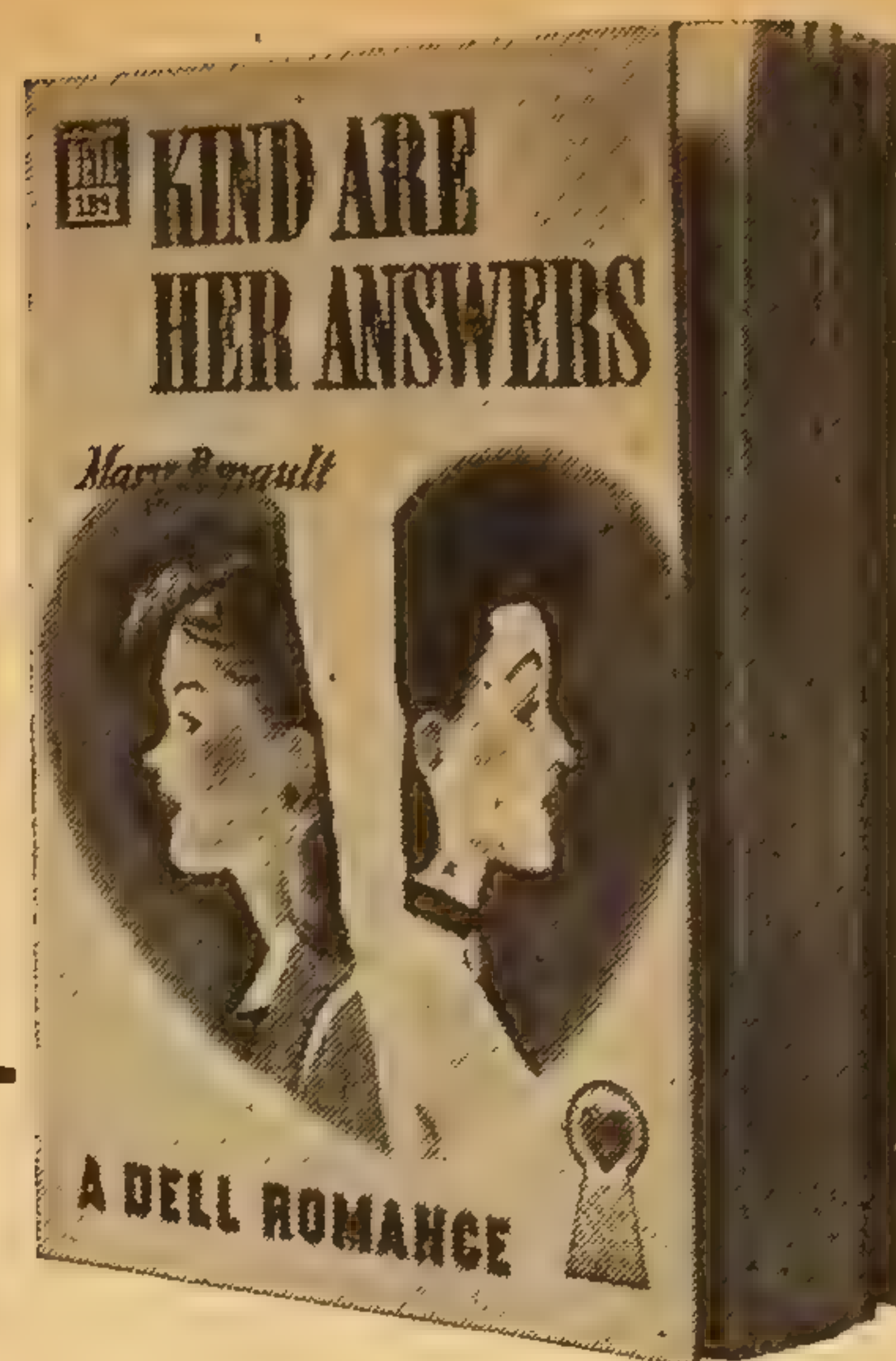
Boy, Crosby won't like me for this. He's one guy who doesn't want his good deeds known. You know, there are some fellows who—the minute they give a nickel to some charity or other—have their press agents flash the word to every columnist in the business. Not Bing. Every time that bird does anyone a good turn, he covers it up. You'd think he was going to be sent up if anyone got the goods on him. The only way anyone ever finds out about Bing's kindness is from the musician involved.

Sure, he's got a pile of dough now. He can afford to be generous. But this godfather business is nothing new. I remember a night in Chicago, back in the early days. I was in and out of jobs, in and out of funds. A few of my pals and I shared a single room in some crummy hotel, the rent for which we rarely paid, and one of us always had to be in it so that they couldn't lock us out. I had just done my stretch minding the room, and this was my night to howl. Paul Whiteman was at the Ambassador and Paul Whiteman was tops. I went over and heard him. Heard these three kids with him, too. "The Rhythm Boys" they were called, and they were tremendous. I found out that half the band hung out at some joint over toward Cicero after they finished work, and I hitched a ride out there.

It wasn't a flashy place. There were blue layers of smoke left over from a thousand nights, and the smell of bootleg booze was as strong as disinfectant. But there was music in that place. There was Bix and that magnificent horn of his; there were the Dorseys and Frankie Trumbauer and Jack

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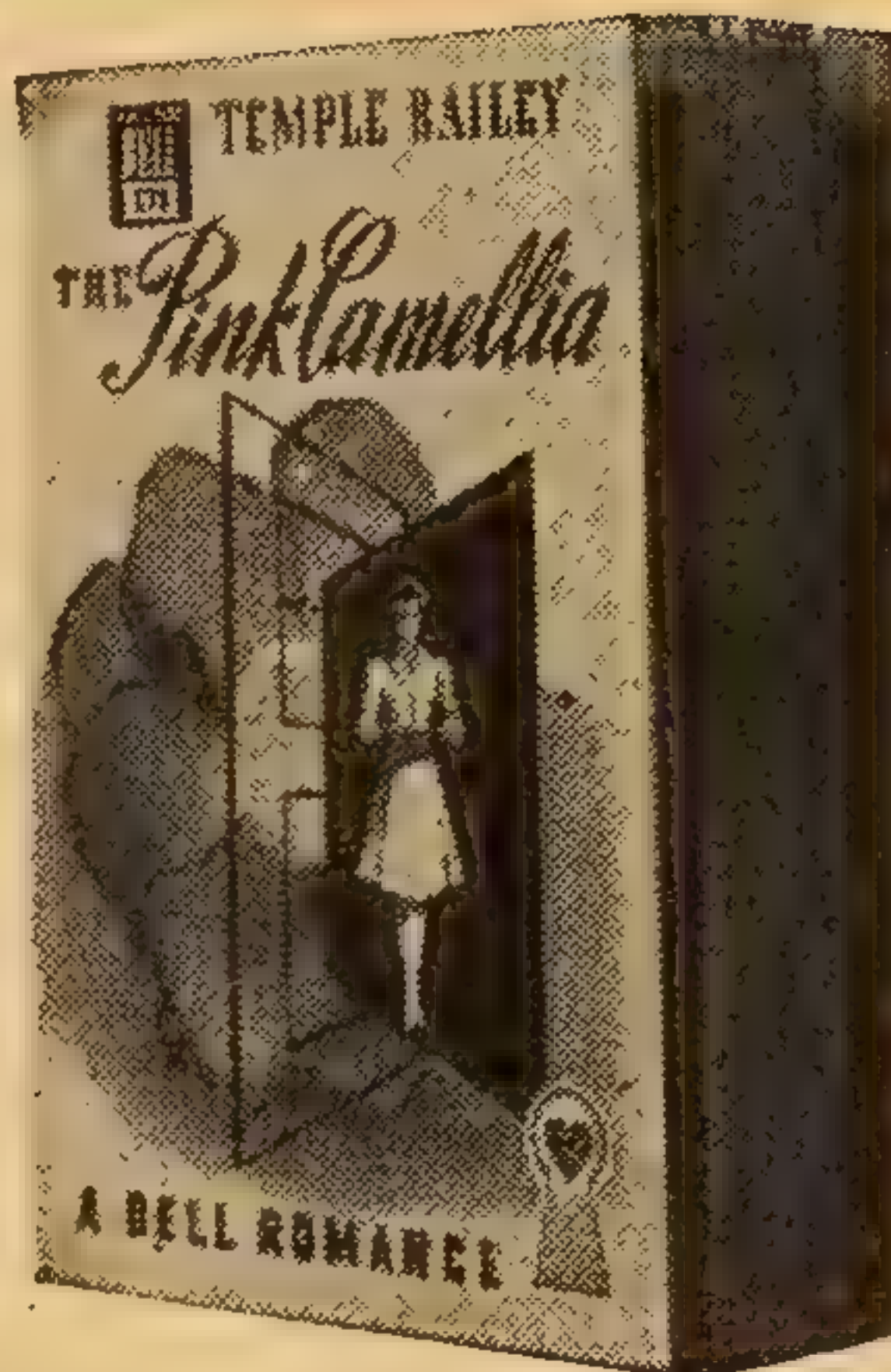


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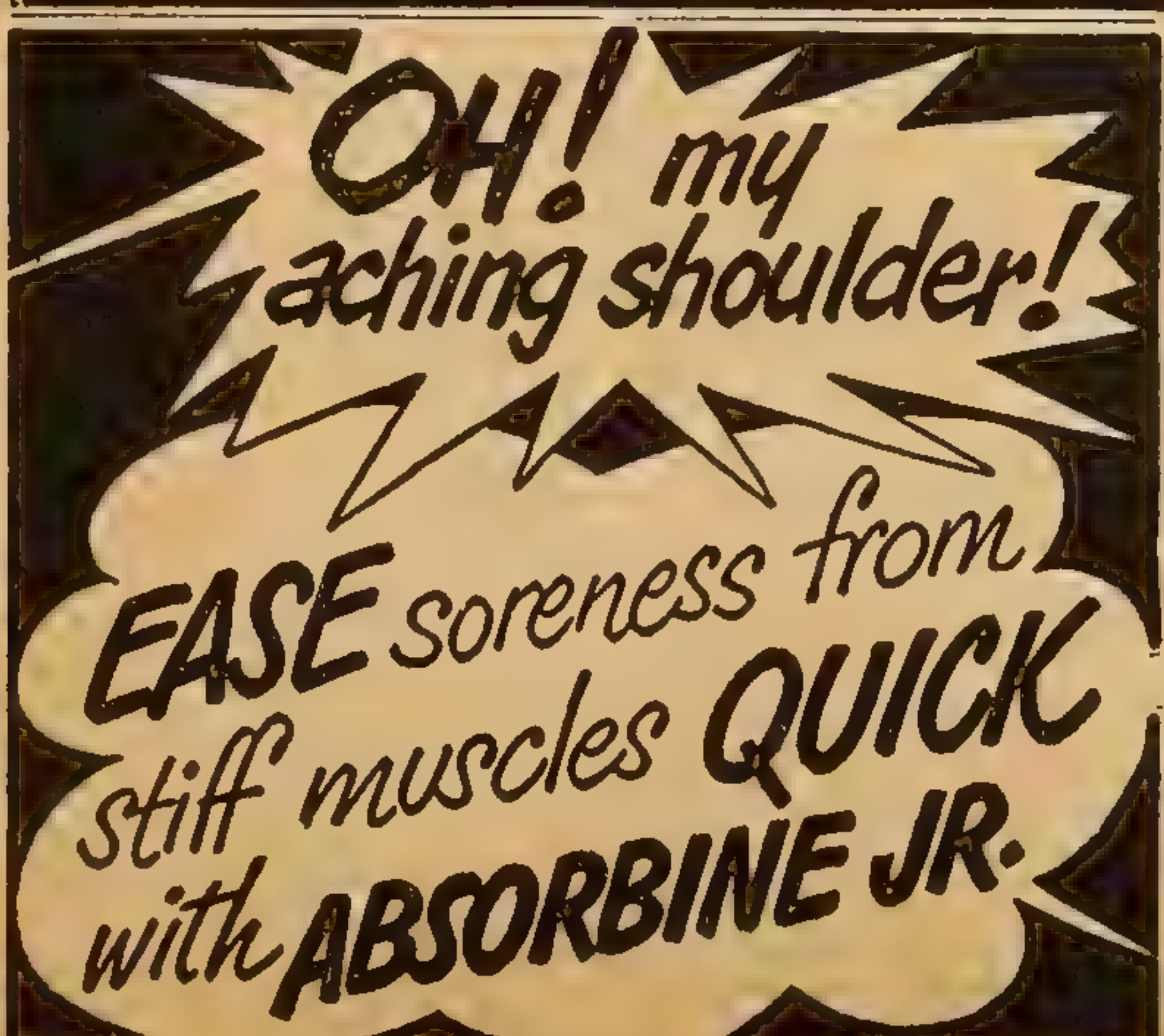
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Teagarden. Listening to them I felt the way Hoagy Carmichael must have felt when—after he'd heard something special in the way of music—he'd drawl, "I sure hope God was listening to that." Anyway, I was standing at the bar seeing how far I could stretch a beer, when this vaguely familiar-looking character sauntered over to me.

"Hi, bud," he said, and his voice was like a bassoon.

"Hi," I said.

"Crosby's my name," he intoned.

"Condon's mine," I said, and then I pinned the name on the face. He was one of the Rhythm Boys.

"Have a drink on me," he said. "Purely medicinal, you know. I've got laryngitis. What've you got?"

I said, "Just a good thirst." We shook hands, and that was the beginning of a long hard friendship. We talked music for a while, and then I noticed him looking me over like one of those guess-your-weight guys.

"You don't look too good," he said finally. "What's the matter, bud?" I knew what he meant. Seedy suit, rundown shoes—

"No job," I told him briefly.

"Well, look," he said. "I'm in the dough right now—" He started to dig into his pocket. I told him to go to hell, and after a few more drinks we shook hands again, and I went home. The next morning I found the twenty dollar bill in my pocket, and it was a king-size tug at the heart. I mean, shucks, Crosby wasn't that dough-heavy in those days.

that stardust melody . . .

Late in the 1920's, when "Stardust" was a song nobody wanted to buy, Bing took Hoagy Carmichael under his wing. But literally. Hoagy had gone West to peddle his songs to the movie moguls. "Washboard Blues," "Old Rockin' Chair," a few little things like that. And the dopes didn't want them. Eventually McCorkle (that's what the boys called Carmichael) ran out of money. He didn't even have the price of a ticket home. Paul Whiteman's special train was leaving for the East just about that time, and when it pulled out, who was sharing Bing's berth but little old McCorkle. It was a tight squeeze, but it was a way home, which was all that mattered. Looking back on it, Hoagy remembers that the nights weren't too bad, because Bing snored in perfect pitch to the train whistle.

His loyalty to his old friends is something pretty wonderful. When they needed a band for *Birth of the Blues*, Bing didn't let them foist any old outfit on him. He screamed for his pal Jackson Teagarden—and got him. Jack T. ran into union trouble not long ago, and couldn't play anywhere in this country. When you don't play, you don't eat. Bing heard about it and called Jack up.

"I know a guy in England," he said. "You can get all the bookings you want. I'll look into sailings and stuff . . ." The trouble was cleared up and Jack is still in this country, but he won't forget Crosby for that.

If you know anything about jazz musicians, you know a guy called Joe Sullivan. He's been around a long while, and he plays more piano than pretty nearly anybody. About five years ago, Joe developed tb., and the doctor ordered complete rest in a sanitarium. The weeks stretched into months, and then into a whole year, and Joe's wife was frantic trying to get enough money together to pay the bills. Joe's pals rallied round and passed the hat, but they weren't too prosperous a gang, and there came a day at last when there were just no more funds. Mrs. Sullivan went up to see Joe, wondering how to tell him. He was waiting for her, all smiles.

"I'm in a new room," he told her. "Bigger

and sunnier, and they've started some different treatments. I'll be out of here in no time, baby—" She hadn't the heart to give him her bad news, but after the visit she went to the office to talk over her plight.

"Mrs. Sullivan," she was told. "We have a letter here saying that no expense is to be spared in getting your husband well, and we're to forward all future bills to this address." The girl at the desk read out a street in Los Angeles. It was years later, after Joe was cured, that they discovered from someone at the sanitarium who had paid those bills. That's right, chums. It was Crosby.

And with Bing, it isn't only dough. He's lavish with the kind words, too, and just as reluctant to have that fact known. Which is why the musician in this story is anonymous. One night, a few years back, Bing ambled into a little joint up in Harlem for a nightcap. The band was mediocre, but there was a kid at the piano who was out of this world. There was a sort of suppressed excitement in his playing that was beautiful to hear. Crosby thought, maybe he's had a fight with his girl, or maybe he's just fallen in love. He couldn't play like that just any old night. So Bing went back again. And again. And the kid was always the same, and the kid was good. So Bing spoke to him.

"You're bigger than this joint," he told him. "You've got the stuff." The boy at the piano looked up at the maestro and grinned.

"If you say so," he said—and there was awe in his voice—"It's gotta be true." When Bing went back to the Coast, he kept in touch with the youngster, encouraging him, advising him. And inevitably, the kid made the big time. Right now his name is a household word. Bing says it would have happened anyway, but the lad from Harlem says he'd still be beating it out in a Lenox Avenue honky-tonk if a guy named Crosby hadn't had faith in him.

I could go on and on. During the war, who started a foundation to help struggling young inventors patent their ideas? Why, Crosby. Who hands over the royalties on his Christmas carol records to charity? Crosby. And who's the only singer in the business who insists that his sidemen be cut in on record royalties? Again! That's Crosby. No wonder guys like Teagarden and Dorsey and Condon love that man. No wonder people like Nat Cole and the Ink Spots, people like Paul Whiteman and Frank Sinatra say there's no one on earth like him.

Liza, my love, with a godfather like Bing, you'll grow up to be president!



He's sinking fast, Doctor!

TEE FOR TWO

(Continued from page 32)

We were sitting in the grill of the Bel Air Country Club, after finishing a round of golf with Major Clark Hardwicke, World War II veteran of the Air Corps, and Bert Allenberg, Gable's manager. Allenberg and I had just been beaten 4 and 3 by the two Clarks, and I had just paid off my \$45 to Hardwicke.

At a nearby table sat Bing Crosby, another fabulous Air Corps golfer, Ken Rogers, Frank Ross, Reginald Owen and the Bel Air pro, Joe Novak. Workmen, perched on platforms near the ceiling of the grill, gave it a real Hollywood studio effect. All that was missing was Cecil B. DeMille, perched on a boom, calling out: "Quiet, please!"

The workmen were soundproofing the ceiling.

"Bert is one of my closest friends," said Clark, indicating Allenberg, who was absorbed in rolling dice for the drinks with Hardwicke. "Then there's Al Menasco, who designs airplane engines. We kicked around together for years, but Al got married and you know how it is. A married man just naturally acquires responsibilities, no longer is available for impromptu trips—"

The MODERN SCREEN photographer, Don Ornitz, came into the grill and said that he had gotten his color film equipment out of his jeep and had set it up on the 10th tee, for one last shot of Gable. "I'd like to get one shot of you at the finish of your swing." We went to the 10th tee, still carrying our glasses.

a major assist . . .

I took along Major Hardwicke, as technical adviser, figuring that I might just as well have him work out the dough he had lifted from me. So the major sighted through the camera finder, okayed the top of Gable's swing, and then exploded the flash bulb as the picture was taken. Gable, as a result of his coaching by Hillcrest professional, George Fazio, has one of the smoothest-looking swings of any Coast amateur.

"When they see that picture," warned Hardwicke, "they'll cut you down to a 5 handicap." Gable grinned. "I'd love it. I'd rather play this game well than almost anything else I can think of."

Throughout the afternoon, Gable had been extraordinarily cooperative, posing for any shots which Don suggested, even though we were playing a tight match. When we were alone, I commented about it.

"Hell, that's not being nice," said Clark. "The way I figure it, Ed, is that when somebody is assigned to a job, only a stinker would make it difficult for him to do it. On top of that, the pictures will do me good. Beyond all of that, Don is a former Air Corps guy."

Gable chuckled. "You know, if you are nice to people, it's amazing how much you can learn from them."

I asked Gable if, as the public generally believed, he was a desperately lonely figure.

"I'd say definitely no," he answered, after thinking it over. "For a time, I was at loose ends, but, luckily, I never sold our house. So when I came back from war, that fact sort of gave me roots. The place had run down while I was away, and the work of fixing it up again occupied me, and then, as it started looking attractive, I got a terrific thrill of pride in it. Had I come back here and gone to live in a hotel, I am convinced now that it would have demoralized me."

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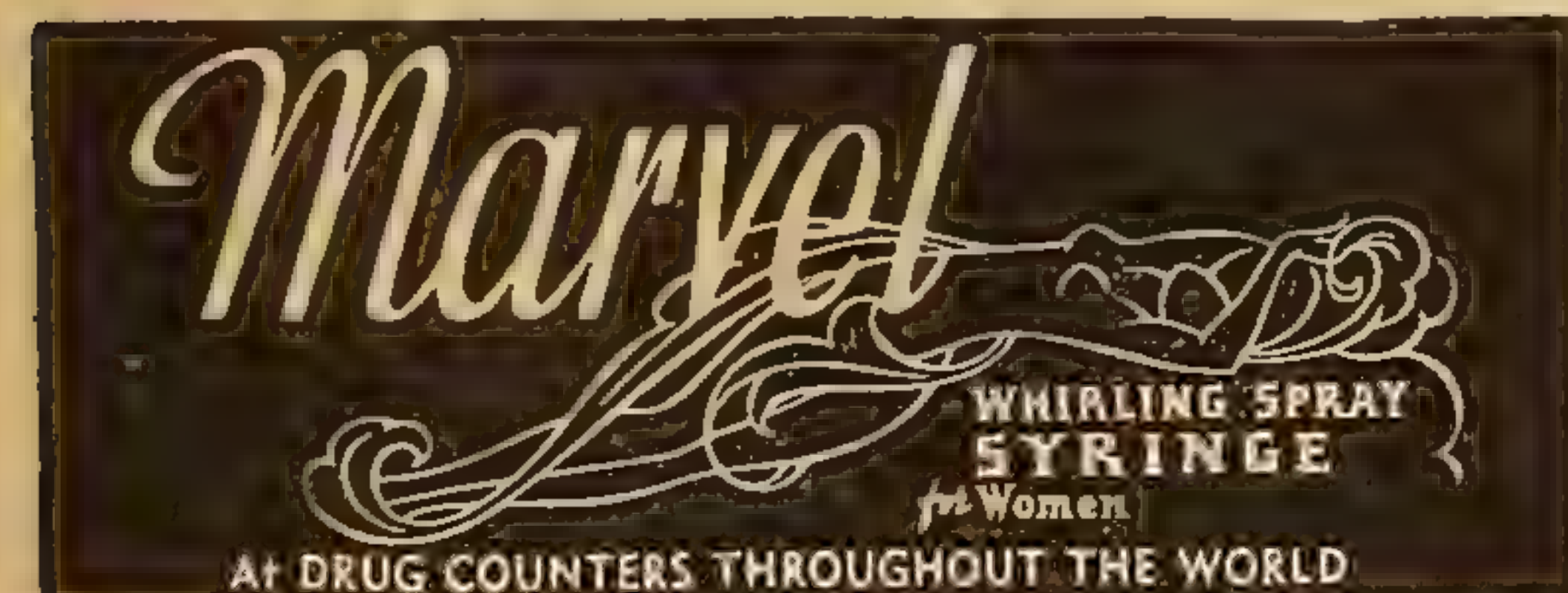
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The conversation turned to pictures. I asked Gable what quality he looked for in a script such as Sidney Kingsley's *Homecoming*, which he was making with Lana Turner for Mervyn LeRoy.

"All I want in a script," he said, "is entertainment. If it will entertain people or amuse them, that's for me. I am vitally concerned with the condition of the world and our country, but when I am acting, I won't be a propagandist. People go to the theater to be entertained and to escape from their own problems. I only want to send them out feeling that they have spent a couple of enjoyable hours. Sometimes," added Gable, ruefully, "your judgment of a script is sour. But that is one of the occupational hazards of the business."

How long, I asked, had Gable been making pictures.

"I started out here in 1930," he answered, "and I've been at it ever since. The first good part I ever had drifted to me quite by accident. The role had been offered to Edmund Lowe and a lot of other ranking heavies, and they all turned it down because it was to be a characterization of Al Capone, in Joan Crawford's *Dance, Fools, Dance*.

a ham at heart . . .

"When I read the script, the ham in me responded to one scene in particular. As the gang chieftain, I dispatched my mobsters to wipe out a group of rival hoodlums. The script then outlined a wonderful scene. When my 'hoods' returned to report to me that they had machine-gunned not less than 10% of Chicago's population, the camera revealed me sitting moodily at the keyboard of a piano, playing Beethoven!"

A gleam came to Gable's eye: "I almost broke my leg getting to the telephone in the corner drugstore to tell the producer that he didn't have to look for another boy."

Under Gable's new contract, covering the next eight years, he'll make three pictures every two years, or a total of 12 flickers. "By that time, 1955," he grinned, "I'll be ready for character parts, I guess. While I am not rich in any sense of the word, I am comfortably situated and I guess by then, I'll go traveling and fishing. Say, by that time I'll be getting ready to play in the United States Seniors' Golf Championship!"

During my month's stay in Hollywood this past summer, I played a lot of golf with Clark Gable, and golf is an X-ray that shows up the most minute flaws in a person. Arrogance, cheating, temper, selfishness, ruthlessness, all come to the surface during the heat of a golf match, no matter how insignificant the financial stakes.

Gable and I played about 12 rounds together, stood on the same practice tee and went through the same exasperating experiences, played at different courses with different companions; so, just as he could give you a very accurate analysis of me, I got to know him.

Adolphe Menjou, one of our golfing pals in Hollywood, fears neither the Devil nor Daniel Webster. His frankness in exploding some of the legends of Hollywood curls the hair on your head. He is engaged in a 24-hour-a-day attack on smugness of any kind. I asked him once what sort of a person Rudolph Valentino had been. "Completely impossible," said Menjou with typical frankness. I am outlining this character sketch of Menjou so that you will appreciate the opinion he gave me of Clark Gable, one day, while we were playing at the California Country Club.

"Gable is the finest gentleman this industry ever has seen," Menjou said. "I have known him for a good many years,

and I have worked with him in many pictures, and there is no actor out here who even approaches his stature as a human being."

Gable is not above "putting the horns" on you, though. In golf, this means that as your opponent putts, you extend the forefinger and the little finger of your hand to put the curse on him. Now and then it works. Gable tries it.

He showed up one day for a match, and at the first tee he told us: "Protect yourselves in the clinches. Today, I am really ugly. I was so burned up at my bad shots yesterday that I didn't get more than four hours' sleep. Twice, during the night, I got up, took my driver and practiced my swing in my bedroom in front of the mirror, to find out what the hell I was doing wrong yesterday. Then I went back to bed, and two hours later I woke up again. I had suddenly dreamed out the solution to that bad hook. So for the next 20 minutes, I again practiced in front of the mirror. Brethren, you'd better be on your sticks today, because I haven't had much sleep and I feel evil."

nobody's chump . . .

Gable's conscientiousness in golf indicates the capacity for concentration which lifted him to movie stardom. He is nobody's chump and once he makes up his mind, he doesn't yield easily.

Girls like him, naturally. When he is with them, Gable really turns on the charm. He is very boyish, despite his maturity, and the girls love the combination. He has two cars, a stunning Cadillac Convertible, royal blue in color, and a steel-gray Chrysler with a rigid top. He never puts the top up on the Cadillac and when he drives through Beverly Hills, the girls can be pardoned a double-take as they find him next to them in traffic.

"My God, it's Gable," exclaimed a startled femme, when I was with him one afternoon. Her car had come to a halt next to his at a stop sign, and I have never seen such a series of expressions race so quickly across a face. "H'ya, hon," smiled Gable, and she waved weakly back.

He got the rigid-topped car for longer trips as a safety precaution. In a convertible, he was barreling along at 70 miles an hour and suddenly, as he rounded a corner, an oil truck, its sides busted through in an accident, deluged the highway with gallons of the sticky, slippery black gold. Afraid to jam on his brakes, Gable's car whipped into the oil-covered surface and went into a series of loops and spins. Fortunately, it didn't turn over but from then on, he decided that on long trips he preferred the Chrysler.

Gable still carries on correspondence with some of the men with whom he served in the Air Corps. His greatest friend was his Commanding Officer, Colonel Willie Hatcher. From what Gable tells me, Hatcher was a phenomenal person, both as an executive and as a warrior. That correspondence and friendship ended when the Army flier, not many months ago, was killed in the crash of his B-29 at Albuquerque, N. M. Gable still writes to the widow and two youngsters of his friend.

I would not be at all surprised if Gable, at some time, married again. I know he feels that a man living alone is a sort of a stray. I think he feels this keenly because all of his friends are married, and when he visits them, the fact of his aloneness is driven home to him. If he does remarry, I trust that the girl measures up to him because, in my book, he is an exceptionally fine guy. The right kind of girl could do a great deal for him and I'm certain that Carole Lombard would be deeply grateful to her.

THE FANS

(Continued from page 110)

short (350-400 words), amusing (or heart-warming, as the case may be) character sketch about your star. You may tell your story through a series of anecdotes, or it may be a thumb-nail type of article. But it must have a definite theme, or "angle"—dramatic, amusing, poignant, light-hearted, sarcastic, ironic, reminiscent, etc. Also, it must be written objectively, in the third person (unless you've had a very unusual interview with your star). It need not be based on original material. You may select any information about your star that you've read about in magazines or club journals, or that you've heard first-hand from friends, and treat that material in your own original way. *Entry in this contest does not give anyone the right to seek a personal interview with a star, as a representative of MODERN SCREEN. Stars are hereby instructed NOT to grant interviews to anyone for the purpose of entering this contest.*

About the best hint we can give you is to suggest that, before you go ahead with your piece, you read the little biographical sketches in our sister magazine, SCREEN ALBUM. They'll give you a very clear idea of what we mean by "slant" and "objectivity." Also you'll learn how to illustrate your "theme" by the clever use of anecdotes.

Naturally, we've got some rules for you—but they're designed to make it EASIER for you to enter the contest, not more difficult. So read 'em carefully, please:

1. Any bona fide member of an MSFCA club is eligible.

2. You do not have to write about your own honorary, but your subject must be a star who has an official MSFCA club, or is an honorary member of an MSFCA club.

3. Typewrite or write your article legibly on one side of the sheet, double-spaced. Be sure your name, address and club appears plainly on the first page.

4. Your article must be between 300 and 400 words.

5. You may submit as many articles as you wish.

6. This contest closes December 31, 1947.

7. Address your entries to: Writing Contest Editor, MSFCA, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York 16.

8. Entries will be judged on the basis of writing ability, intelligent selection and use of material, and legibility.

9. The staff of MODERN SCREEN will serve as judges in this contest. Their decisions will be final.

10. Entries become the property of MODERN SCREEN. No entries will be returned.

11. Winning articles will be published on THE FANS page of MODERN SCREEN.

12. Because we cannot anticipate at this time how many professional-quality entries we will receive, we are leaving the number of winners to the discretion of our staff.

13. Articles that have been published previously in a club journal, or that are being offered for publication elsewhere will not be accepted for this contest.

NOTE: It's been called to our attention that you fans are confused about the official starting dates and final deadlines of our semi-annual Trophy Cup contests. The contest for the Winter Cups starts with material received in our offices on May 16, each year, and ends with material received on November 15. Winners are formally announced in the March issue of MODERN SCREEN, which means that we have to have the final tallies ready by early December. The contest for the Summer Cups runs from November 16 to May 15, each year, and final winners are announced in the September issue. This means we must know the results by the first week in June. That's why we were able to make the official Cup presentations at the Hollywood Convention on June 28. For the sake of convenience, though, we say the contests run from January to June, and from July to December.

BIRTH OF A BABY

(Continued from page 57)

right?" Bill said.

"Fine, honey. The doctor said we could have a cigarette together."

He drew up a chair and lit two cigarettes.

"This is quite a procedure," he said. "Maybe my idea of a double room together wasn't so bad after all."

Four months ago, Bill had fallen and twisted his leg, the injury resulting in a knee infection. He had ended up with his entire leg in a cast and was ordered to bed. He fretted constantly. "How'll you get to the hospital if this cast isn't off my leg?"

When he was well enough to walk with crutches, Barbara drove him to the hospital for a treatment. They walked in the front door together, Bill leaning heavily on his crutches, and Barbara obviously well on her way toward motherhood. The nurse at the desk coughed discreetly.

"Uh—which one is the patient, please?"

That had amused them. "What a pair we are!" Bill had said. "Do you think they'd give a man a bed in the maternity ward?"

But the cast had been removed a few weeks before Barbara's confinement, and

the first time Bill drove the car, he mapped the route to the hospital.

Now Dr. Thompson came into the room and pointed to the door. Bill gave Barbara one last concerned look over his shoulder as he left. And they had said they wanted half a dozen kids. Brother! This was pretty strenuous. Back in the waiting-room, he walked up and down, filling the place with smoke from innumerable cigarettes.

This had been a year, all right. The wedding in Barbara's home town in Illinois, and the honeymoon trip down to Florida and up the Mississippi back to Rockford, and the days in the Wisconsin woods with Barbara's family, and the trip back toward Hollywood.

Then there'd been the brief months at home when he had built the wall in front of the house, and Barbara had pored over the cookbooks and decorating magazines. In between domestic activities they both did retakes for *A Likely Story*. Also, there was an RKO publicity trip that lasted three months, and one day in New York they read in a newspaper column that Barbara was expecting a baby.

"Interesting," Bill noted.



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Back in Hollywood, Barbara had an appointment with her doctor about vitamin shots.

And that afternoon, Barbara had returned, beaming.

"What do you know! I am!"

In those days, she had eyed her maternity clothes with suspicion. "I certainly won't be *that* big!" she said.

"Are you reading any books about babies?" he asked her one day.

"Not yet. Right now I'm concerned with the care and feeding of one Bill Williams. I will, though, I will. I've bought six."

About the time the cast was removed from Bill's leg, Barbara's mother and father arrived from Rockford and that, of course, was a help. Things settled down to normalcy until the scheduled date for the baby's arrival.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of July 23rd, Barbara had a hunch. She didn't feel quite right, and she hadn't been able to sleep. She arose early, being careful not to disturb Bill, and went into the kitchen. Her father was there, making coffee.

"Dad," she said, "I think it's going to be today."

"Do you want to go to the hospital?" he said.

"No, I think I'd better get the marketing done so there'll be something in the house for you all."

He exploded. "But you can't go to the market now!"

Barbara smiled. "It's all right, dad. Please drive me over."

All day the four of them sat around. The evening dragged on, and then the night. Just before midnight, Bill phoned the doctor to report.

"You'd better get her down here right away," the doctor said.

Barbara insisted on some hot chocolate before they left, and Bill gulped his nervously, wondering on the strange ways of females. Now he was here, and waiting, and Mr. and Mrs. Hale were outside in the car. Because of the hospital ruling of "husbands only," he couldn't even have the comfort of commiseration.

At nine o'clock they brought the baby to him. He glanced briefly at the bundle and shouted, "How's my wife?"

It wasn't until he went back to his chair that he thought about the baby. Then he ran after the doctor and asked if the baby was healthy.

"She's fine," said the doctor.

"Oh, it's a girl, then." He'd forgotten to ask and they hadn't told him.

Barbara, meantime, was back in her room and waiting to see Bill. They had brought her coffee and she remembered dimly that Bill had wanted some, too, and she was doing her best to keep the brew hot so that he could have a sip. But Bill didn't appear, nor anyone else. Completely exasperated within ten minutes, she put down the coffee and picked up the phone.

"This is Mrs. Bill Williams and I want to see my husband," she said in clipped tones.

They steered him in right away.

"Girl," she announced. "Seven pounds, six ounces. Nineteen and three-quarter inches long. Eight-fifty this morning. Brilliant. Looked at me and said, 'Mama'."

"Gee," said Bill, completely gone.

The baby was nameless until the day Barbara left the hospital for home. She was finally named Barbara Willa Johanna, and nicknamed Jody.

With her mother, Jody Williams left the hospital six days after her birth. Two attendants managed the production just outside the hospital. One held Jody in his arms until the second attendant, who was sliding Barbara on a stretcher into the ambulance, needed help.

The first attendant looked around. "Where's the father?"

"Here," said Bill meekly.

"Take it," said the man, and shoved the baby into the uncertain arms of Bill, who stood there quaking. On her stretcher, Barbara giggled. Bill glared.

"Ye gods!" he said. "I never held a baby in my life!"

"You'll get used to it, bub," said one of the internes.

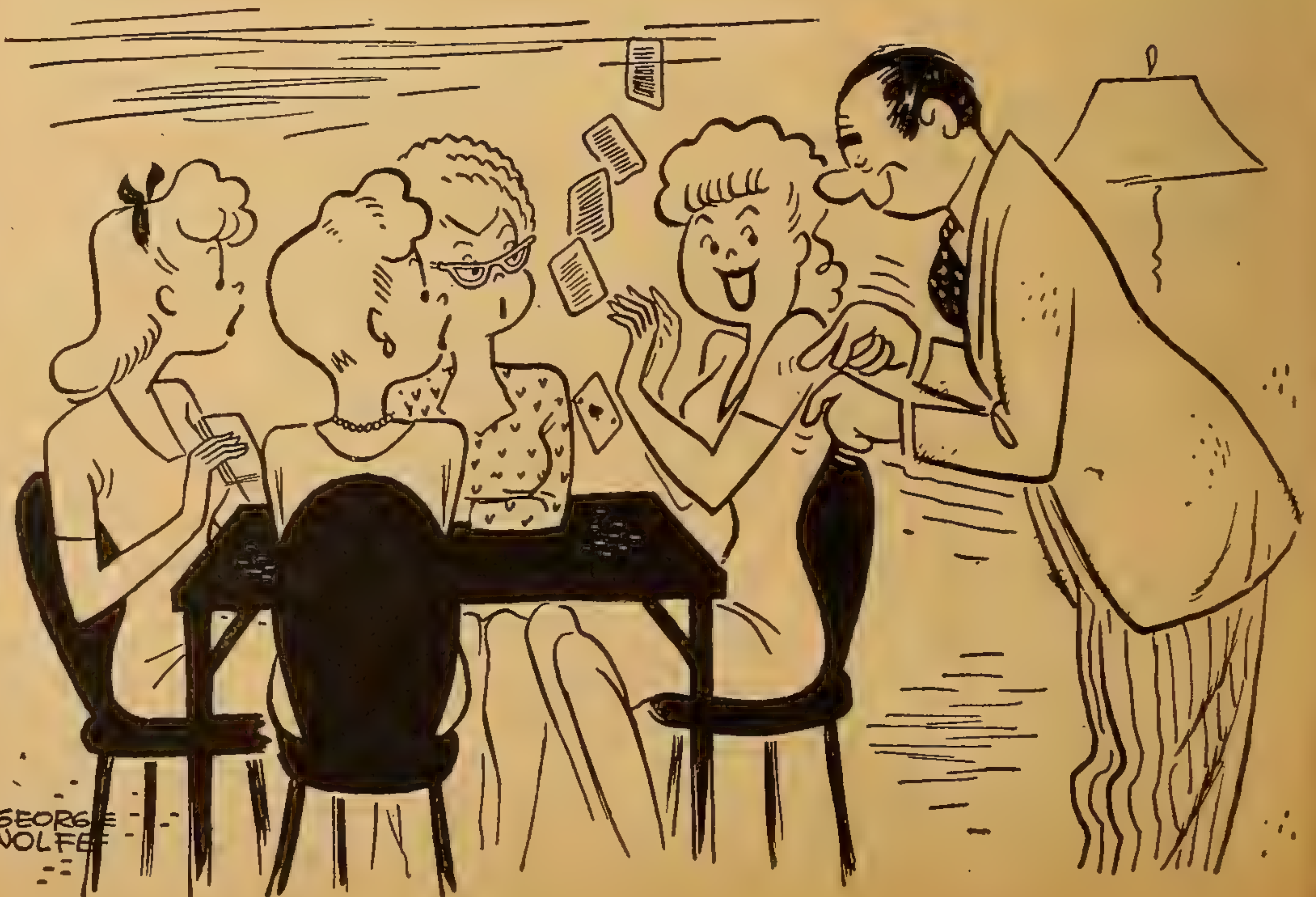
He has, too. The first few weeks of Jody's life included California's warmest spell in years, and being quite young, Jody put in her share of vocal complaints. When Bill isn't carrying her, he sits and watches her feet, which hold considerable fascination for him. Or he takes a batch of pictures to the studio and shows them around.

"Quite unusual for such a young one, huh?" he says.

Then he comes home and steals into the room where Barbara and Jody are.

"Gee, Barbi," he says. "Just look at those feet!"

MODERN SCREEN



Freddie, stop—you know I'm vulnerable!

HOLIDAY IN MEXICO

(Continued from page 39)

and Anne and John.

They chartered a plane, and it was a lovely plane. The only trouble was that it got a flat tire, as soon as it left Nogales.

Anne grumbled all the way to Hermosillo. "Silliest thing I ever heard of. A plane with a flat tire."

When they got to Hermosillo, they noticed the pilot was landing very fast. A flat can make a plane swerve, and nose over, and they had a few bad minutes, until they hit the ground.

"Well," John said purposefully to the pilot. Then, "let's get the flat fixed."

The pilot gave him a look. It said "you poor chump" in eleven languages. After which he pointed out that 1) nobody in the vicinity knew anything about speaking English, and 2) nobody, English-speaking or not, knew anything about plane tires.

Number 2 was the depressing one. "Let us," Charles said, "have a cool drink, and look at the situation. Mull it over."

"Mullet," John said dreamily. "Mullet's what you use for bait to catch marlin. You can use frozen mullet—"

By that time, they were at a cafe, and they ordered some white wine.

"Vino," Anne said with assurance. "Blanco."

"Charming," Keough said. "So fluent."

They were lounging around, sipping, when the little Mayan approached. Somehow he communicated the idea that he had a brand-new Ford in which he was willing to taxi them to Guaymas.

Charles took Pat's arm. "Like the ads say, 'There's a Ford in Your Future'."

The five of them established themselves in the Ford, and sank back wearily, as it started. They were ninety miles from Guaymas, and the sun was plummeting into the mountains. In Mexico, the sun never sinks slowly, it goes whoosh! like a falling star.

Three minutes later, there was a terrible report.

Anne clutched at John. "The engine fell out!"

"Darling," he said, "you're such a woman. That was just a blow-out."

Charles picked up a suitcase. "Just a blow-out. I'll hit you over the head!"

lucky we had a spare! . . .

But the worst was yet to come. The driver took off the bad tire, and put on the spare tire, and once it was on, they could plainly see it was the flattest spare tire in the whole wide world.

"Well, who shall we eat first?" Keough said cheerfully. "Or whom? Let's draw lots." He paused for a dramatic moment. "Do I hear the faint hum of a motor in the distance? Hark!"

Everybody harked, and sure enough, there was a motor. It wasn't very distant, and it banged more than it hummed, but it was a motor, and it belonged to a fruit truck.

The driver was Mexican, and spoke no English, but once again, the situation was self-evident. The way-worn travelers dumped themselves into the truck, and the truck lumbered off.

"A whole fruit truck," Anne said bitterly. "For five old lemons."

When they got to Guaymas, the driver let them off at the back of the hotel, and they found themselves standing in the kitchen with their luggage.

Once the management was convinced the entire seedy bunch wasn't looking for a hand-out, it became cordial, and produced various rooms.

Left alone, Anne and John closed their door, and looked around at their accommodations.

"Pretty tired little place," Anne said, touching the frayed curtains, and observing a stain in the rug.

"Appropriate," John said. "Lord, do I want to wash my face."

He disappeared into the bathroom. Dead silence. Then: "Honey—"

"What?"

"Company."

She went to the door. "What do you mean?"

He pointed. "In the tub. Cutest little cockroach you ever saw. 'At's local color for you."

"Mexico is never like this in Technicolor movies," Anne complained. "Let's go to bed."

She should have known, the minute she saw the Flit sprayer on the night-table, but she was tired, and beyond constructive thought.

bloody bargain . . .

Besides, the way she felt, mosquitoes weren't so bad. She'd have been willing to make a bargain with them. They could have a pint of blood if they'd wait till she fell asleep before they took it.

But John's an insect-fiend. If he sees a fly, he gets a maniacal gleam in his eye, and he stalks it.

This Guaymas night, a mosquito started humming around John's nose, as soon as he got into bed.

"Relax," Anne said. "He'll go away."

He went away for a couple of seconds, and John had started to breathe normally, when there was the unmistakable whine again, only louder and more upsetting.

John rose. "By God, he went and told all his friends we were here!"

He picked up the Flit gun and started spraying. In his fine frenzy, he drenched not only the windows and doors and floor and ceiling and bed; he also turned the gun on Anne and himself.

Anne was dubious about the project. "I'm not sure I wouldn't rather be bitten than poisoned."

"You don't know what's good for you," John said, giving her an extra splash.

The next day, he dragged her down to the botica, and accosted the druggist. "I want some citronella."

The druggist grinned, went in the back, and came out with two horrible-smelling bottles. All the rest of their stay in Guaymas, Anne had to go to bed holding her nose.

By the time they'd been there six days, everyone was hating everyone else. They'd had a boat out almost constantly, and nobody caught a single fish.

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Once our heroes saw a marlin, and almost broke their necks to toss it a mackerel, and the marlin studied the mackerel for a little, and then went away. He just wasn't hungry.

"Let's go back in and have a swim," Charles said desperately. "Before we start throwing each other overboard. It's three o'clock already."

They went back to the hotel, put on their bathing suits, and dived into the pool.

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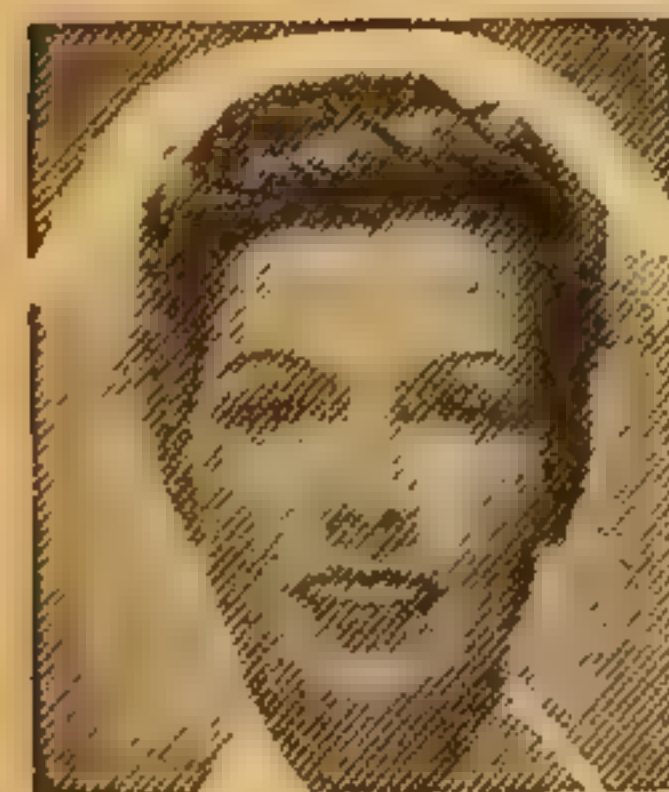
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Ten minutes of glorious sport, and Anne felt the water melting around her. "So help me," she said in awe. "So help me, they're draining the pool."

She looked up, and there was a happy man standing at the edge. "Can't help," he said. "It's the day to clean the pool."

That night they had a cocktail party, and the crummy little three-piece hotel band that played Latin-American music every night played the same Latin-American music even louder and worse.

"It's really fun here," Anne said, over the twang of an exhausted guitar. "I've convinced myself."

"Perhaps you could convince a fish or two," Keough suggested.

The very next day, their luck changed.

John landed a marlin so huge the boatman had to hit it over the head forty times with a baseball bat to kill it.

"You sort of go insane," Anne was saying later, "when you've got one hooked. You turn into a gibbering idiot—"

They were in Guaymas nine days—the end of May, and the beginning of June—and then they came home in a plane that didn't break down, and they felt almost cheated.

"Be sure and let us know when you're going again," Charles said to John. "So we can stay the heck out of your way."

"Well, we're off to Del Monte right now—" John began, but Charles and Pat and Keough made it down to the end of the block in thirty seconds flat.

Del Monte was beautiful. John lost all his golf balls in the Pacific Ocean, and he and Anne ate prodigiously, and on July seventh, they celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

"How shall it be?" he said. "You choose."

"Quiet," she'd said. "The second anniversary nobody cares about, and we'll have a big party. The first one's just for us."

They had dinner in their room, and champagne, and the broad window almost let in the stars, and the shining ocean.

John reached for Anne's hand. "You know, I'm a little lonely—"

"Why?" she said. "Darling, why?"

He sighed. "No cockroach in this bathroom—"

They came home from Del Monte, and sat down in two easy chairs, and shook their heads. "Still on vacation, and we

still have more time to spend together? It isn't possible," John said. "How about going down to La Jolla. They're doing *The Hasty Heart* and Richard Baseheart's got the lead again—"

They went to La Jolla, enjoyed themselves enormously, and returned full of satisfaction.

"Now let's go up to Burlingame," Anne said. "We haven't seen Mother or Dad in a long time—"

They went to Burlingame, where Anne's mother and father live, and they discussed business with her father, who's her manager, and they had some clothes made for her, and returned full of satisfaction.

"Now let's knock the dining-room apart," they said together.

They have a dining-room where, if you've got more than four people, you serve buffet. And they're tired of egg in their laps.

There's a window, and beyond that a little walk, and their plan is to push the window out; make a bay of it.

Anne's uncle, who's an architect, goes mad. "It's no use," he shouts. "You'll never make this house look like anything. This is a monstrous house. There ought to be a law against houses like this—"

Anne tries to soothe him. "It's such an ugly house we can't hurt it. It hasn't any good lines to spoil—"

It isn't really all that ugly. But Anne's family is so full of architects, she was trained to pure line, and since she's aching to build her own place, she's impatient with this one.

"Sure," John says. "All we gotta do is push out the window. It'll only cost a million dollars and take six months."

"And you never eat inside, anyway," Anne's uncle complains.

They've got a portable barbecue that gets rough use all through the summer, because they're not very formal people. Their idea of a time is to have a lot of friends over, and let everybody sit around the barbecue arguing and burning up hot dogs.

Anne almost went East to do *Joan of Lorraine* in summer stock, this year, but in the end, she decided on Guaymas, Del Monte, and the hot dogs.

With Guaymas, Del Monte and the hot dogs goes John.

And that's good.

DADDY

(Continued from page 63)

up and down in the back yard of our home for a full half-hour. I was nine at the time and had wrong ideas about certain things, which Daddy had just discovered. I had a wrong idea of my importance, for instance, resulting in my being very rude that afternoon to a woman he had hired to cook for us. Daddy didn't spank me, or raise his voice; he just talked.

"Now what service have you performed for your fellowmen, Pidge?" he asked.

My long silence told him I had nothing to report.

"Let me tell you about the cook, then," he said, and listed the services furnished by her; not only for us, but as the wage-earner for her own family. There was a husband getting medical care, a child properly clothed and fed. There wasn't much room for argument. I was most terribly ashamed. I have never consciously been rude to anyone else.

But there were happy moments, as well as instructive ones; like the time, when I was seven, and abed for two weeks with a suspected mastoid disorder. I wanted a puppy for company ever so badly, but the

doctor advised against it as a disturbing distraction. I begged and begged. Daddy wouldn't commit himself. But something significant used to happen every evening when he came home from the studio. I would hear the door bang downstairs, and then Daddy, barking like a dog. One night, when I was definitely improving, I heard him come in—but no bark! I wondered.

His overcoat still on, he came into my room, kissed me and then started pacing.

"You didn't bark tonight when you came in, Daddy," I said.

"By George, you're right!" he said. "I didn't, did I?"

"Why not?" I wanted to know.

He came over and sat beside me on the bed. "There's a reason, Pidge," he said.

"But I can't think of it. Can you?"

I shook my head. "Well, let's just sit quietly and maybe it will come to us," he said.

We sat for a long time looking at each other, and then—a funny little whine sounded suddenly. My heart did a jump and I searched his eyes, but he seemed just as surprised as I. My gaze was pulled

down to one of his coat pockets. The wrong end of something was sticking out of it—and this wrong end was a wriggling stub of a tail. Daddy reached in and out came a Scotty with a pink tongue! I screamed and . . . well, that's how I got "Puffer Belly," one of the dearest possessions of my life.

But you could never put your finger on Daddy. Just when you thought you had him figured, he would take the most surprising of positions on things. I was probably the only girl in California who, possessing a perfectly lovely pair of slacks, could wear them only in her room! Daddy hates slacks on women. If he has a special preference in women's clothes, it's toward tailored fashions.

But he's clever and a good bargainer. Once, when I was older, we went shopping together and I expressed a desire for a type of evening gown that I knew he thought was a bit extreme.

"Okay," he said.

"You mean I can have it?"

"Sure. Provided you can wear it."

"Oh, I can wear it," I assured him eagerly. "It will just need a little—"

daddy knows best . . .

"No," he said. "That sort of gown was designed for a slim girl. You've been getting a little past the slim side lately, don't you think? Now, if you think you can, uh, come back to a narrower silhouette, the dress is yours."

What can you do with a man like that? For me there was only one course; join him in his favorite dish—salads.

Of all his shows and pictures, I liked him best in *Mrs. Miniver*. When I asked Daddy why he liked the part, he replied that it was because both he and the screen Mrs. Miniver loved flowers! Daddy has dozens of varieties around the two-patio Spanish house in Beverly Hills he bought 21 years ago and still lives in.

Daddy is quite puzzled by my failure to share his great love for geraniums. I got to wondering the other day whether Deborah Kerr, with whom Daddy is now making *If Winter Comes*, ever talks flowers to him. I know the English are crazy about their gardens.

It's six months now since I have been married, and Johnny and I live some seven miles away from Dad, out in the San Fernando Valley. But he's always around the house anyway, tearing up things. If it isn't the garden, then it's a little furniture moving. Our place is small, only five rooms, but Dad can kick it around just the same. Right now the wall of the playroom is being torn out. It's going to be replaced by sliding glass panel doors—a Walter Pidgeon alteration. There was also a sort of built-in bed in the playroom which is no more. There is now an open fireplace—same man's idea.

We bought the house already standing, and, so help me, it wasn't until after we moved in that I happened to look up at the chimney while Dad was at my side. There, against the very top, was a china pigeon pressed into the brick! We both accused each other of having it put up there, but when we investigated, we learned it was just the result of a whim of the man who had built the place.

Getting married has partly shielded me from two habits of Daddy's that used to bounce back at me regularly: that odd memory of his and his habit of suddenly deciding to go out for the evening on the spur of the moment. Just when you looked and felt your most bedraggled, you could almost depend upon him to say, "Come on! Let's go to the Hollywood Bowl tonight and hear the music!" Or, if we were in New York, it would be the Stork Club or some other place where you wouldn't be caught dead unless you had spent a

whole afternoon in preparatory primping! But (and I'll tell this even if he is my father, because I understand it's typical of men) if you were at your best and bursting to flap your wings somewhere in public, he would have an awful time trying to think of where to go or what to do!

And then, his dancing! We had one thing in common—we both sang as we danced . . . but it wasn't dancing! He was so tall, took such awfully long steps, that you had no choice but either to break rhythm to keep up with him or else get left behind! It was like that for years and then, one night, while at a party, he asked me to dance and he danced beautifully . . .

I looked up at him in surprise. He was singing, of course. "You've been taking a course!" I accused. He sang on. To this day he won't admit it and I still don't know whether he took ten easy lessons or suddenly decided to pay attention to his dancing . . . With him it could be either.

Daddy's eccentric memory used to catch up with me when we took walks. He would see someone coming whose face he recalled, but not the name. If I stayed with him he would have to introduce his friend to me and risk getting badly stuck. So we developed a system. He would whisper fiercely, "Duck!" and I would curve away from him to the nearest shop window, while he yelled a hearty "Hello" to the man and exchanged notes. Then, when they had parted, I would be free to steam alongside him again.

Once he brought home from a Canadian trip some daintily carved and painted wooden birds that I was crazy about. A few months later he was in Toronto and accepted a chance to fly to Montreal because he remembered that the store where he got the birds was just around the corner from the Montreal hotel where he would stay—or so he told Mr. Perry Charles of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who was with him.

tale of two cities . . .

But when they walked around said corner in Montreal, there was no such place. So they returned to Toronto empty-handed and were just coming around the corner of the hotel there, from where they had started the flying trip, when Dad's eyes fell on a souvenir shop and his mouth fell open. "Good Lord, Perry!" he exclaimed. "That's the place I meant all the time. What do you suppose happened?"

Perry, who knows Dad pretty well, smiled grimly. "They're trying to trip you, Walter," he said. "They switched cities on you!"

We always follow a regular procedure when he has to make trips. Every bit of his wardrobe is checked and re-checked when he packs. Then he gets into the studio car and starts off while I sit down by the telephone and wait. Soon, with unfailing regularity, it rings. It is Daddy calling from the airport. "My glasses!" he yells. "Left them on the fireplace mantel!" Or, "My script! Must be upstairs on my desk!" Or, "I've only got one suitcase with me. Didn't we pack two?" And whatever it is, we have to retrieve it and speed out to the airport, usually catching the plane as it is snorting to take off and with Daddy fighting off the stewardess so he can lean out the door and wave at us frantically.

But for this I am now repaying him. When I drive over to Beverly Hills to see him, it's generally about mid-day and quite warm, so I come unencumbered—just a dress. When I leave towards evening, however, it's sometimes quite cold so I just reach into the clothes closet and take one of his coats . . . which I never seem to remember to return. Every once in a while I accumulate all his coats at my place and a whole general reshuffle has to take place during which he makes

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pointed remarks about my memory—absolutely forgetting that he is one of the world's prime offenders in this direction!

It's a funny thing! He forgets in his real life, but when he is at the studio playing a part, they say he's a bug on knowing his lines!

But his top feat in the way of poor memory was no accident. Before I met Johnny, oh, several years before, Daddy and I were in New York. There was a boy from Boston whom I knew and we went out together a lot. Daddy didn't seem to like him. He didn't say anything but I could tell.

At that time I was terribly thick with a girl cousin of mine in Santa Barbara and we would write or phone each other regularly. But suddenly she stopped answering my letters, never called, and I couldn't seem to reach her in any way. About a month later Daddy finished his work in New York and we returned to California. I went right out to Santa Barbara to give my cousin Marilyn a piece of my mind, and when I walked into the house I learned she was married . . . had been married for weeks!

"But why didn't you tell me?" I almost shrieked. "Of all the awful, lowdown tricks . . ."

"Stop!" she said. She went to a drawer

and pulled out a letter written to her by Dad. It acknowledged a wire about the impending marriage and begged her not to say anything further about it until he had brought me back to California.

I couldn't get to Daddy fast enough. "Why?" I demanded, showing him the fateful letter.

He looked at me over his glasses and then back at a script he was reading. "Good story, this," he said, tapping at it. "Why?" I repeated.

He read on for a few lines before putting down the script. Then he pulled at his nose several times and it put me in mind of photographs I had seen of his grandfather, an old St. John, New Brunswick, sailing skipper.

"You miss that fellow from Boston you were running around with in New York?" he asked.

"No," I said. "There was nothing to that. We were just friends."

"Oh," he said. "Well, I wasn't sure. And when I got this wire about Marilyn getting married, I was afraid it might be catching. So-o-o . . . I guess I remembered it would be easy to forget to tell you . . ."

Yes, that's Mr. Miniver, or Mr. Parkington, or M. Curie; when he isn't any of them—but just Walter Pidgeon, my Daddy.

IF HE DIDN'T CARE

(Continued from page 14)

don't use phrases like that," he begged. "You remind me of my career as a lawyer. I hung out my shingle; the sun shone on it, the rain rained on it, and the kids in the neighborhood threw rotten tomatoes at it. I took the shingle down, wiped it off, and that was my law career."

"Quicklike, eh?"

"That's my specialty," he said. "Do you know anybody who wants to buy a nice set of unopened law books? Never lost a case with them."

He talked fast. He's always in a rush. Then it was a rush to finish his picture, do three summer stock plays and scoot east to meet Margot.

Margot's being East while he is working is the latest development of a rumored separation. Then again, some have called it their own plan of married life; a plan that makes sense, they are supposed to have decided, when Dane is actually making a picture and is under the duress of the day-to-day shooting grind.

I thought I'd check it with Dane. He fiddled with a bit more salad before answering.

"I don't think there is any answer for that," he said finally. "You know, life is always coming up with something new. That's what it's handing Margot and me right now. If it's a good thing, okay. If not, we'll work it out. But it's strictly up to us."

Out in the Riviera Rancho section of Los Angeles is a house that was a stable before Margot bought it. Dane couldn't imagine what Margot saw in the place. But later, when she began to demonstrate its possibilities, he fell in love with it. It's still their home and, for the Dane Clarks, it has a lot of memories. Which include the afternoon Dane painted all the doors in the place so that for three days thereafter Margot and he had to enter via the windows.

"It was only two days," he claims. "Besides, the only mistake I made was painting the doorknobs."

And then there was the time the rains came, and Margot climbed onto a table to show the roof the builder's guarantee

that it couldn't leak—as it leaked and leaked and leaked.

From that stable Margot had gradually built up a home that was a marvel to Dane.

"You see how she ad libbed with the furniture?" he asked me.

"Yes."

He smiled. "She came home with a hand pump one day, and the next time I saw it, it was a lamp. Then an old bucket turned into a snappy magazine rack. And from a butter-churn she worked out an end table. At first it gave me a sort of funny feeling, like watching reincarnation."

A faraway look had come into Dane's eyes at this point and, as he started to talk, I realized he was harking back to other days and other scenes in that same house. How Margot had brought certain improvements in his technique of entertaining guests. From being the type of host who lies flat on the living-room floor, while his guests flounder around for themselves, Dane had learned to keep an eye open for the probable wants of those who were enjoying his hospitality.

How neatly she had solved the problem when he started to suffer from temperament (a pernicious, local affliction) and came home swinging his weight around too freely. Pointing to their dog, a Great Dane (commonly known as "Clark's Dane"), she had ordered him to go out and wash it.

Margot worked on his curious fetish for buying new clothes when he couldn't bear to go out without his old ones, too. One day she gave three of his brand new suits away. Dane howled and asked why she hadn't at least given old clothes. "I would have, if I could have gotten them off your back!" she said.

And there was the day he came home all enthused about a list of exercises Mushy Callahan, in the studio gym, had given him to keep in trim. They did wonders for a person's figure—but it turned out to be Margot's figure, not his. He did the exercises one morning. Margot hasn't missed a morning since!

The story of how Dane got his contract with Warner Brothers involves Margot. She asked him one morning if he was going to drop into Warners and see if there was anything doing. Dane said no, he had been there the day before and really had no excuse for going back. For some reason, she had insisted that he go anyway. Dane argued, lost, and left for Warners half-angry about the whole thing. Just as he entered the casting office, he heard Producer Jerry Wald bemoaning the fact that John Garfield wasn't available for a role in *Action in the North Atlantic*.

Still in an argumentative mood, and not even knowing Wald, Dane had spoken up. "How about me?"

Jerry Wald promptly said "No," and Dane was glum when he got back home. But the next morning there was a phone call. Dane was the thirty-first person to test for the role, and he got it.

Now, he turned to me. "Brother, we celebrated that night," he said. "We toasted our strategy, Margot and I."

"Our strategy?" I questioned. "What did you have to do with it? It was Margot's exclusive idea that you go to Warners that morning, wasn't it?"

"Yeah," agreed Dane. "But you have to give me some credit as well. I did what I was told!"

Just then, an elderly gentleman walked up to our table, holding a slip of paper.

"I beg your pardon," he said to Dane, "but I am having lunch with my daughter at another table and she said she would love to have an autograph from Lloyd Nolan."

"Certainly," said Dane, and signed the slip immediately.

incognito . . .

The man took the paper, still staring at Dane. "Say!" he burst out suddenly. "You're not Lloyd Nolan. Why, no! You're—"

Dane helped him out. "John Hodiak?" he suggested.

The man's face cleared and he laughed out loud. "Of course!" he said, and went away happy.

"Look, if you told him your name was John Hodiak," I said, "what name did you sign on his slip of paper?"

"That's simple," Dane replied. "Robert Walker."

"Wait a minute," I protested. "Now I'm liable to be confused. The fellow I am interviewing is Dane Clark? The Clark who is studying Spanish and Italian because he thinks international exchange of players is the coming thing?"

"Yeah, that's me, and then the waiter brings ravioli. You told me that one."

"The Clark who trained for movies by playing stock and soap opera?"

"The same Clark."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "I guess everything is okay then," I told him. "For a minute I was worried about my story."

He leaned very close. "You're worried. What about me if a certain someone reads this story and doesn't like it?"

"You know," I said, "I'm not sure who you mean. But—Margot must be quite a person."

He just looked at me and put out his hand. It was time to go. We shook, and he said, "I'm not only late at the studio—I've got to get off a long letter this afternoon and make sure it catches the early air mail tonight."

"Writing anyone special?" I asked.

He waved a farewell. "What do you think?"

As I watched Dane Clark go, I thought to myself it would be Margot. I've heard he writes her every day. I've heard they have great plans.

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MOVIE REVIEWS

(Continued from page 95)

And at last Odalie consents to marry him. It seems as if Stephen has finally won happiness.

Instead, his marriage becomes a mockery. Odalie, hating and loving him at the same time, soon becomes a sort of guest in the great house, certainly not a wife. She does, reluctantly, bear him a child, but the boy on whom Stephen has pinned all his dreams is a cripple.

Everything which happens at Harrow is in the heroic mold. There are no simple little everyday things to add conviction to the narrative. But there is vigor and romance and a panorama of beauty and tragedy which will keep you completely enthralled.

—20th-Fox

RIDE THE PINK HORSE

A pink horse on a merry-go-round in a little Mexican town. A bus from Chicago, and a man named Blackie Gagin (Robert Montgomery) swinging off it, into the heat and the darkness and hidden laughter of Fiesta in the little town. Tequilla-loud voices and Death—Death walking up the street and walking down again.

Blackie knows where he's going and what he's here for. He's here to shake down his one time gang boss, Frank Hugo (Fred Clark), and collect thirty thousand dollars. Because Hugo owed Shorty fifteen grand and had Shorty killed. Somehow, in Blackie's twisted mind, getting thirty grand out of Hugo will avenge Shorty's death.

Finding Hugo's room is fairly simple but he's out, and getting a room for Blackie, him-

self, proves impossible. "Fiesta!" everyone says, and shrugs. A shy, pretty little Indian girl, Pila (Wanda Hendrix), has been following him around all day. He's tried everything from bribery to saying "Bool" to get rid of her. Now, however, she is helpful. Through her he meets Pancho (Thomas Gomez), who runs the merry-go-round. They get drunk on tequilla and Blackie sleeps with Pancho in the old piano crate he uses for a shelter.

Pila stays on guard. She wakes Blackie when a stranger wants to see him. The stranger is a government man, Retz (Art Smith). He warns Blackie that Hugo is powerful and that only the law has the right to judge a man like that.

But Blackie doesn't trust anybody. Certainly not beautiful Marjorie Lundeen (Andrea King), Hugo's girl, who offers to go halves with him, and in the same breath sets Hugo's knife men on him. He is badly wounded, but Pila saves his life. However, there is still the matter of a check that should, Blackie thinks, be worth a lot to Hugo to have out of circulation.—Univ.-Int.

GOLDEN EARRINGS

A handsome British Intelligence officer and a wild but alluring gypsy are a sultry combination in anybody's league. Make the officer Ray Milland and the gypsy Marlene Dietrich, and the smoke starts curling up around the edges.

The story begins with Quentin Reynolds (played by himself—who else could do it?) trying to get English General Ralph Denistoun (Ray Milland) to tell him the secret of the golden earrings. They arrived in a box not an hour before Denistoun took off in a plane for Paris. Their story, Denistoun admits, goes back six years to the days just before England entered the war.

At that time, Denistoun and another Englishman, Byrd (Bruce Lester), are being held by the Nazis who are desperately trying to find out what the boys know about a certain poison gas formula. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the boys don't know *anything* about it, and they're lucky to escape, as they do, disguised in Nazi uniforms. They decide to try and find the man who has the secret formula, but they separate to do it.

Denistoun takes to the woods. Maybe it's the deep glades, patterned in moonlight. Or maybe it's Fate. But there he finds Lydia (Marlene Dietrich) and with her a new life. One he could never have known in England. Before long he is covered with walnut stain, wears golden earrings in his pierced ears, and can tell fortunes with as dirty a pack of cards as any Romany born.

He has a rival for the seductive Lydia—Matthias (Murvyn Vye). But Ralph just gives him a sound English thrashing, then turns his mind back to getting the poison gas formula. After the war, there will be much more time for Lydia and rivals and love . . .

—Par.

DESIRE ME

Desire Me is a triangle built from the war. It's an unusual picture, with Greer Garson, Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart. The triangle is the result of the intimate things men tell each other when they are only serial numbers in a concentration camp. When the only way to bring home and wife close is to talk about them to a buddy . . .

On the coast of Brittany, a beautiful woman has at last given up waiting for her husband to come home from the war. Marisse (Greer Garson) has been notified once and for all that Paul (Robert Mitchum) was killed while trying desperately to escape from a prison camp.

As she walks home from the fishing village to her little cottage, she feels completely alone. It isn't a good feeling for a woman. She loves the cottage where she and Paul were so happy together, but today she opens the door wearily and for the first time, without hope.

Unexpectedly, shockingly, a man is there. He isn't Paul—she knows that at once, in spite of the things he says. But he calls her the pet names only Paul knew, and he knows his way around the place as if he had been born there.

He tells her the truth, eventually. His name is Jean (Richard Hart) and he was with Paul in the camp. They worked together, slept together, and talked together of the most intimate things in their lives. Always, Paul spoke of Marisse, and more and more avidly Jean listened. He fell in love with her from hearing about her. It was as if by some mad alchemy he, too, was her husband.

So persuasive is he that Marisse, who has always been both discreet and good, lets him stay there at the cottage. She knows the whole village is seething with gossip, but she doesn't care. At last, she is living and laughing again.

But Paul is not dead. Paul—at last—comes home.—M-G-M



132 Golden Earrings: Escaping from the Nazis with a poison gas formula, British officer Ray Milland gains the aid and love of gypsy Marlene Dietrich. New-comer Murvyn Vye is Ray's gypsy rival.

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